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REV. RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

*(Thomas Ingoldsby.)*

THE  
INGOLDSBY LEGENDS

OR,

MIRTH AND MARVELS.

BY

THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQUIRE.

**Illustrations by George Cruikshank.  
and Others.**

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## THE REV. RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

AUTHOR OF "THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS."

[WITH A PORTRAIT FROM A DRAWING BY RICHARD LANE, A.R.A.]

WATCHING the clear sky on a summer's evening, and the bright stars which glitter on its face, and dart their radiance around, whilst the earth smiles in their presence, we fancy that we may rejoice in such enchantments for ever ; but alas ! in a few brief moments darkening clouds arise, and sweep across our firmament. One by one the beaming orbs disappear, and the horizon, sparkling no longer, is enveloped in a dreary expanse of cheerless gloom. So it is in the social system. For awhile the brilliant lights of its sphere shed their halo around, and all is glowing and dazzling where they shine. The gleams of imagination and the flashes of intellect illumine the scene, and we fondly hope that the fleet pleasure will be immortal ; but the glories fade away, and the shadows of death gradually wrap the whole in oblivion. The stars will shine again from the heavens, and our own and other eyes will again and again behold them ; but there is no returning for the friends we have loved and lost,—there is no rekindling of the luminaries, and sometimes the meteors, of our brief existence, who have cheered its thorniest paths, and adorned its very sterility with the lustre of their gladsome influence. The feast of reason is concluded, the flow of soul is o'er.

We cannot but reflect sorrowfully on the number of the distinguished ornaments of our age who have, within a few years, been taken from us, leaving no successors to fill their vacant chairs ; for the hurried pursuits of Mammon seem to have absorbed the faculties of the rising generation, and produced a great change in society.

The Rev. Richard Harris Barham, whose recent and premature death has made a deep gap in the society of a large circle of friends, has left a memory embalmed in genuine and permanent regret. Of him most truly might it be said, in the language of the great Roman lyricist,

"Cui pudor, et justitiæ soror,  
Incorrupta fides, nudaque veritas,  
Quando ullum inveniet parem ?"

Of his features and his talents the present number of this *Miscellany*, to which he has contributed so many admirable emanations of his wit and genius, preserves a record,—the characteristic resemblance of a man universally esteemed, and a poetic touch of that good feeling which won for him so eviable an share of reciprocal affection and general regard.

The father of Mr. Barham resided in the ancient cathedral city of Canterbury, where the subject of the present sketch was born, and in the neighbourhood of which the family had been for many years located. In person he was physically inclined to that corpulency which, in our English constitutions, is usually attributed to a contented disposition, a kindly heart, and the sunshine of good temper. Be that as it may, he unquestionably transmitted those amiable qualities—the even nature, the generous sympathy, and the playful humour—to his son. From his boyhood Mr. Barham was a humor-



ist ; in proof of which it may be mentioned, that he was chief leader, or president, of a school and juvenile association in his native place, who assumed to themselves the title of The Wig Club, and who, disguised in legal, clerical, and sporting wigs of every sort, from the judge's full-bottom to the pedagogue's scratch, besides other masquerade habits, were wont to meet in choice divan, and play such fantastic tricks as more frequently attend the inventions of the cleverest men, when seeking recreation from severe studies and toils, than could be expected from the sallies of youth. But here reigned whimsical debate and ludicrous fancy,—the microcosm of the future.

In these early years an accident, when leaning his arm out of a carriage window, seriously shattered his elbow, and partially crippled it for life. This had a considerable effect upon his future destination and the course of his studies ; for, as he was restrained from athletic exercises, and exposed to inconvenience, pain, and farther injury, he applied sedulously to reading, and in due time became a ripe scholar, with a mind richly stored with various literature.

His education was finished at Brazennoze College, Oxford, where he was by a few years the junior of Bishop Copleston ; and he subsequently attained to a friendship with that learned prelate (whose gratuitous almoner he in some measure became), which lasted to the close of his life. Of another eminent churchman, to whom in many respects he bore a singular similarity, he was also a very cordial friend. By strange coincidences of fortune, his college contemporary rose to be the head of St. Paul's cathedral, the facetious Sydney Smith to be Canon Residentiary, and he himself to be a Minor Canon, with the curious addition of being the Elder Cardinal (the Rev. Mr. Packe being the other),—a preferment the very name of which is little known beyond the precincts of that noble Protestant fane. It is, we believe, a form or relic of the elder church, with no duties attached to it, and but slight emolument. He occupied the canonry house in Amen Corner, attached to the canonry of the Rev. Sydney Smith, and, within a few months of the death of that very popular writer, there he died. Of the witty canon he was wont to tell the liveliest anecdotes, and repeat his *bonmots* with an unctuous pleasantry all his own ; so that it would have been difficult to determine whether the original jest or the embellished story was the more pungent and entertaining. Nor did his own *jeux d'esprit* fall far short of those of his popular coadjutor. His conversation was the happiest mixture of sound wisdom and playfulness ; and many of his lighter compositions, such as the "Song on the Queen's Coronation," abound in whimsicality of idea, enhanced by equal whimsicality of style.

In the Rev. Mr. Barham were finely blended the solid and the agreeable, the grave when occasion required it, and the mirthful when relaxing within the convivial circle of attached companions. These qualities endeared him to all who knew him and appreciated his value as a sagacious counsellor, and were familiar with the rich treat afforded by his moments of social converse. Among these literary associates might be named Theodore Hook, who largely benefited by his excellent and disinterested advice, and had much reason to be grateful for his services on many a trying occasion. This peculiar position, in relation to a great number of individuals, was the result of his admirable character ; for his gentleness of manners invited con-

fidence ; indeed, we never met with a man so much referred to and consulted respecting the difficulties or disputes of others as the Rev. Mr. Barham. In affairs connected with literature, and in family and other transactions of the nicest delicacy,—in all questions of difference within the scope of his wide acquaintance, it was next to a certainty that he should be sought out to prescribe the remedy or heal the wound. He was indeed the conciliator and the peace-maker ! To the honour of the gentleman he added the liberality of the Christian minister. Ever ready to smooth asperities, and to excuse venial faults or weaknesses, his countenance sternly turned from trickery, falsehood, and baseness ; and if the just yet lenient Barham repudiated a fellow-creature, assuredly he was most undeserving even of pity.

As an author, he contributed much, and during many years, to several popular periodicals, — the *Edinburgh Review*, *Blackwood's Magazine*, and the *Literary Gazette* among the number ; but his most popular series of papers were given to this *Miscellany*, under the title of “The Ingoldsby Legends.”\* Of these poetical pieces it is not too much to say, that for originality of design and diction, for quaint illustration and musical verse, they are not surpassed in the English language. “The Witches’ Frolic” is second only to “Tam O’Shanter ;” and the “Hon. Mr. Sucklethumbkin’s Story of the Execution” is as satirical a reproof of a vile morbid appetite as ever was couched in laughable measure. But why recapitulate the titles of either prose or verse,—the lays of dark ages belonging to the fables of St. Cuthbert, St. Aloys, St. Dunstan, St. Nicholas, St. Odille, or St. Gengulphus,—since they have been confessed by every judgment to be singularly rich in classic allusion and modern illustration. From the days of Hudibras to our time, the drollery invested in rhymes has never been so amply or felicitously exemplified ; and if derision has been unsparingly applied, it has been to lash knavery and imposture.

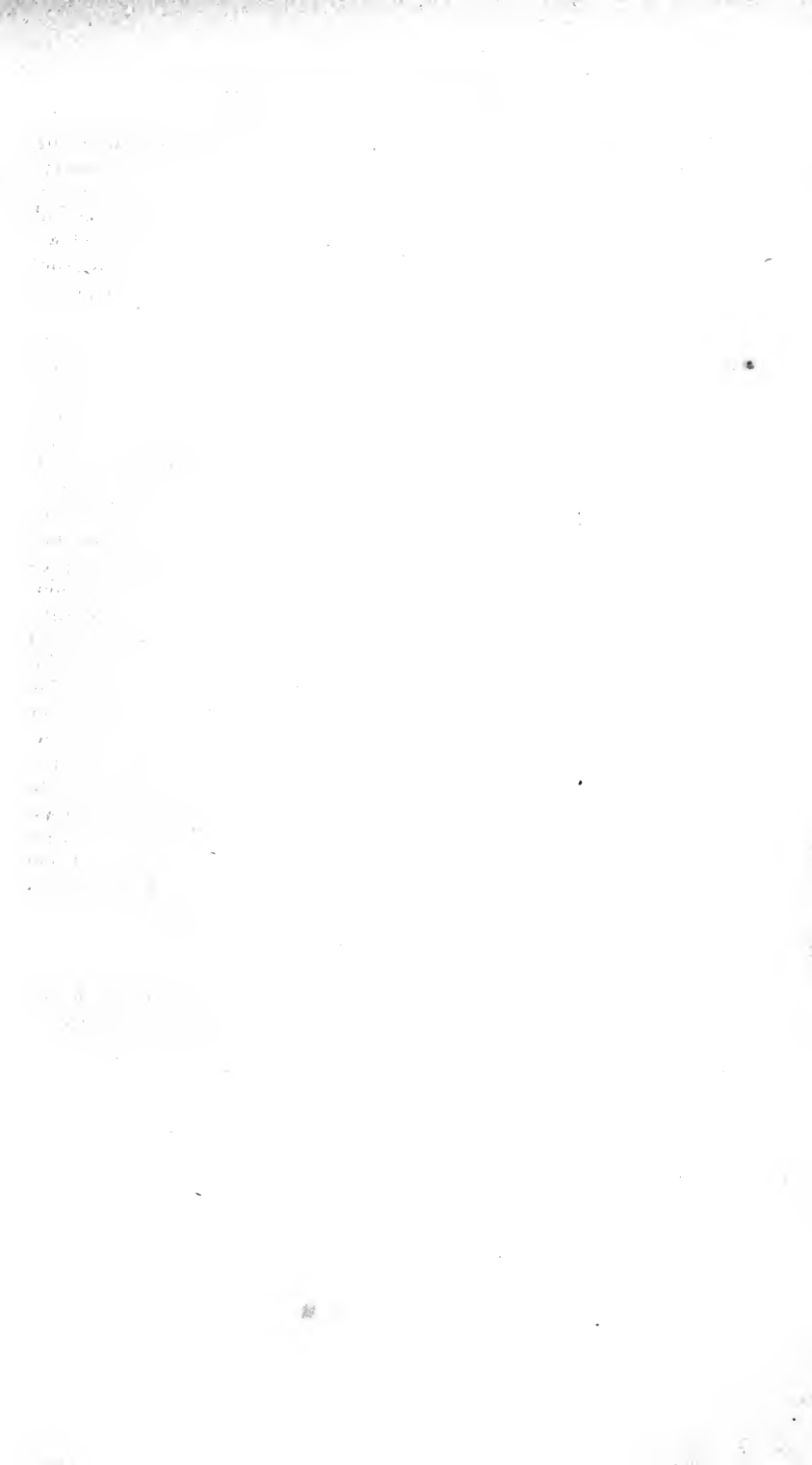
Among the public institutions to which the Rev. Mr. Barham was attached we may mention the Literary Fund, in the distribution of whose benevolent funds he took an active interest.

For several months he endured, with calm resignation, a painful malady of the throat ; and died, aged fifty-six, of an ulceration of the larynx, which defied all medical skill. He formerly held the living of St. Gregory by St. Paul, but two or three years ago was preferred to the benefice of St. Augustine and St. Faith. He was, as we have noticed, a Minor Canon and Cardinal of St. Paul’s, and Priest of the Chapel Royal.

He married Caroline, third daughter of Captain Smart, of the Royal Engineers, a union eminently congenial and happy ; and by her had nine children, six of whom died before him, and near to whom he was buried in the rector’s vault, under the altar of St. Gregory’s Church. His widow survives him ; and two daughters and a son, Richard Dalton, the inheritor of much of his father’s talent. He is also in the Church, and rector of Lolworth, near Cambridge.

For the subjoined lines, the last production of Thomas Ingoldsby, a few days before his death, we are indebted to the kindness of his family.

\* Since collected and published in 2 vols. 8vo. His popular novel, “My Cousin Nicolas,” was also published by Mr. Bentley.





- See *Illustration of the Spectator*.

## FIRE-SIDE STORIES.—No. I.

## THE SPECTRE OF TAPPINGTON.

"It is very odd, though, what can have become of them?" said Charles Seaforth, as he peeped under the valance of an old-fashioned bedstead, in an old-fashioned apartment of a still more old-fashioned manor-house; "'tis confounded odd, and I can't make it out at all. Why, Barney, where are they? and where the d—l are you?"

No answer was returned to this appeal; and the lieutenant, who was in the main a reasonable person,—at least as reasonable a person as any young gentleman of twenty-two in "the service" can fairly be expected to be,—cooled when he reflected that his servant could scarcely reply extempore to a summons which it was impossible he should hear.

An application to the bell was the considerate result; and the footsteps of as tight a lad as ever put pipe-clay to belt sounded along the gallery.

"Come in!" said his master. An ineffectual attempt upon the door reminded Mr. Seaforth that he had locked himself in. "By Heaven! this is the oddest thing of all," said he, as he turned the key and admitted Mr. Maguire into his dormitory.

"Barney, where are my pantaloons?"

"Is it the breeches?" asked the valet, casting an inquiring eye round the apartment; "is it the breeches, sir?"

"Yes; what have you done with them?"

"Sure then your honour had them on when you went to bed, and it's hereabouts they'll be, I'll be bail;" and Barney lifted a fashionable tunic from a cane-backed arm-chair, proceeding in his examination. But the search was vain. There was the tunic aforesaid, —there was a smart-looking kerseymere waistcoat; but the most important article in a gentleman's wardrobe was still wanting.

"Where *can* they be?" asked the master with a strong accent on the auxiliary verb.

"Sorrow a know I knows," said the man.

"It must have been the devil, then, after all, who has been here and carried them off!" cried Seaforth, staring full into Barney's face.

Mr. Maguire was not devoid of the superstition of his countrymen, but he looked as if he did not subscribe to the *sequitur*.

His master read incredulity in his countenance. "Why, I tell you, Barney, I put them there, on that arm-chair, when I got into bed; and, by Heaven! I distinctly saw the ghost of the old fellow they told me of, come in at midnight, put on my pantaloons, and walk away with them."

"Maybe so," was the cautious reply.

"I thought, of course, it was a dream; but then,—where the d—l are the breeches?"

The question was more easily asked than answered. Barney renewed his search, while the lieutenant folded his arms, and, leaning against the toilet, sunk into a reverie.

"After all, it must be some trick of my laughter-loving cousins," said Seaforth.

"Ah! then, the ladies!" chimed in Mr. Maguire, though the observation was not addressed to him; "and will it be Miss Caroline, or Miss Margaret, that's stole your honour's things?"

"I hardly know what to think of it," pursued the bereaved lieute-

nant, still speaking in soliloquy, with his eye resting dubiously on the chamber door. "I locked myself in, that's certain; and—but there must be some other entrance to the room—pooh! I remember—the private staircase: how could I be such a fool?" and he crossed the chamber to where a low oaken door-case was dimly visible in a distant corner. He paused before it. Nothing now interfered to screen it from observation; but it bore tokens of having been at some earlier period concealed by tapestry, remains of which yet clothed the walls on either side the portal.

"This way they must have come," said Seaforth; "I wish with all my heart I had caught them!"

"Och! the kittens!" sighed Mr. Barney Maguire.

But the mystery was yet as far from being solved as before. True, there *was* the "other door;" but then that, too, on examination, was even more firmly secured than the one which opened on the gallery,—two heavy bolts on the inside effectually prevented any *coup de main* on the lieutenant's *bivouac* from that quarter. He was more puzzled than ever; nor did the minutest inspection of the walls and floor throw any light upon the subject: one thing only was clear,—the breeches were gone! "It is *very* singular," said the lieutenant.

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Tappington (generally called Tapton) Everard, is an antiquated but commodious manor-house in the eastern division of the county of Kent. A former proprietor had been high sheriff in the days of Elizabeth, and many a dark and dismal tradition was yet extant of the licentiousness of his life, and the enormity of his offences. The Glen, which the keeper's daughter was seen to enter, but never known to quit, still frowns darkly as of yore; while an ineradicable bloodstain on the oaken stair yet bids defiance to the united energies of soap and sand. But it is with one particular apartment that a deed of more especial atrocity is said to be connected. A stranger guest—so runs the legend—arrived unexpectedly at the mansion of the "Bad Sir Giles." They met in apparent friendship; but the ill-concealed scowl on their master's brow told the domestics that the visit was not a welcome one. The banquet, however, was not spared; the wine-cup circulated freely,—too freely, perhaps,—for sounds of discord at length reached the ears of even the excluded serving-men as they were doing their best to imitate their betters in the lower hall. Alarmed, some of them ventured to approach the parlour; one, an old and favoured retainer of the house, went so far as to break in upon his master's privacy. Sir Giles, already high in oath, fiercely enjoined his absence, and he retired; not, however, before he had distinctly heard from the stranger's lips a menace that "There was that within his pocket which could disprove the knight's right to issue that, or any other, command within the walls of Tapton."

The intrusion, though momentary, seemed to have produced a beneficial effect; the voices of the disputants fell, and the conversation was carried on thenceforth in a more subdued tone, till, as evening closed in, the domestics, when summoned to attend with lights, found not only cordiality restored, but that a still deeper carouse was meditated. Fresh stoups, and from the choicest bins, were produced; nor was it till at a late, or rather early, hour, that the revellers sought their chambers.

The one allotted to the stranger occupied the first floor of the

eastern angle of the building, and had once been the favourite apartment of Sir Giles himself. Scandal ascribed this preference to the facility which a private staircase, communicating with the grounds, had afforded him, in the old knight's time, of following his wicked courses unchecked by parental observation; a consideration which ceased to be of weight when the death of his father left him uncontrolled master of his estate and actions. From that period Sir Giles had established himself in what were called the "state-apartments;" and the "oaken chamber" was rarely tenanted, save on occasions of extraordinary festivity, or when the Yule log drew an unusually large accession of guests around the Christmas hearth.

On this eventful night it was prepared for the unknown visitor, who sought his couch heated and inflamed from his midnight orgies, and in the morning was found in his bed a swollen and blackened corpse. No marks of violence appeared upon the body; but the livid hue of the lips, and certain dark-coloured spots visible on the skin, aroused suspicions which those who entertained them were too timid to express. Apoplexy, induced by the excesses of the preceding night, Sir Giles's confidential leech pronounced to be the cause of his sudden dissolution: the body was buried in peace; and, though some shook their heads as they witnessed the haste with which the funeral rites were hurried on, none ventured to murmur. Other events arose to distract the attention of the retainers; men's minds became occupied by the stirring politics of the day, while the near approach of that formidable armada, so vainly arrogating to itself a title which the very elements joined with human valour to disprove, soon interfered to weaken, if not obliterate, all remembrance of the nameless stranger who had died within the walls of Tapton Everard.

Years rolled on: the "Bad Sir Giles" had himself long since gone to his account, the last, as it was believed, of his immediate line; though a few of the older tenants were sometimes heard to speak of an elder brother, who had disappeared in early life, and never inherited the estate. Rumours, too, of his having left a son in foreign lands were at one time rife; but they died away, nothing occurring to support them: the property passed unchallenged to a collateral branch of the family, and the secret, if secret there were, was buried in Denton churchyard, in the lonely grave of the mysterious stranger. One circumstance alone occurred, after a long intervening period, to revive the memory of these transactions. Some workmen employed in grubbing an old plantation, for the purpose of raising on its site a modern shrubbery, dug up, in the execution of their task, the mildewed remnants of what seemed to have been once a garment. On more minute inspection, enough remained of silken slashes and a coarse embroidery to identify the relics as having once formed part of a pair of trunk hose; while a few papers which fell from them, altogether illegible from damp and age, were by the unlearned rustics conveyed to the then owner of the estate.

Whether the squire was more successful in deciphering them was never known; he certainly never alluded to their contents; and little would have been thought of the matter but for the inconvenient memory of one old woman, who declared she had heard her grandfather say that when the "stranger guest" was poisoned, though all the rest of his clothes were there, his breeches, the supposed repository of the supposed documents, could never be found. The master of Tapton

Everard smiled when he heard Dame Jones's hint of deeds which might impeach the validity of his own title in favour of some unknown descendant of some unknown heir ; and the story was rarely alluded to, save by one or two miracle-mongers, who had heard that others had seen the ghost of old Sir Giles, in his night-cap, issue from the postern, enter the adjoining copse, and wring his shadowy hands in agony as he seemed to search vainly for something hidden among the evergreens. The stranger's death-room had, of course, been occasionally haunted from the time of his decease ; but the periods of visitation had latterly become very rare,—even Mrs. Botherby, the housekeeper, being forced to admit that, during her long sojourn at the manor, she had never “met with anything worse than herself ;” though, as the old lady afterwards added upon more mature reflection, “I must say I think I saw the devil once.”

Such was the legend attached to Tapton Everard, and such the story which the lively Caroline Ingoldsby detailed to her equally mercurial cousin Charles Seaforth, lieutenant in the Hon. East India Company's second regiment of Bombay Fencibles, as arm-in-arm they promenaded a gallery decked with some dozen grim-looking ancestral portraits, and, among others, with that of the redoubted Sir Giles himself. The gallant commander had that very morning paid his first visit to the house of his maternal uncle, after an absence of several years passed with his regiment on the arid plains of Hindostan, whence he was now returned on a three years' furlough. He had gone out a boy,—he returned a man ; but the impression made upon his youthful fancy by his favourite cousin remained unimpaired, and to Tapton he directed his steps, even before he sought the home of his widowed mother,—comforting himself in this breach of filial decorum by the reflection that, as the manor was so little out of his way, it would be unkind to pass, as it were, the door of his relatives without just looking in for a few hours.

But he found his uncle as hospitable and his cousin more charming than ever ; and the looks of one, and the requests of the other, soon precluded the possibility of refusing to lengthen the “few hours” into a few days, though the house was at the moment full of visitors.

The Peterses were there from Ramsgate ; and Mr., Mrs., and the two Miss Simpkinsons, from Bath, had come to pass a month with the family ; and Tom Ingoldsby had brought down his college friend the Honourable Augustus Sucklethumbkin, with his groom and pointers, to take a fortnight's shooting. And then there was Mrs. Ogleton, the rich young widow, with her large black eyes, who, people did say, was setting her cap at the young squire, though Mrs. Botherby did not believe it ; and, above all, there was Mademoiselle Pauline, her *femme de chambre*, who “*Mon-Dieu'd*” everything and everybody, and cried “*Quel horreur !*” at Mrs. Botherby's cap. In short, to use the last-named and much respected lady's own expression, the house was “choke-full” to the very attics,—all, save the “oaken chamber,” which, as the lieutenant expressed a most magnanimous disregard of ghosts, was forthwith appropriated to his particular accommodation. Mr. Maguire meanwhile was fain to share the apartment of Oliver Dobbs, the squire's own man ; a jocular proposal of joint occupancy having been first indignantly rejected by “Mademoiselle,” though preferred with the “laste taste in life” of Mr. Barney's most insinuating brogue.

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“Come, Charles, the urn is absolutely getting cold ; your breakfast



will be quite spoiled: what can have made you so idle?" Such was the morning salutation of Miss Ingoldsby to the *militaire* as he entered the breakfast-room half an hour after the latest of the party.

"A pretty gentleman, truly, to make an appointment with," chimed in Miss Margaret. "What is become of our ramble to the rocks before breakfast?"

"Oh! the young men never think of keeping a promise now," said Mrs. Peters, a little ferret-faced woman with underdone eyes.

"When I was a young man," said Mr. Peters, "I remember I always made a point of——"

"Pray how long ago was that?" asked Mr. Simpkinson from Bath.

"Why, sir, when I married Mrs. Peters, I was—let me see—I was——"

"Do pray hold your tongue, P., and eat your breakfast!" interrupted his better half, who had a mortal horror of chronological references; "it's very rude to tease people with your family affairs."

The lieutenant had by this time taken his seat in silence,—a good-humoured nod, and a glance, half-smiling, half-inquisitive, being the extent of his salutation. Smitten as he was, and in the immediate presence of her who had made so large a hole in his heart, his manner was evidently *distract*, which the fair Caroline in her secret soul attributed to his being solely occupied by her *agréments*,—how would she have bridled had she known that they only shared his meditations with a pair of breeches!

Charles drank his coffee and spiked some half-dozen eggs, darting occasionally a penetrating glance at the ladies, in hope of detecting the supposed waggery by the evidence of some furtive smile or conscious look. But in vain! not a dimple moved indicative of roguery, nor did the slightest elevation of eyebrow rise confirmative of his suspicions. Hints and insinuations passed unheeded,—more particular inquiries were out of the question:—the subject was unapproachable.

In the mean time, "patent cords" were just the thing for a morning's ride, and, breakfast ended, away cantered the party over the downs, till, every faculty absorbed by the beauties, animate and inanimate, which surrounded him, Lieutenant Seaforth of the Bombay Fencibles bestowed no more thought upon his breeches than if he had been born on the top of Ben Lomond.

\* \* \* \* \*

Another night had passed away; the sun rose brilliantly, forming with his level beams a splendid rainbow in the far-off west, whither the heavy cloud, which for the last two hours had been pouring its waters on the earth, was now flying before him.

"Ah! then, and it's little good it'll be the claning of ye," apostrophised Mr. Barney Maguire, as he deposited, in front of his master's toilet, a pair of "bran-new" jockey boots, one of Hoby's primest fits, which the lieutenant had purchased in his way through town. On that very morning had they come for the first time under the valet's depurating hand, so little soiled, indeed, from the turfy ride of the preceding day, that a less scrupulous domestic might, perhaps, have considered the application of "Warren's Matchless," or oxalic acid, altogether superfluous. Not so Barney: with the nicest care had he removed the slightest impurity from each polished surface, and there they stood rejoicing in their sable radiance. No wonder a pang shot across Mr. Maguire's breast as he thought on the work now cut out

for them, so different from the light labours of the day before; no wonder he murmured with a sigh, as the scarce dried window-panes disclosed a road now inch-deep in mud. "Ah! then, it's little good the claning of ye!"—for well had he learned in the hall below that eight miles of a stiff clay soil lay between the manor and Bolsover Abbey, whose picturesque ruins,

"Like ancient Rome, majestic in decay,"

the party had determined to explore. The master had already commenced dressing, and the man was fitting straps upon a light pair of crane-necked spurs, when his hand was arrested by the old question,—  
"Barney, where are the breeches?"

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Mr. Seaforth descended that morning, whip in hand, and equipped in a handsome green riding-frock, but no "breeches and boots to match" were there: loose jean trousers, surmounting a pair of diminutive Wellingtons, embraced, somewhat incongruously, his nether man, *vice* the "patent cords," returned, like yesterday's pantaloons, absent without leave. The "top-boots" had a holiday.

"A fine morning after the rain," said Mr. Simpkinson from Bath.

"Just the thing for the 'ops," said Mr. Peters. "I remember when I was a boy——"

"Do hold your tongue, P.," said Mrs. Peters,—advice which that exemplary matron was in the constant habit of administering to "her P.," as she called him, whenever he prepared to vent his reminiscences. Her precise reason for this it would be difficult to determine, unless, indeed, the story be true which a little bird had whispered into Mrs. Botherby's ear,—Mr. Peters, though now a wealthy man, had received a liberal education at a charity-school, and was apt to recur to the days of his muffin-cap and leathers. As usual, he took his wife's hint in good part, and "paused in his reply."

"A glorious day for the Ruins!" said young Ingoldsby. "But, Charles, what the deuce are you about?—you don't mean to ride through our lanes in such toggerly as that?"

"Lassy me!" said Miss Julia Simpkinson, "won't you be very wet?"

"You had better take Tom's cab," quoth the squire.

But this proposition was at once overruled; Mrs. Ogleton had already nailed the cab, a vehicle of all others the best adapted for a snug flirtation.

"Or drive Miss Julia in the phaeton?" No; that was the post of Mr. Peters, who, indifferent as an equestrian, had acquired some fame as a whip while travelling through the midland counties for the firm of Bagshaw, Snivelby, and Ghrimes.

"Thank you, I shall ride with my cousins," said Charles with as much *nonchalance* as he could assume,—and he did so; Mr. Ingoldsby, Mrs. Peters, Mr. Simpkinson from Bath, and his eldest daughter with her *album*, following in the family coach. The gentleman-commoner "voted the affair d—d slow," and declined the party altogether in favour of the gamekeeper and a cigar. "There was 'no fun' in looking at old houses!" Mrs. Simpkinson preferred a short *séjour* in the still-room with Mrs. Botherby, who had promised to initiate her in that grand *arcanum*, the transmutation of gooseberry jam into Guava jelly.

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"Did you ever see an old abbey before, Mr. Peters?"

"Yes, miss, a French one; we have got one at Ramsgate; he teaches the Miss Joneses to parleyvoo, and is turned of sixty."

Miss Simpkinson closed her album with an air of ineffable disdain.

Mr. Simpkinson from Bath was a professed antiquary, and one of the first water; he was master of Gwillim's Heraldry, and Milles's History of the Crusades; knew every plate in the Monasticon, had written an essay on the origin and dignity of the office of Overseer, and settled the date of a Queen Anne's farthing. An influential member of the Antiquarian Society, to whose "Beauties of Bagnigge Wells" he had been a liberal subscriber, procured him a seat at the board of that learned body, since which happy epoch Sylvanus Urban had not a more indefatigable correspondent. His inaugural essay on the President's cocked hat was considered a miracle of erudition; and his account of the earliest application of gilding to gingerbread, a masterpiece of antiquarian research. His eldest daughter was of a kindred spirit: if her father's mantle had not fallen upon her, it was only because he had not thrown it off himself; she had caught hold of its tail, however, while yet upon his honoured shoulders. To souls so congenial what a sight was the magnificent ruin of Bolsover! its broken arches, its mouldering pinnacles, and the airy tracery of its half-demolished windows. The party was in raptures; Mr. Simpkinson began to meditate an essay, and his daughter an ode: even Seaforth, as he gazed on these lonely relics of the olden time, was betrayed into a momentary forgetfulness of his love and losses; the widow's eye-glass turned from her *cicisbeo's* whiskers to the mantling ivy; Mrs. Peters wiped her spectacles; and "her P." pronounced the central tower to be "very like a mouldy Stilton cheese,—only bigger." The squire was a philosopher, and had been there often before; so he ordered out the cold tongue and chickens.

"Bolsover Priory," said Mr. Simpkinson with the air of a connoisseur,—“Bolsover Priory was founded in the reign of Henry the Sixth, about the beginning of the eleventh century. Hugh de Bolsover had accompanied that monarch to the Holy Land in the expedition undertaken by way of penance for the murder of his young nephews in the Tower. Upon the dissolution of the monasteries the veteran was enfeoffed in the lands and manor, to which he gave his own name of Bowlsover, or Bee-owls-over, (by corruption Bolsover,)—a Bee in chief, over three Owls, all proper, being the armorial ensigns borne by this distinguished crusader at the siege of Acre.”

"Ah! that was Sir Sidney Smith," said Mr. Peters; "I've heard of him, and all about Mrs. Partington, and——"

"P. be quiet, and don't expose yourself!" sharply interrupted his lady. P. was silenced, and betook himself to the bottled stout.

"These lands," continued the antiquary, "were held in grand serjeantry by the presentation of three white owls and a pot of honey——"

"Lassy me! how nice!" said Miss Julia. Mr. Peters licked his lips.

"Pray give me leave, my dear——owls and honey, whenever the king should come a rat-catching into this part of the country."

"Rat-catching!" ejaculated the squire, pausing abruptly in the mastication of a drumstick.

"To be sure, my dear sir: don't you remember that rats once came under the forest laws—a minor species of venison? 'Rats and mice, and such small deer,' eh?—Shakspeare, you know. Our ancestors ate

rats;" ("The nasty fellows!" shuddered Miss Julia in a parenthesis) "and owls, you know, are capital mousers——"

"I've seen a howl," said Mr. Peters; "there's one in the Sohological Gardens,—a little hook-nosed chap in a wig,—only it's feathers and——"

Poor P. was destined never to finish a speech.

"Do be quiet!" cried the authoritative voice, and the would-be naturalist shrank into his shell like a snail in the "Sohological Gardens."

"You should read Blount's 'Jocular Tenures,' Mr. Ingoldsby," pursued Simpkinson. "A learned man was Blount! Why, sir, his Royal Highness the Duke of York once paid a silver horse-shoe to Lord Ferrers——"

"I've heard of him," broke in the incorrigible Peters; "he was hanged at the Old Bailey in a silk rope for shooting Doctor Johnson."

The antiquary vouchsafed no notice of the interruption; but, taking a pinch of snuff, continued his harangue.

"A silver horse-shoe, sir, which is due from every scion of royalty who rides across one of his manors; and if you look into the penny county histories, now publishing by an eminent friend of mine, you will find that Langhale in Co. Norf. was held by one Baldwin *per saltum sufflatum, et pettum*; that is, he was to come every Christmas into Westminster Hall, there to take a leap, cry hem! and——"

"Mr. Simpkinson, a glass of sherry?" cried Tom Ingoldsby hastily.

"Not any, thank you, sir. This Baldwin, surnamed *Le* ——"

"Mrs. Ogleton challenges you, sir; she insists upon it," said Tom still more rapidly; at the same time filling a glass, and forcing it on the *sçavant*, who, thus arrested in the very crisis of his narrative, received and swallowed the potation as if it had been physic.

"What on earth has Miss Simpkinson discovered there?" continued Tom; "something of interest. See how fast she is writing."

The diversion was effectual; every one looked towards Miss Simpkinson, who, far too ethereal for "creature comforts," was seated apart on the dilapidated remains of an altar-tomb, committing eagerly to paper something that had strongly impressed her: the air,—the eye in a fine frenzy rolling,—all betokened that the divine *afflatus* was come. Her father rose, and stole silently towards her.

"What an old boar!" muttered young Ingoldsby; alluding, perhaps, to a slice of brawn which he had just begun to operate upon, but which, from the celerity with which it disappeared, did not seem so very difficult of mastication.

But what had become of Seaforth and his fair Caroline all this while? Why, it so happened that they had been simultaneously stricken with the picturesque appearance of one of those high and pointed arches, which that eminent antiquary, Mr. Horseley Curties, describes as "a Gothic window of the Saxon order;"—and then the ivy clustered so thickly and so beautifully on the other side, that they went round to look at that;—and then their proximity deprived it of half its effect, and so they walked across to a little knoll, a hundred yards off, and, in crossing a small ravine, they came to what in Ireland they call "a bad step," and Charles had to carry his cousin over it;—and then, when they had to come back, she would not give him the trouble again for the world, so they followed a better but more circuitous route, and there

were hedges and ditches in the way, and stiles to get over, and gates to get through ; so that an hour or more had elapsed before they were able to rejoin the party.

"Lassy me!" said Miss Julia Simpkinson, "how long you have been gone!"

And so they had. The remark was a very just as well as a very natural one. They were gone a long while, and a nice cosey chat they had; and what do you think it was all about, my dear miss?

"Oh, lassy me! love, no doubt, and the moon, and eyes, and night-ingles, and——"

Stay, stay, my sweet young lady; do not let the fervour of your feelings run away with you! I do not pretend to say, indeed, that one or more of these pretty subjects might not have been introduced; but the most important and leading topic of the conference was—Lieutenant Seaforth's breeches.

"Caroline," said Charles, "I have had some very odd dreams since I have been at Tappington."

"Dreams, have you?" smiled the young lady, arching her taper neck like a swan in pluming. "Dreams, have you?"

"Ay, dreams,—or dream, perhaps, I should say; for, though repeated, it was still the same. And what do you imagine was its subject?"

"It is impossible for me to divine," said the tongue; "I have not the least difficulty in guessing," said the eye, as plainly as ever eye spoke.

"I dreamt of—your great grandfather!"

There was a change in the glance—"My great grandfather?"

"Yes, the old Sir Giles, or Sir John, you told me about the other day: he walked into my bedroom in his short cloak of murrey-coloured velvet, his long rapier, and his Raleigh-looking hat and feather, just as the picture represents him; but with one exception."

"And what was that?"

"Why, his lower extremities, which were visible, were—those of a skeleton."

"Well!"

"Well, after taking a turn or two about the room, and looking round him with a wistful air, he came to the bed's foot, stared at me in a manner impossible to describe,—and then he—he laid hold of my pantaloons, whipped his long bony legs into them in a twinkling, and, strutting up to the glass, seemed to view himself in it with great complacency. I tried to speak, but in vain. The effort, however, seemed to excite his attention; for, wheeling about, he showed me the grimmest-looking death's head you can well imagine, and with an indescribable grin strutted out of the room."

"Absurd, Charles! How can you talk such nonsense?"

"But, Caroline,—the breeches are really gone!"

\* \* \* \* \*

On the following morning, contrary to his usual custom, Seaforth was the first person in the breakfast-parlour. As no one else was present, he did precisely what nine young men out of ten so situated would have done; he walked up to the mantel-piece, established himself upon the rug, and subducting his coat-tails one under each arm, turned towards the fire that portion of the human frame which it is considered equally indecorous to present to a friend or an enemy. A

serious, not to say anxious, expression was visible upon his good-humoured countenance, and his mouth was fast buttoning itself up for an incipient whistle, when little Flo, a tiny spaniel of the Blenheim breed,—the pet object of Miss Julia Simpkinson's affections,—bounced out from beneath a sofa, and began to bark at—his pantaloons.

They were cleverly “built,” of a light grey mixture, a broad stripe of the most vivid scarlet traversing each seam in a perpendicular direction from hip to ankle,—in short, the regimental costume of the Royal Bombay Fencibles. The animal, educated in the country, had never seen such a pair of breeches in her life—*Omne ignotum pro magnifico!* The scarlet streak, inflamed as it was by the reflection of the fire, seemed to act on Flora's nerves as the same colour does on those of bulls and turkeys, she advanced at the *pas de charge*; and her vociferation, like her amazement, was unbounded. A sound kick from the disgusted officer changed its character, and induced a retreat at the very moment when the mistress of the pugnacious quadruped entered to the rescue.

“Lassy me! Flo! what is the matter?” cried the sympathising lady, with a scrutinizing glance levelled at the gentleman.

It might as well have lighted on a feather-bed.—His air of imperturbable unconsciousness defied examination; and as he would not, and Flora could not, expound, that injured individual was compelled to pocket up her wrongs. Others of the household soon dropped in, and clustered round the board dedicated to the most sociable of meals; the urn was paraded “hissing hot,” and the cups which “cheer, but not inebriate,” steamed redolent of hyson and pekoe; muffins and marmalade, newspapers and Finnon haddies, left little room for observation on the character of Charles's warlike “turn-out.” At length a look from Caroline, followed by a smile that nearly ripened to a titter, caused him to turn abruptly and address his neighbour. It was Miss Simpkinson, who, deeply engaged in sipping her tea and turning over her album, seemed, like a female Chrononotonthologos, “immersed in congebundity of cogitation.” An interrogatory on the subject of her studies drew from her the confession that she was at that moment employed in putting the finishing touches to a poem inspired by the romantic shades of Bolsover. The entreaties of the company were of course urgent. Mr. Peters, who “liked verses,” was especially persevering, and Sappho at length compliant. After a preparatory hem! and a glance at the mirror to ascertain that her look was sufficiently sentimental, the poetess began:—

“There is a calm, a holy feeling,  
Vulgar minds can never know,  
O'er the bosom softly stealing,—  
Chasten'd grief, delicious woe!  
Oh! how sweet at eve regaining  
Yon lone tower's sequester'd shade—  
Sadly mute and uncomplaining——”

—Yow!—yeough!—yeough!—yow!—yow! yelled a hapless sufferer from beneath the table.—It was an unlucky hour for quadrupeds; and if “every dog will have his day,” he could not have selected a more unpropitious one than this. Mrs. Ogleton, too, had a pet,—a favourite pug,—whose squab figure, black muzzle, and tortuosity of tail, that curled like a head of celery in a salad-bowl, bespoke his Dutch extraction. Yow! yow! yow! continued the brute,—a chorus in which Flo

instantly joined. Sooth to say, pug had more reason to express his dissatisfaction than was given him by the muse of Simpkinson; the other only barked for company. Scarcely had the poetess got through her first stanza, when Tom Ingoldsby, in the enthusiasm of the moment, became so lost to the material world, that, in his abstraction, he unwarily laid his hand on the cock of the urn. Quivering with emotion, he gave it such an unlucky twist, that the full stream of its scalding contents descended on the gingerbread hide of the unlucky Cupid. The confusion was complete; the whole economy of the table disarranged; the company broke up in most admired disorder; and "vulgar minds will never know" anything more of Miss Simpkinson's ode till they peruse it in some forthcoming annual.

Seaforth profited by the confusion to take the delinquent who had caused this "stramash" by the arm, and to lead him to the lawn, where he had a word or two for his private ear. The conference between the young gentlemen was neither brief in its duration, nor unimportant in its result. The subject was what the lawyers call tripartite, embracing the information that Charles Seaforth was over head and ears in love with Tom Ingoldsby's sister; secondly, that the lady had referred him to "papa" for his sanction; thirdly and lastly, his nightly visitations and consequent bereavement. At the two first items Tom smiled auspiciously; at the last he burst out into an absolute "guffaw."

"Steal your breeches? Miss Bailey over again, by Jove!" shouted Ingoldsby. "But a gentleman, you say, and Sir Giles too—I am not sure, Charles, whether I ought not to call you out for aspersing the honour of the family!"

"Laugh as you will, Tom,—be as incredulous as you please. One fact is incontestible,—the breeches are gone! Look here—I am reduced to my regimentals; and if these go, to-morrow I must borrow of you!"

Rochefoucault says, there is something in the misfortunes of our very best friends that does not displease us; certainly we can, most of us, laugh at their petty inconveniences, till called upon to supply them. Tom composed his features on the instant, and replied with more gravity, as well as with an expression, which, if my Lord Mayor had been within hearing, might have cost him five shillings,

"There is something very queer in this, after all. The clothes, you say, have positively disappeared. Somebody is playing you a trick, and, ten to one, your servant has a hand in it. By the way, I heard something yesterday of his kicking up a bobbery in the kitchen, and seeing a ghost, or something of that kind, himself. Depend upon it, Barney is in the plot!"

It struck the lieutenant at once that the usually buoyant spirits of his attendant had of late been materially sobered down, his loquacity obviously circumscribed, and that he, the said lieutenant, had actually rung his bell three several times that very morning before he could procure his attendance. Mr. Maguire was forthwith summoned, and underwent a close examination. The "bobbery" was easily explained. Mr. Oliver Dobbs had hinted his disapprobation of a flirtation carrying on between the gentleman from Munster and the lady from the Rue St. Honoré. Mademoiselle boxed Mr. Maguire's ears, and Mr. Maguire pulled Mademoiselle upon his knee, and the lady did *not* cry *Mon Dieu*! And Mr. Oliver Dobbs said it was very wrong; and Mrs.

Botherby said it was scandalous, and what ought not to be done in any moral kitchen ; and Mr. Maguire had got hold of the Honourable Augustus Sucklethumbkin's powder-flask, and had put large pinches of the best double Dartford into Mr. Dobbs' tobacco-box ; and Mr. Dobbs' pipe had exploded and set fire to Mrs. Botherby's Sunday cap, and Mr. Maguire had put it out with the slop-basin, "barring the wig ;" and then they were all so "cantankerous," that Barney had gone to take a walk in the garden ; and then—then Mr. Barney had seen a ghost !

"A what ? you blockhead !" asked Tom Ingoldsby.

"Sure then, and it's meself will tell your honour the rights of it," said the ghost-seer. "Meself and Miss Pauline, sir—or Miss Pauline and meself, for the ladies comes first any how,—we got tired of the hobstroppylous skrimmaging among the ould servants, that didn't know a joke when they seen one ; and we went out to look at the Comet,—that's the Rory-Bory-alehouse, they calls him in this country,—and we walked upon the lawn, and divel of any alehouse there was there at all ; and Miss Pauline said it was becuse of the shrubbery maybe, and why wouldn't we see it better beyonst the trees ? and so we went to the trees, but sorrow a Comet did meself see there, barring a big ghost instead of it."

"A ghost ? And what sort of a ghost, Barney ?"

"Och, then, divel a lie I'll tell your honour. A tall ould gentleman he was, all in white, with a shovel on his shoulder, and a big torch in his fist,—though what he wanted with that it's meself can't tell, for his eyes were like gig-lamps, let alone the moon and the Comet, which wasn't there at all ; and 'Barney,' says he to me,—'cause why he knew me,—'Barney,' says he, 'what is it you're doing with the colleen there, Barney ?' Divel a word did I say. Miss Pauline screeched, and cried murther in French, and ran off with herself ; and of coorse meself was in a mighty hurry after the lady, and had no time to stop palaver-ing with him any way : so I dispersed at once, and the ghost vanished in a flame of fire !"

Mr. Maguire's account was received with avowed incredulity by both gentlemen ; but Barney stuck to his text with unflinching pertinacity. A reference to Mademoiselle was suggested, but abandoned, as neither party had a taste for delicate investigations.

"I'll tell you what, Seaforth," said Ingoldsby, after Barney had received his dismissal ; "that there is a trick here, is evident ; and Barney's vision may possibly be a part of it. Whether he is most knave or fool, you best know. At all events, I will sit up with you to-night, and see if I can convert my ancestor into a visiting acquaintance. Meanwhile your finger on your lip !"

\* \* \* \* \*

" 'Twas now the very witching time of night,  
When churchyards yawn, and graves give up their dead."

Gladly would I grace my tale with decent horror, and therefore I do beseech the "gentle reader" to believe, that if all the *succedanea* to this mysterious narrative are not in strict keeping, he will ascribe it only to the disgraceful innovations of modern degeneracy upon the sober and dignified habits of our ancestors. I can introduce him, it is true, into an old and high-roofed chamber, its walls covered on three sides with black oak wainscoting, adorned with carvings of fruit and flowers long anterior to those of Grinling Gibbons ; the fourth side is clothed with a curious remnant of dingy tapestry, once elucidatory of some Scrip-



tural history, but of *which* not even Mrs. Botherby could determine. Mr. Simpkinson, who had examined it carefully, inclined to believe the principal figure to be either Bathsheba or Daniel in the lions' den; while Tom Ingoldsby decided in favour of the King of Bashan. All, however, was conjecture; tradition being silent on the subject. A lofty arched portal led into, and a little arched portal led out of, this apartment; they were opposite each other, and both possessed the security of massy bolts on the interior. The bedstead, too, was not one of yesterday; but manifestly coeval with days ere Seddons was, and when a good four-post "article" was deemed worthy of being a royal bequest. The bed itself, with all the appurtenances of paillasse, mattresses, &c. was of far later date, and looked most incongruously comfortable; the casements, too, with their little diamond-shaped panes and iron binding, had given way to the modern heterodoxy of the sash-window. Nor was this all that conspired to ruin the costume, and render the room a meet haunt for such "mixed spirits" only as could condescend to don at the same time an Elizabethan doublet and Bond-street inexpressibles. With their green morocco slippers on a modern fender in front of a disgracefully modern grate, sat two young gentlemen, clad in "shawl-pattern" dressing-gowns and black silk stocks, much at variance with the high cane-backed chairs which supported them. A bunch of abomination, called a cigar, reeked in the left-hand corner of the mouth of one, and in the right-hand corner of the mouth of the other;—an arrangement happily adapted for the escape of the noxious fumes up the chimney, without that unmerciful "funking" each other, which a less scientific disposition would have induced. A small pembroke table filled up the intervening space between them, sustaining, at each extremity, an elbow and a glass of toddy; and thus in "lonely pensive contemplation" were the two worthies occupied, when the "iron tongue of midnight had tolled twelve."

"Ghost-time 's come!" said Ingoldsby, taking from his waistcoat pocket a watch like a gold half-crown, and consulting it as though he suspected the turret-clock over the stables of mendacity.

"Hush!" said Charles; "did I not hear a footstep?"

There was a pause; there *was* a footstep—it sounded distinctly—it reached the door—it hesitated, stopped, and—passed on.

Tom darted across the room; threw open the door, and became aware of Mrs. Botherby toddling to her chamber at the other end of the gallery, after dosing one of the housemaids with an approved julep from the Countess of Kent's "Choice Manual."

"Good night, sir!" said Mrs. Botherby.

"Go to the d—l!" said the disappointed ghost-hunter.

An hour—two—rolled on, and still no spectral visitation, nor did aught intervene to make night hideous; and when the turret-clock sounded at length the hour of three, Ingoldsby, whose patience and grog were alike exhausted, sprang from his chair, saying,

"This is all infernal nonsense, my good fellow. Deuce of any ghost shall we see to-night; it's long past the canonical hours. I'm off to bed; and as to your breeches, I'll ensure them for twenty-four hours at least, at the price of the buckram."

"Certainly. Oh! thankye; to be sure!" stammered Charles, rousing himself from a reverie, which had degenerated into an absolute snooze.

"Good night, my boy. Bolt the door behind me; and defy the Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender!"

Seaforth followed his friend's advice, and the next morning came down to breakfast dressed in the habiliments of the preceding day. The charm was broken, the demon defeated ; the light greys with the red stripe down the seams were yet in *rerum naturâ*, and adorned the person of their lawful proprietor.

Tom felicitated himself and his partner of the watch on the result of their vigilance ; but there is a rustic adage, which warns us against self-gratulation before we are quite " out of the wood."—Seaforth was yet within its verge.

\* \* \* \* \*

A rap at Tom Ingoldsby's door the next morning startled him as he was shaving : he cut his chin.

" Come in, and be d—d to you !" said the martyr, pressing his thumb on the wounded epidermis. The door opened and exhibited Mr. Barney Maguire. " Well, Barney, what is it ?" quoth the sufferer, adopting the vernacular of his visitant.

" The Master, sir——"

" Well, what does he want ?"

" The loanst of a breeches, plase your honour."

" Why, you don't mean to tell me— By Heaven, this is too good !" shouted Tom, bursting into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. " Why, Barney, you don't mean to say the ghost has got them again ?"

Mr. Maguire did not respond to the young squire's risibility ; the cast of his countenance was decidedly serious.

" Faith, then, it's gone they are, sure enough. Hasn't meself been looking over the bed, and under the bed, and in the bed, for the matter of that, and divel a ha'p'orth of breeches is there to the fore at all : I'm bothered entirely !"

" Harkye ! Mr. Barney," said Tom, incautiously removing his thumb, and letting a crimson stream " incarnadine the multitudinous " lather that plastered his throat,— " this may be all very well with your master, but you don't humbug me, sir : tell me instantly what have you done with the clothes ?"

This abrupt transition from " lively to severe " certainly took Maguire by surprise, and he seemed for an instant as much disconcerted as it is possible to disconcert an Irish gentleman's gentleman.

" Me ? is it meself, then, that's the ghost to your honour's thinking ?" said he, after a moment's pause, and with a slight shade of indignation in his tones ; " is it I would stale the master's things,—and what would I do with them ?"

" That you best know : what your purpose is I can't guess, for I don't think you mean to ' stale ' them, as you call it ; but that you are concerned in their disappearance, I am satisfied. Confound this blood !—give me a towel, Barney."

Maguire acquitted himself of the commission. " As I've a sowl, your honour," said he solemnly, " little it is meself knows of the matter ; and after what I seen——"

" What you've seen ? Why, what *have* you seen ? Barney, I don't want to inquire into your flirtations ; but don't suppose you can palm off your saucer eyes and gig-lamps upon me !"

" Then, as sure as your honour's standing there, I saw him ; and why wouldn't I, when Miss *Pauline* was to the fore as well as meself, and——"

" Get along with your nonsense,—leave the room, sir !"

"But the master?" said Barney imploringly; "and the breeches?—sure he'll be catching cowl'd!"

"Take that, rascal!" replied Ingoldsby, throwing a pair of pantaloons at, rather than to, him; "but don't suppose, sir, you shall carry on your tricks with impunity; recollect there is such a thing as a tread-mill, and that my father is a county magistrate."

Barney's eye flashed fire,—he stood erect and was about to speak; but, mastering himself, not without an effort, he took up the garment, and left the room as perpendicular as a Quaker.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Ingoldsby," said Charles Seaforth, after breakfast, "this is now past a joke; to-day is the last of my stay, for, notwithstanding the ties which detain me, common decency obliges me to visit home after so long an absence. I shall come to an immediate explanation with your father on the subject nearest my heart, and depart while I have a change of dress left. On his answer will my return depend; in the mean time tell me candidly,—I ask it in all seriousness and as a friend,—am I not a dupe to your well-known propensity to hoaxing? have you not a hand in——"

"No, by Heaven! Seaforth; I see what you mean: on my honour, I am as much mystified as yourself; and if your servant——"

"Not he: if there be a trick, he at least is not privy to it."

"If there *be* a trick? why, Charles, do you think——"

"I know not *what* to think, Tom. As surely as you are a living man, so surely did that spectral anatomy visit my room again last night, grin in my face, and walk away with my trousers; nor was I able to spring from my bed, or break the chain which seemed to bind me to my pillow."

"Seaforth," said Ingoldsby, after a short pause, "I will— But hush! here are the girls and my father. I will carry off the females, and leave you a clear field with the Governor: carry your point with him, and we will talk about your breeches afterwards."

Tom's diversion was successful: he carried off the ladies *en masse* to look at a remarkable specimen of the class *Dodecandria Monogynia*, which they could not find; while Seaforth marched boldly up to the encounter, and carried "the Governor's" outworks by a *coup de main*. I shall not stop to describe the progress of the attack; suffice it that it was as successful as could have been wished, and that Seaforth was referred back again to the lady. The happy lover was off at a tangent; the botanical party was soon overtaken; and the arm of Caroline, whom a vain endeavour to spell out the Linnaean name of a daffy-down-dilly had detained a little in the rear of the others, was soon firmly locked in his own.

"What was the world to them,  
Its noise, its nonsense, and its 'breeches' all?"

Seaforth was in the seventh heaven; he retired to his room that night as happy as if no such thing as a goblin had ever been heard of, and personal chattels were as well fenced in by law as real property. Not so Tom Ingoldsby: the mystery—for mystery there evidently was,—had not only piqued his curiosity, but ruffled his temper. The watch of the previous night had been unsuccessful, probably because it was undisguised. To-night he would "ensconce himself,"—not indeed "behind the arras,"—for the little that remained was, as we have seen, nailed to

the wall,—but in a small closet which opened from one corner of the room, and, by leaving the door ajar, would give its occupant a view of all that might pass in the apartment. Here did the young ghost-hunter take up a position, with a good stout sapling under his arm, a full half-hour before Seaforth retired for the night. Not even his friend did he let into his confidence, fully determined that if his plan did not succeed, the failure should be attributed to himself alone.

At the usual hour of separation for the night, Tom saw, from his concealment, the lieutenant enter his room; and, after taking a few turns in it, with an expression so joyous as to betoken that his thoughts were mainly occupied by his approaching happiness, proceed slowly to disrobe himself. The coat, the waistcoat, the black silk stock, were gradually discarded; the green morocco slippers were kicked off, and then—ay, and then—his countenance grew grave; it seemed to occur to him all at once that this was his last stake,—nay, that the very breeches he had on were not his own,—that to-morrow morning was his last, and that if he lost *them*—— A glance showed that his mind was made up; he replaced the single button he had just subducted, and threw himself upon the bed in a state of transition, half chrysalis, half grub.

Wearily did Tom Ingoldsby watch the sleeper by the flickering light of the night-lamp, till the clock, striking one, induced him to increase the narrow opening which he had left for the purpose of observation. The motion, slight as it was, seemed to attract Charles's attention; for he raised himself suddenly to a sitting posture, listened for a moment, and then stood upright upon the floor. Ingoldsby was on the point of discovering himself, when, the light flashing full upon his friend's countenance, he perceived that, though his eyes were open, "their sense was shut,"—that he was yet under the influence of sleep. Seaforth advanced slowly to the toilet, lit his candle at the lamp that stood on it, then, going back to the bed's foot, appeared to search eagerly for something which he could not find. For a few moments he seemed restless and uneasy, walking round the apartment and examining the chairs, till, coming fully in front of a large swing-glass that flanked the dressing-table, he paused, as if contemplating his figure in it. He now returned towards the bed, put on his slippers, and, with cautious and stealthy steps, proceeded towards the little arched doorway that opened on the private staircase.

As he drew the bolt, Tom Ingoldsby emerged from his hiding-place; but the sleep-walker heard him not: he proceeded softly down stairs, followed at a due distance by his friend, opened the door which led out upon the gardens, and stood at once among the thickest of the shrubs, which there clustered round the base of a corner turret, and screened the postern from common observation. At this moment Ingoldsby had nearly spoiled all by making a false step: the sound attracted Seaforth's attention, he paused and turned; and, as the full moon shed her light direct upon his pale and troubled features, Tom marked, almost with dismay, the fixed and rayless appearance of his eyes:

"There was no speculation in those orbs  
That he did glare withal,"

The perfect stillness preserved by his follower seemed to reassure him; he turned aside, and, from the midst of a thickset laurustinus,

drew forth a gardener's spade, shouldering which he proceeded with greater rapidity into the midst of the shrubbery. Arrived at a certain point, where the earth seemed to have been recently disturbed, he set himself heartily to the task of digging; till, having thrown up several shovelfuls of mould, he stopped, flung down his tool, and very composedly began to disencumber himself of his pantaloons.

Up to this moment Tom had watched him with a wary eye; he now advanced cautiously, and, as his friend was busily engaged in disentangling himself from his garment, made himself master of the spade. Seaforth, meanwhile, had accomplished his purpose; he stood for a moment with

“His streamers waving in the wind,”

occupied in carefully rolling up the small-clothes into as compact a form as possible, and all heedless of the breath of heaven, which might certainly be supposed at such a moment, and in such a plight, to “visit his frame too roughly.”

He was in the act of stooping low to deposit the pantaloons in the grave which he had been digging for them, when Tom Ingoldsby came close behind him, and with the flat of the spade —

\* \* \* \* \*

The shock was effectual; never again was Lieutenant Seaforth known to act the part of a somnambulist. One by one, his breeches, his trousers, his pantaloons, his silk-net tights, his patent cords, and his showy greys with the broad red stripe of the Bombay Fencibles, were brought to light, rescued from the grave in which they had been buried, like the strata of a Christmas pie; and, after having been well aired by Mrs. Botherby, became once again effective.

The family, the ladies especially, laughed; Barney Maguire cried “Botheration!” and *Ma’m selle Pauline*, “*Mon Dieu!*”

Charles Seaforth, unable to face the quizzing which awaited him on all sides, started off two hours earlier than he had proposed: he soon returned, however; and having, at his father-in-law's request, given up the occupation of Rajah hunting and shooting Nabobs, led his blushing bride to the altar.

Mr. Simpkinson from Bath did not attend the ceremony, being engaged at the Grand Junction Meeting of *Sçavans*, then congregating from all parts of the known world, in the city of Dublin. His essay, demonstrating that the globe is a great custard, whipped into coagulation by whirlwinds, and cooked by electricity,—a little too much baked in the Isle of Portland, and a thought underdone about the Bog of Allen,—is highly spoken of, and, it is supposed, will obtain a Bridge-water prize.

Miss Simpkinson and her sister acted as bridesmaids on the occasion; the former wrote an *epithalamium*, and the latter cried “Lassy me!” at the clergyman's wig. But as of these young ladies, of the fair widow, Mr. Sucklethumbkin, Mrs. Peters and her P. we may have more to say hereafter, we take our leave for the present; assuring our pensive public that Mr. and Mrs. Seaforth are living together quite as happily as two good-hearted, good-tempered bodies, very fond of each other, can possibly do; and that since the day of his marriage Charles has shown no disposition to jump out of bed, or ramble out of doors o' nights,—though, from his entire devotion to every wish and whim of his young wife, Tom insinuates that the fair Caroline does still occasionally take advantage of it so far as to “slip on the Breeches.”





## FAMILY STORIES.—No. II.

## LEGEND OF HAMILTON TIGHE.

Tapton Everard, Feb. 14, 1837.

FRIEND BENTLEY,—I see you have got hold of some of our family secrets; but Seaforth was always a blab. No matter: as you *have* found your way into our circle, why, I suppose we must even make the best of it, and let you go on. The revival of “Old Sir Giles’s” story has set us all rummaging among the family papers, of which there is a large chest full “*apud castro de Tappington*,” as a literary friend of mine has it. In the course of her researches, Caroline the other day popped upon the history of a far-off cousin, some four or five generations back,—a sad story,—a sort of Uriah business,—in which a principal part was played by a great-great-aunt of ours. In order to secure her own child’s succession to a fair estate, she was always believed to have wantonly exposed the life of her husband’s only son by a former marriage; and through the assistance of her brother, a sea-captain, to have at least thrust him unnecessarily into danger, even if their machinations went no farther. The lad was killed; and report said that an old boatswain confessed on his death-bed— But Miss Simpkinson will tell you the story better than I can. She has dished it up for you in her choicest Pindarics; and though the maiden is meek, her muse is masculine.

Yours, as it may be,  
THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

## THE LEGEND OF HAMILTON TIGHE.

THE captain is walking his quarter-deck,  
With a troubled brow and a bended neck;  
One eye is down through the hatchway cast,  
The other turns up to the truck on the mast;  
Yet none of the crew may venture to hint  
“Our skipper hath gotten a sinister squint!”

The captain again the letter hath read  
Which the bum-boat woman brought out to Spithead—  
Still, since the good ship sailed away,  
He reads that letter three times a-day;  
Yet the writing is broad and fair to see  
As a skipper may read in his degree,  
And the seal is as black, and as broad, and as flat,  
As his own cockade in his own cock’d hat:  
He reads, and he says, as he walks to and fro,  
“Curse the old woman—she bothers me so!”

He pauses now, for the topmen hail—  
“On the larboard quarter a sail! a sail!”  
That grim old captain he turns him quick,  
And bawls through his trumpet for Hairy-faced Dick.

“The breeze is blowing—huzza! huzza!”  
The breeze is blowing—away! away!



The breeze is blowing—a race ! a race !  
 The breeze is blowing—we near the chase !  
 Blood will flow, and bullets will fly,—  
 Oh where will be then young Hamilton Tighe ?”—

—“On the foeman’s deck, where a man should be,  
 With his sword in his hand, and his foe at his knee.  
 Cockswain, or boatswain, or reefer may try,  
 But the first man on board will be Hamilton Tighe !”

\* \* \* \*

Hairy-faced Dick hath a swarthy hue,  
 Between a gingerbread nut and a Jew,  
 And his pigtail is long, and bushy, and thick,  
 Like a pump-handle stuck on the end of a stick.  
 Hairy-faced Dick understands his trade ;  
 He stands by the breech of a long carronade,  
 The linstock glows in his bony hand,  
 Waiting that grim old skipper’s command.

“The bullets are flying—huzza ! huzza !  
 The bullets are flying—away ! away !”  
 The brawny boarders mount by the chains,  
 And are over their buckles in blood and brains :  
 On the foeman’s deck, where a man should be,  
     Young Hamilton Tighe  
     Waves his cutlass high,  
 And *Capitaine Crapaud* bends low at his knee.

Hairy-faced Dick, linstock in hand,  
 Is waiting that grim-looking skipper’s command :—  
     A wink comes sly

From that sinister eye—  
 Hairy-faced Dick at once lets fly,  
 And knocks off the head of young Hamilton Tighe !

\* \* \* \*

There’s a lady sits lonely in bower and hall,  
 Her pages and handmaidens come at her call :  
 “Now haste ye, my handmaidens, haste and see  
 How he sits there and glow’rs with his head on his knee !”  
 The maidens smile, and, her thought to destroy,  
 They bring her a little pale mealy-faced boy ;  
 And the mealy-faced boy says, “Mother dear,  
 Now Hamilton’s dead, I’ve a thousand a-year !”

The lady has donn’d her mantle and hood,  
 She is bound for shrift at St. Mary’s Rood :—  
 “Oh ! the taper shall burn, and the bell shall toll,  
 And the mass shall be said for my step-son’s soul,  
 And the tablet fair shall be hung up on high,  
*Orate pro animâ Hamilton Tighe !*”

Her coach and four  
 Draws up to the door,  
 With her groom, and her footman, and half a score more ;

The lady steps into her coach alone,  
 And they hear her sigh and they hear her groan ;  
 They close the door, and they turn the pin,  
*But there's one rides with her who never slept in !*  
 All the way there, and all the way back,  
 The harness strains, and the coach-springs crack,  
 The horses snort, and plunge, and kick,  
 Till the coachman thinks he is driving Old Nick ;  
 And the grooms and the footmen wonder and say,  
 " What makes the old coach so heavy to-day ?"  
 But the mealy-faced boy peeps in, and sees  
 A man sitting there with his head on his knees.

'Tis ever the same, in hall or in bower,  
 Wherever the place, whatever the hour,  
 That lady mutters and talks to the air,  
 And her eye is fixed on an empty chair ;  
 But the mealy-faced boy still whispers with dread,  
 " She talks to a man with never a head !"

\* \* \* \* \*

There's an old yellow admiral living at Bath,  
 As grey as a badger, as thin as a lath ;  
 And his very queer eyes have such very queer leers,  
 They seem to be trying to peep at his ears.  
 That old yellow admiral goes to the Rooms,  
 And he plays long whist, but he frets and fumes,  
 For all his knaves stand upside down,  
 And the Jack of clubs does nothing but frown ;  
 And the kings, and the aces, and all the best trumps,  
 Get into the hands of the other old frumps ;  
 While, close to his partner, a man he sees  
 Counting the tricks with his head on his knees.

In Ratcliffe Highway there's an old marine store,  
 And a great black doll hangs out at the door ;  
 There are rusty locks, and dusty bags,  
 And musty phials, and fusty rags,  
 And a lusty old woman, call'd Thirsty Nan,  
 And her crusty old husband's a hairy-faced man !

That hairy-faced man is sallow and wan,  
 And his great thick pigtail is wither'd and gone ;  
 And he cries, " Take away that lubberly chap  
 That sits there and grins with his head in his lap !"  
 And the neighbours say, as they see him look sick,  
 " What a rum old covey is Hairy-faced Dick !"

That admiral, lady, and hairy-faced man  
 May say what they please, and may do what they can ;  
 But one thing seems remarkably clear,—  
 They may die to-morrow, or live till next year,—  
 But wherever they live, or whenever they die,  
 They'll never get quit of young Hamilton Tighe.

## FAMILY STORIES.—No. III.

## GREY DOLPHIN.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

"He won't—won't he? Then bring me my boots!" said the Baron.

Consternation was at its height in the castle of Shurland—a caitiff had dared to disobey the Baron! and—the Baron had called for his boots!

A thunderbolt in the great hall had been a *bagatelle* to it.

A few days before, a notable miracle had been wrought in the neighbourhood; and in those times miracles were not so common as they are now:—no Royal Balloons, no steam, no railroads,—while the few Saints who took the trouble to walk with their heads under their arms, or pull the Devil by the nose, scarcely appeared above once in a century:—so it made the greater sensation.

The clock had done striking twelve, and the Clerk of Chatham was untrussing his points preparatory to seeking his truckle-bed: a half-emptied tankard of mild ale stood at his elbow, the roasted crab yet floating on its surface. Midnight had surprised the worthy functionary while occupied in discussing it, and with the task yet unaccomplished. He meditated a mighty draught: one hand was fumbling with his tags, while the other was extended in the act of grasping the jorum, when a knock on the portal, solemn and sonorous, arrested his fingers. It was repeated thrice ere Emanuel Saddleton had presence of mind sufficient to inquire who sought admittance at that untimely hour.

"Open! open! good Clerk of St. Bridget's," said a female voice, small, yet distinct and sweet,—“an excellent thing in woman.”

The clerk arose, crossed to the doorway, and undid the latchet.

On the threshold stood a lady of surpassing beauty: her robes were rich, and large, and full; and a diadem, sparkling with gems that shed a halo around, crowned her brow: she beckoned the clerk as he stood in astonishment before her.

"Emanuel!" said the lady; and her tones sounded like those of a silver flute. "Emanuel Saddleton, truss up your points, and follow me!"

The worthy clerk stared aghast at the vision; the purple robe, the cymar, the coronet,—above all, the smile;—no, there was no mistaking her; it was the blessed St. Bridget herself!

And what could have brought the sainted lady out of her warm shrine at such a time of night? and on such a night? for it was as dark as pitch, and, metaphorically speaking, "rained cats and dogs."

Emanuel could not speak, so he looked the question.

"No matter for that," said the Saint, answering to his thought. "No matter for that, Emanuel Saddleton; only follow me, and you'll see."

The clerk turned a wistful eye at the corner-cupboard.

"Oh, never mind the lantern, Emanuel; you'll not want it: but you may bring a mattock and shovel." As she spoke, the beautiful apparition held up her delicate hand. From the tip of each of her long taper fingers issued a lambent flame of such surpassing brilliancy

as would have plunged a whole gas company into despair—it was a “Hand of Glory,” such a one as tradition tells us yet burns in Rochester Castle every St. Mark’s Eve. Many are the daring individuals who have watched in Gundulph’s Tower, hoping to find it, and the treasure it guards;—but none of them ever did.

“This way, Emanuel!” and a flame of peculiar radiance streamed from her little finger as it pointed to the pathway leading to the churchyard.

Saddleton shouldered his tools, and followed in silence.

The cemetery of St. Bridget’s was some half-mile distant from the clerk’s domicile, and adjoined a chapel dedicated to that illustrious lady, who, after leading but a so-so life, had died in the odour of sanctity. Emanuel Saddleton was fat and scant of breath, the mattock was heavy, and the saint walked too fast for him: he paused to take second wind at the end of the first furlong.

“Emanuel,” said the holy lady good-humouredly, for she heard him puffing; “rest a while, Emanuel, and I’ll tell you what I want with you.”

Her auditor wiped his brow with the back of his hand, and looked all attention and obedience.

“Emanuel,” continued she, “what did you and Father Fothergill, and the rest of you, mean yesterday by burying that drowned man so close to me? He died in mortal sin, Emanuel; no shrift, no unction, no absolution: why, he might as well have been excommunicated. He plagues me with his grinning, and I can’t have any peace in my shrine. You must howk him up again, Emanuel!”

“To be sure, madam,—my lady,—that is, your holiness,” stammered Saddleton, trembling at the thought of the task assigned him. “To be sure, your ladyship; only—that is—”

“Emanuel,” said the Saint, “you’ll do my bidding; or it would be better you had!” and her eye changed from a dove’s eye to that of a hawk, and a flash came from it as bright as the one from her little finger. The Clerk shook in his shoes, and, again dashing the cold perspiration from his brow, followed the footsteps of his mysterious guide.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next morning all Chatham was in an uproar. The Clerk of St. Bridget’s had found himself at home at daybreak, seated in his own arm-chair, the fire out, and—the tankard of ale quite exhausted. Who had drunk it? Where had he been? How had he got home?—all was a mystery: he remembered “a mass of things, but nothing distinctly;” all was fog and fantasy. What he could clearly recollect was, that he had dug up the grinning sailor, and that the Saint had helped to throw him into the river again. All was thenceforth wonderment and devotion. Masses were sung, tapers were kindled, bells were tolled; the monks of St. Romuald had a solemn procession, the abbot at their head, the sacristan at their tail, and the holy breeches of St. Thomas-à-Becket in the centre; Father Fothergill brewed a XXX puncheon of holy-water. The Rood of Gillingham was deserted; the chapel of Rainham forsaken; every one who had a soul to be saved flocked with his offering to St. Bridget’s shrine, and Emanuel Saddleton gathered more fees from the promiscuous piety of that one week than he had pocketed during the twelve preceding months.

Meanwhile the corpse of the ejected reprobate oscillated like a pendulum between Sheerness and Gillingham Reach. Now borne by the Medway into the Western Swale, now carried by the reflux tide back to the vicinity of its old quarters, it seemed as though the River god and Neptune were amusing themselves with a game of subaqueous battledore, and had chosen this unfortunate carcass as a marine shuttlecock. For some time the alternation was kept up with great spirit, till Boreas, interfering in the shape of a stiffish "Nor'-wester," drifted the bone (and flesh) of contention ashore on the Shurland domain, where it lay in all the majesty of mud. It was soon discovered by the retainers, and dragged from its oozy bed, grinning worse than ever. Tidings of the god-send were of course carried instantly to the castle, for the Baron was a very great man; and if a dun crow had flown across his property unannounced by the warder, the Baron would have kicked him, the said warder, from the topmost battlement into the bottommost ditch,—a descent of peril, and one which "Ludwig the leaper," or the illustrious Trenk himself, might well have shrunk from encountering.

"An't please your lordship—" said Peter Periwinkle.

"No, villain! it does not please me!" roared the Baron.

His lordship was deeply engaged with a peck of Feversham oysters,—he doted on shellfish, hated interruption at meals, and had not yet despatched more than twenty dozen of the "natives."

"There's a body, my lord, washed ashore in the lower creek," said the seneschal.

The Baron was going to throw the shells at his head; but paused in the act, and said with much dignity,

"Turn out the fellow's pockets!"

But the defunct had before been subjected to the double scrutiny of Father Fothergill and the Clerk of St. Bridget's. It was ill gleaning after such hands; there was not a single marvedi.

We have already said that Sir Ralph de Shurland, Lord of the Isle of Sheppey, and of many a fair manor on the main-land, was a man of worship. He had rights of freewarren, saccage and sockage, cuisage and jambage, fosse and fork, infang theofe and outfang theofe; and all waifs and strays belonged to him in fee simple.

"Turn out his pockets!" said the Knight.

"Please you, my lord, I must say as how they was turned out afore, and the devil a rap's left."

"Then bury the blackguard!"

"Please your lordship, he has been buried once."

"Then bury him again, and be ——!" The Baron bestowed a benediction.

The seneschal bowed low as he left the room, and the Baron went on with his oysters.

Scarce ten dozen more had vanished when Periwinkle reappeared.

"An't please you, my lord, Father Fothergill says as how that it's the Grinning Sailor, and he won't bury him anyhow."

"Oh! he won't—won't he?" said the Baron. Can it be wondered at that he called for his boots?

Sir Ralph de Shurland, Lord of Shurland and Minster, Baron of Sheppey *in comitatu* Kent, was, as has been before hinted, a very great man. He was also a very little man; that is, he was relatively

great and relatively little,—or physically little and metaphorically great,—like Sir Sidney Smith and the late Mr. Bonaparte. To the frame of a dwarf he united the soul of a giant and the valour of a gamecock. Then, for so small a man, his strength was prodigious; his fist would fell an ox, and his kick—oh! his kick was tremendous, and, when he had his boots on, would,—to use an expression of his own, which he had picked up in the holy wars,—would send a man from Jericho to June. He was bull-necked and bandy-legged; his chest was broad and deep, his head large, and uncommonly thick, his eyes a little blood-shot, and his nose *retrousé* with a remarkably red tip. Strictly speaking, the Baron could not be called handsome; but his *tout ensemble* was singularly impressive: and when he called for his boots, everybody trembled, and dreaded the worst.

"Periwinkle," said the Baron, as he encased his better leg, "let the grave be twenty feet deep!"

"Your lordship's command is law."

"And, Periwinkle,"—Sir Ralph stamped his left heel into its receptacle,—“and, Periwinkle, see that it be wide enough to hold not exceeding two!”

"Ye—ye—yes, my lord."

"And, Periwinkle,—tell Father Fothergill I would fain speak with his reverence."

"Ye—ye—yes, my lord."

The Baron's beard was picked, and his moustaches, stiff and stumpy, projected horizontally like those of a Tom-cat; he twirled the one, stroked the other, drew the buckle of his surcingle a thought tighter, and strode down the great staircase three steps at a stride.

The vassals were assembled in the great hall of Shurland Castle; every cheek was pale, every tongue was mute, expectation and perplexity were visible on every brow. What would his lordship do? Were the recusant anybody else, gyves to the heels and hemp to the throat were but too good for him: but it was Father Fothergill who had said "I won't;" and, though the Baron was a very great man, the Pope was a greater, and the Pope was Father Fothergill's great friend—some people said he was his uncle.

Father Fothergill was busy in the refectory trying conclusions with a venison pasty, when he received the summons of his patron to attend him in the chapel cemetery. Of course he lost no time in obeying it, for obedience was the general rule in Shurland Castle. If anybody ever said "I won't," it was the exception; and, like all other exceptions, only proved the rule the stronger. The Father was a friar of the Augustine persuasion; a brotherhood which, having been planted in Kent some few centuries earlier, had taken very kindly to the soil, and overspread the county much as hops did some few centuries later. He was plump and portly, a little thick-winded, especially after dinner, stood five feet four in his sandals, and weighed hard upon eighteen stone. He was moreover a personage of singular piety; and the iron girdle, which, he said, he wore under his cassock to mortify withal, might have been well mistaken for the tire of a cart-wheel. When he arrived, Sir Ralph was pacing up and down by the side of a newly-opened grave.

"*Benedicite!* fair son,"—(the Baron was as brown as a cigar,)—" *Benedicite!*" said the chaplain.

The Baron was too angry to stand upon compliment.—“Bury me that grinning caitiff there!” quoth he, pointing to the defunct.

“It may not be, fair son,” said the friar; “he hath perished without absolution.”

“Bury the body!” roared Sir Ralph.

“Water and earth alike reject him,” returned the chaplain; “holy St. Bridget herself——”

“Bridget me no Bridgets! do me thine office quickly, Sir Shaveling; or, by the piper that played before Moses!——” The oath was a fearful one; and whenever the Baron swore to do mischief, he was never known to perjure himself. He was playing with the hilt of his sword.—“Do me thine office, I say. Give him his passport to heaven!”

“He is already gone to hell!” stammered the friar.

“Then do you go after him!” thundered the Lord of Shurland.

His sword half leaped from its scabbard. No!—the trenchant blade that had cut Suleiman Ben Malek Ben Buckskin from helmet to chine disdained to daub itself with the cerebellum of a miserable monk: it leaped back again; and as the chaplain, scared at its flash, turned him in terror, the Baron gave him a kick!—one kick!—it was but one!—but such a one! Despite its obesity, up flew his holy body in an angle of forty-five degrees; then, having reached its highest point of elevation, sunk headlong into the open grave that yawned to receive it. If the reverend gentleman had possessed a neck, he had infallibly broken it; as he did not, he only dislocated his vertebræ,—but that did quite as well. He was as dead as ditch-water.

“In with the other rascal!” said the Baron, and he was obeyed; for there he stood in his boots. Mattock and shovel made short work of it; twenty feet of superincumbent mould pressed down alike the saint and the sinner. “Now sing a requiem who list!” said the Baron, and his lordship went back to his oysters.

The vassals at Castle Shurland were astounded, or, as the seneschal Hugh better expressed it, “perfectly conglomerated,” by this event. What! murder a monk in the odour of sanctity, — and on consecrated ground too! They trembled for the health of the Baron’s soul. To the unsophisticated many it seemed that matters could not have been much worse had he shot a bishop’s coach-horse; —all looked for some signal judgment. The melancholy catastrophe of their neighbours at Canterbury was yet rife in their memories: not two centuries had elapsed since those miserable sinners had cut off the tail of St. Thomas’s mule. The tail of the mule, it was well known, had been forthwith affixed to that of the mayor; and rumour said it had since been hereditary in the corporation. The least that could be expected was, that Sir Ralph should have a friar tacked on to his for the term of his natural life! Some bolder spirits there were, ’tis true, who viewed the matter in various lights, according to their different temperaments and dispositions; for perfect unanimity existed not even in the good old times. The verderer, roistering Hob Roe-buck, swore roundly, “’Twere as good a deed as eat to kick down the chapel as well as the monk.”—Hob had stood there in a white sheet for kissing Giles Miller’s daughter.—On the other hand, Simpkin Agnew, the bell-ringer, doubted if the devil’s cellar, which runs under the bottomless abyss, were quite deep enough for the

delinquent, and speculated on the probability of a hole being dug in it for his especial accommodation. The philosophers and economists thought with Saunders M'Bullock, the Baron's bagpiper, that "a feckless monk more or less was nae great subject for a clamjamphry," especially as "the supply considerably exceeded the demand;" while Malthouse, the tapster, was arguing to Dame Martin that a murder now and then was a seasonable check to population, without which the Isle of Sheppey would in time be devoured, like a mouldy cheese, by inhabitants of its own producing. Meanwhile, the Baron ate his oysters, and thought no more of the matter.

But this tranquillity of his lordship was not to last. A couple of Saints had been seriously offended; and we have all of us read at school that celestial minds are by no means insensible to the provocations of anger. There were those who expected that St. Bridget would come in person, and have the friar up again as she did the sailor; but perhaps her ladyship did not care to trust herself within the walls of Shurland Castle. To say the truth, it was scarcely a decent house for a female Saint to be seen in. The Baron's gallantries, since he became a widower, had been but too notorious; and her own reputation was a little blown upon in the earlier days of her earthly pilgrimage: then things were so apt to be misrepresented: in short, she would leave the whole affair to St. Austin, who, being a gentleman, could interfere with propriety, avenge her affront as well as his own, and leave no loop-hole for scandal. St. Austin himself seems to have had his scruples, though of their precise nature it were difficult to determine, for it were idle to suppose him at all afraid of the Baron's boots. Be this as it may, the mode which he adopted was at once prudent and efficacious. As an ecclesiastic, he could not well call the Baron out, had his boots been out of the question; so he resolved to have recourse to the law. Instead of Shurland Castle, therefore, he repaired forthwith to his own magnificent monastery, situate just without the walls of Canterbury, and presented himself in a vision to its abbot. No one who has ever visited that ancient city can fail to recollect the splendid gateway which terminates the vista of St. Paul's street, and stands there yet in all its pristine beauty. The tiny train of miniature artillery which now adorns its battlements is, it is true, an ornament of a later date; and is said to have been added some centuries after by some learned but jealous proprietor, for the purpose of shooting any wiser man than himself who might chance to come that way. Tradition is silent as to any discharge having taken place, nor can the oldest inhabitant of modern days recollect any such occurrence. Here it was, in a handsome chamber, immediately over the lofty archway, that the superior of the monastery lay buried in a brief slumber snatched from his accustomed vigils. His mitre—for he was a mitred abbot, and had a seat in parliament—rested on a table beside him; near it stood a silver flagon of Gascony wine, ready, no doubt, for the pious uses of the morrow. Fasting and watching had made him more than usually somnolent, than which nothing could have been better for the purpose of the Saint, who now appeared to him radiant in all the colours of the rainbow.

"Anselm!"—said the beatific vision,—“Anselm! are you not a pretty fellow to lie snoring there, when your brethren are being knocked at head, and Mother Church herself is menaced! It is a sin and a shame, Anselm!”



"What's the matter?—Who are you?" cried the Abbot, rubbing his eyes, which the celestial splendour of his visiter had set a-winking. "Ave Maria! St. Austin himself!—Speak, *Beatissime!* what would you with the humblest of your votaries?"

"Anselm!" said the Saint, "a brother of our order, whose soul Heaven assoilzie! hath been foully murdered. He hath been ignominiously kicked to the death, Anselm; and there he lieth cheek-by-jowl with a wretched carcass, which our sister Bridget has turned out of her cemetery for unseemly grinning. Arouse thee, Anselm!"

"Ay, so please you, *Sanctissime!*" said the Abbot; "I will order forthwith that thirty masses be said, thirty *Paters*, and thirty *Aves*."

"Thirty fools' heads!" interrupted his patron, who was a little peppery.

"I will send for bell, book, and candle."

"Send for an inkhorn, Anselm. Write me now a letter to his Holiness the Pope in good round terms, and another to the coroner, and another to the sheriff, and seize me the never-enough-to-be-anathematised villain who hath done this deed! Hang him as high as Haman, Anselm!—up with him!—down with his dwelling-place, root and branch, hearth-stone and roof-tree,—down with it all, and sow the site with salt and sawdust!"

St. Austin, it will be perceived, was a radical reformer.

"Marry will I," quoth the Abbot, warming with the Saint's eloquence; "ay, marry will I, and that *instantly*. But there is one thing you have forgotten, most Beatified—the name of the culprit."

"Ralph de Shurland."

"The Lord of Sheppey! Bless me!" said the Abbot, crossing himself, "won't that be rather inconvenient? Sir Ralph is a bold baron and a powerful; blows will come and go, and crowns will be cracked, and —"

"What is that to you, since yours will not be of the number?"

"Very true, *Beatissime!* I will don me with speed, and do your bidding."

"Do so, Anselm!—fail not to hang the baron, burn his castle, confiscate his estate, and buy me two large wax-candles for my own particular shrine out of your share of the property."

With this solemn injunction the vision began to fade.

"One thing more!" cried the Abbot, grasping his rosary.

"What is that?" asked the Saint.

"O *Beate Augustine, ora pro nobis!*"

"Of course I shall," said St. Austin. "*Pax vobiscum!*"—and Abbot Anselm was left alone.

Within an hour all Canterbury was in commotion. A friar had been murdered,—two friars—ten—twenty; a whole convent had been assaulted,—sacked,—burnt,—all the monks had been killed, and all the nuns had been kissed! Murder!—fire!—sacrilege! Never was city in such an uproar. From St. George's gate to St. Dunstan's suburb, from the Donjon to the borough of Staplegate, all was noise and hubbub. "Where was it?"—"When was it?"—"How was it?" The Mayor caught up his chain, the Aldermen donned their furred gowns, the Town-clerk put on his spectacles. "Who was he?"—"What was he?"—"Where was he?"—he should be hanged,—he should be burned,—he should be broiled,—he should be fried,—he

should be scraped to death with red-hot oyster-shells ! ‘ Who was he ? ’ — ‘ What was his name ? ’

The abbot’s Apparitor drew forth his roll and read aloud : ‘ Sir Ralph de Shurland, Knight banneret, Baron of Shurland and Minster, and Lord of Sheppey.’

The Mayor put his chain in his pocket, the Aldermen took off their gowns, the Town-clerk put his pen behind his ear,—It was a county business altogether : the Sheriff had better call out the *posse comitatus*.

While saints and sinners were thus leaguings against him, the Baron de Shurland was quietly eating his breakfast. He had passed a tranquil night, undisturbed by dreams of cowl or capuchin ; nor was his appetite more affected than his conscience. On the contrary, he sat rather longer over his meal than usual : luncheon-time came, and he was ready as ever for his oysters ; but scarcely had Dame Martin opened his first half-dozen when the warder’s horn was heard from the bar-bican.

‘ Who the devil’s that ? ’ said Sir Ralph. ‘ I’m not at home, Periwinkle. I hate to be disturbed at meals, and I won’t be at home to anybody.’

‘ An’t please your lordship,’ answered the seneschal, ‘ Paul Prior hath given notice that there is a body——’

‘ Another body ! ’ roared the Baron. ‘ Am I to be everlastingly plagued with bodies ? No time allowed me to swallow a morsel. Throw it into the moat ! ’

‘ So please you, my lord, it is a body of horse,—and—and Paul says there is a still larger body of foot behind it ; and he thinks, my lord,—that is, he does not know, but he thinks—and we all think, my lord, that they are coming to—to besiege the castle ! ’

‘ Besiege the castle ! Who ? What ? What for ? ’

‘ Paul says, my lord, that he can see the banner of St. Austin, and the bleeding heart of Hamo de Creveccœur, the abbot’s chief vassal ; and there is John de Northwood, the sheriff, with his red-cross engailed ; and Hever, and Leybourne, and Heaven knows how many more ; and they are all coming on as fast as ever they can.’

‘ Periwinkle,’ said the Baron, ‘ up with the drawbridge ; down with the portcullis ; bring me a cup of canary, and my nightcap. I won’t be bothered with them. I shall go to bed.’

‘ To bed, my lord ! ’ cried Periwinkle, with a look that seemed to say, ‘ He’s crazy.’

At this moment the shrill tones of a trumpet were heard to sound thrice from the champaign. It was the signal for parley : the Baron changed his mind ; instead of going to bed, he went to the ramparts.

‘ Well, rascallions ! and what now ? ’ said the Baron.

A herald, two pursuivants, and a trumpeter, occupied the foreground of the scene ; behind them, some three hundred paces off, upon a rising ground, was drawn up in battle-array the main body of the ecclesiastical forces.

‘ Hear you, Ralph de Shurland, Knight, Baron of Shurland and Minster, and Lord of Sheppey, and know all men, by these presents, that I do hereby attach you, the said Ralph, of murder and sacrilege, now, or of late, done and committed by you, the said Ralph, contrary to the peace of our Sovereign Lord the King, his crown and dignity :

and I do hereby require and charge you, the said Ralph, to forthwith surrender and give up your own proper person, together with the castle of Shurland aforesaid, in order that the same may be duly dealt with according to law. And here standeth John de Northwood, Esquire, good man and true, sheriff of this his majesty's most loyal county of Kent, to enforce the same, if need be, with his *posse comitatus*."

"His what?" said the Baron.

"His *posse comitatus*, and——"

"Go to Bath!" said the Baron.

A defiance so contemptuous roused the ire of the adverse commanders. A volley of missiles rattled about the Baron's ears. Night-caps avail little against contusions. He left the walls, and returned to the great hall.

"Let them pelt away," quoth the Baron; "there are no windows to break, and they can't get in." So he took his afternoon nap, and the siege went on.

Towards evening his lordship awoke, and grew tired of the din. Guy Pearson, too, had got a black eye from a brick-bat, and the assailants were clambering over the outer wall. So the Baron called for his Sunday hauberk of Milan steel, and his great two-handed sword with the terrible name:—it was the fashion in feudal times to give names to swords; King Arthur's was christened Excalibar; the Baron called his Tickletoby, and whenever he took it in hand it was no joke.

"Up with the portcullis! down with the bridge!" said Sir Ralph; and out he sallied, followed by the *élite* of his retainers. Then there was a pretty to-do. Heads flew one way—arms and legs another; round went Tickletoby, and, wherever it alighted, down came horse and man: the Baron excelled himself that day. All that he had done in Palestine faded in the comparison; he had fought for fun there, but now it was for life and lands. Away went John de Northwood; away went William of Hever, and Roger of Leybourne. Hamo de Creve-cœur, with the church vassals and the banner of St. Austin, had been gone some time. The siege was raised, and the Lord of Sheppey left alone in his glory.

But, brave as the Baron undoubtedly was, and total as had been the defeat of his enemies, it cannot be supposed that *La Stoccata* would be allowed to carry it away thus. It has before been hinted that Abbot Anselm had written to the Pope, and Boniface the Eighth piqued himself on his punctuality as a correspondent in all matters connected with church discipline. He sent back an answer by return of post; and by it all Christian people were strictly enjoined to aid in exterminating the offender, on pain of the greater excommunication in this world, and a million of years of purgatory in the next. But then, again, Boniface the Eighth was rather at a discount in England just then. He had affronted Longshanks, as the loyal lieges had nicknamed their monarch; and Longshanks had been rather sharp upon the clergy in consequence. If the Baron de Shurland could but get the King's pardon for what in his cooler moments he admitted to be a peccadillo, he might sniff at the Pope, and bid him "do his devil-most."

Fortune, who, as the poet says, delights to favour the bold, stood his friend on this occasion. Edward had been, for some time, collect

ing a large force on the coast of Kent, to carry on his French wars for the recovery of Guienne; he was expected shortly to review it in person; but, then, the troops lay principally in cantonments about the mouth of the Thames, and his majesty was to come down by water. What was to be done?—the royal barge was in sight, and John de Northwood and Hamo de Creveœur had broken up all the boats to boil their camp-kettles. A truly great mind is never without resources.

“Bring me my boots!” said the Baron.

They brought him his boots, and his dapple-grey steed along with them. Such a courser! all blood and bone, short-backed, broad-chested, and, but that he was a little ewe-necked, faultless in form and figure. The Baron sprang upon his back, and dashed at once into the river.

The barge which carried Edward Longshanks and his fortunes had by this time nearly reached the Nore; the stream was broad and the current strong, but Sir Ralph and his steed were almost as broad, and stronger. After breasting the tide gallantly for a couple of miles, the Knight was near enough to hail the steersman.

“What have we got here?” said the king. “It’s a mermaid,” said one. “It’s a grampus,” said another. “It’s the devil,” said a third. But they were all wrong; it was only Ralph de Shurland. “Grammercy,” quoth the king, “that fellow was never born to be drowned!”

It has been said before that the Baron had fought in the holy wars; in fact, he had accompanied Longshanks, when only heir-apparent, in his expedition twenty-five years before, although his name is unaccountably omitted by Sir Harris Nicolas in his list of crusaders. He had been present at Acre when Amirand of Joppa stabbed the prince with a poisoned dagger, and had lent Princess Eleanor his own toothbrush after she had sucked out the venom from the wound. He had slain certain Saracens, contented himself with his own plunder, and never dunned the commissariat for arrears of pay. Of course he ranked high in Edward’s good graces, and had received the honour of knighthood at his hands on the field of battle.

In one so circumstanced it cannot be supposed that such a trifle as the killing a frowzy friar would be much resented, even had he not taken so bold a measure to obtain his pardon. His petition was granted, of course, as soon as asked; and so it would have been had the indictment drawn up by the Canterbury town-clerk, viz. “That he, the said Ralph de Shurland, &c. had then and there, with several, to wit, one thousand, pair of boots, given sundry, to wit, two thousand, kicks, and therewith and thereby killed divers, to wit, ten thousand, Austin friars,” been true to the letter.

Thrice did the gallant Grey circumnavigate the barge, while Robert de Winchelsey, the chancellor, and archbishop to boot, was making out, albeit with great reluctance, the royal pardon. The interval was sufficiently long to enable his majesty, who, gracious as he was, had always an eye to business, just to hint that the gratitude he felt towards the Baron was not unmixed with a lively sense of services to come; and that, if life was now spared him, common decency must oblige him to make himself useful. Before the archbishop, who had scalded his fingers with the wax in affixing the great seal, had

time to take them out of his mouth, all was settled, and the Baron de Shurland, *cum suis*, had pledged himself to be forthwith in readiness to accompany his liege lord to Guienne.

With the royal pardon secured in his vest, boldly did his lordship turn again to the shore; and as boldly did his courser oppose his breadth of chest to the stream. It was a work of no common difficulty or danger; a steed of less "mettle and bone" had long since sunk in the effort: as it was, the Baron's boots were full of water, and Grey Dolphin's chamfrain more than once dipped beneath the wave. The convulsive snorts of the noble animal showed his distress; each instant they became more loud and frequent; when his hoof touched the strand, and "the horse and his rider" stood again in safety on the shore.

Rapidly dismounting, the Baron was loosening the girths of his demi-pique, to give the panting animal breath, when he was aware of as ugly an old woman as he ever clapped eyes upon, peeping at him under the horse's belly.

"Make much of your steed, Ralph Shurland! Make much of your steed!" cried the hag, shaking at him her long and bony finger. "Groom to the hide, and corn to the manger. He has saved your life, Ralph Shurland, for the nonce; but he shall yet be the means of your losing it, for all that!"

The Baron started: "What's that you say, you old faggot?" He ran round by his horse's tail; the woman was gone!

The Baron paused; his great soul was not to be shaken by trifles; he looked around him, and solemnly ejaculated the word "Humbug!" then, slinging the bridle across his arm, walked slowly on in the direction of the castle.

The appearance, and still more, the disappearance of the crone, had however made an impression; every step he took he became more thoughtful. "'Twould be deuced provoking though, if he *should* break my neck after all!" He turned, and gazed at Dolphin with the scrutinizing eye of a veterinary surgeon.—"I'll be shot if he is not groggy!" said the Baron.

With his lordship, like another great Commander, "Once to be in doubt, was once to be resolved:" it would never do to go to the wars on a rickety prad. He dropped the rein, drew forth Tickletoby, and, as the enfranchised Dolphin, good easy horse, stretched out his ewe-neck to the herbage, struck off his head at a single blow. "There, you lying old beldame!" said the Baron; "now take him away to the knackers."

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Three years were come and gone. King Edward's French wars were over; both parties, having fought till they came to a stand-still, shook hands; and the quarrel, as usual, was patched up by a royal marriage. This happy event gave his majesty leisure to turn his attention to Scotland, where things, through the intervention of William Wallace, were looking rather queerish. As his reconciliation with Philip now allowed of his fighting the Scotch in peace and quietness, the monarch lost no time in marching his long legs across the border, and the short ones of the Baron followed him of course. At Falkirk, Tickletoby was in great request; and, in the year following, we find a

contemporary poet hinting at its master's prowess under the walls of Caerlaverock,

Obec eus fu achiminez  
 Li beau Rafe de Shurlande  
 Li kant scoit sur le chebal  
 Ne sembloit home ke someille.

A quatrain which Mr. Simpkinson translates,

"With them was marching  
 The good Ralph de Shurland,  
 Who, when seated on horseback,  
 Does not resemble a man asleep!"

So thoroughly awake, indeed, does he seem to have proved himself, that the bard subsequently exclaims, in an ecstasy of admiration,

Si ie estoie une pucellette  
 Je li donroie ceur et cors  
 Tant est de lu bons li recors.

"If I were a young maiden,  
 I would give him my heart and person,  
 So great is his fame!"

Fortunately the poet was a tough old monk of Exeter; since such a present to a nobleman, now in his grand climacteric, would hardly have been worth the carriage. With the reduction of this stronghold of the Maxwells seem to have concluded the Baron's military services; as on the very first day of the fourteenth century we find him once more landed on his native shore, and marching, with such of his retainers as the wars had left him, towards the hospitable shelter of Shurland Castle. It was then, upon that very beach, some hundred yards distant from high-water mark, that his eye fell upon something like an ugly old woman in a red cloak. She was seated on what seemed to be a large stone, in an interesting attitude, with her elbows resting upon her knees and her chin upon her thumbs. The Baron started: the remembrance of his interview with a similar personage in the same place, some three years since, flashed upon his recollection. He rushed towards the spot, but the form was gone; nothing remained but the seat it had appeared to occupy. This, on examination, turned out to be no stone, but the whitened skull of a dead horse. A tender remembrance of the deceased Grey Dolphin shot a momentary pang into the Baron's bosom; he drew the back of his hand across his face; the thought of the hag's prediction in an instant rose, and banished all softer emotions. In utter contempt of his own weakness, yet with a tremor that deprived his redoubtable kick of half its wonted force, he spurned the relic with his foot. One word alone issued from his lips elucidatory of what was passing in his mind,—it long remained imprinted on the memory of his faithful followers,—that word was "Gammon!" The skull bounded across the beach till it reached the very margin of the stream;—one instant more, and it would be engulfed for ever. At that moment a loud "Ha! ha! ha!" was distinctly heard by the whole train to issue from its bleached and toothless jaws: it sank beneath the flood in a horse-laugh!

Meanwhile Sir Ralph de Shurland felt an odd sort of sensation in his right foot. His boots had suffered in the wars. Great pains had

been taken for their preservation. They had been "soled" and "heeled" more than once;—had they been "galoshed," their owner might have defied Fate! Well has it been said that "there is no such thing as a trifle." A nobleman's life depended upon a question of ninepence.

The Baron marched on; the uneasiness in his foot increased. He plucked off his boot; a horse's tooth was sticking in his great toe!

The result may be anticipated. Lame as he was, his lordship, with characteristic decision, would hobble on to Shurland; his walk increased the inflammation; a flagon of *aqua vitæ* did not mend matters. He was in a high fever; he took to his bed. Next morning the toe presented the appearance of a Bedfordshire carrot; by dinner-time it had deepened to beet-root; and when Bargrave, the leech, at last sliced it off, the gangrene was too confirmed to admit of remedy. Dame Martin thought it high time to send for Miss Margaret, who, ever since her mother's death, had been living with her maternal aunt, the abbess, in the Ursuline convent of Greenwich. The young lady came, and with her came one Master Ingoldsby, her cousin-german by the mother's side; but the Baron was too far gone in the dead-throw to recognise either. He died as he lived, unconquered and unconquerable. His last words were—"Tell the old hag to go to —." Whither remains a secret. He expired without fully articulating the place of her destination.

But who and what *was* the crone who prophesied the catastrophe? Ay, "that is the mystery of this wonderful history."—Some said it was Dame Fothergill, the late confessor's mamma; others, St. Bridget herself; others thought it was nobody at all, but only a phantom conjured up by Conscience. As we do not know, we decline giving an opinion.

And what became of the Clerk of Chatham? Mr. Simpkinson avers that he lived to a good old age, and was at last hanged by Jack Cade, with his inkhorn about his neck, for "setting boys copies." In support of this he adduces his name "Emanuel," and refers to the historian Shakspeare. Mr. Peters, on the contrary, considers this to be what he calls one of Mr. Simpkinson's "Anacreonisms," inasmuch as, at the introduction of Mr. Cade's reform measure, the clerk would have been hard upon two hundred years old. The probability is, that the unfortunate alluded to was his great-grandson.

Margaret Shurland in due course became Margaret Ingoldsby, her portrait still hangs in the gallery at Tappington. The features are handsome, but shrewish, betraying, as it were, a touch of the old Baron's temperament; but we never could learn that she actually kicked her husband. She brought him a very pretty fortune in chains, owches, and Saracen ear-rings; the barony, being a male fief, reverted to the crown.

In the abbey-church at Minster may yet be seen the tomb of a recumbent warrior, clad in the chain-mail of the 13th century. His hands are clasped in prayer; his legs, crossed in that position so prized by Templars in ancient, and tailors in modern, days, bespeak him a soldier of the faith in Palestine. Close to his great-toe, lies sculptured in bold relief a horse's head; and a respectable elderly lady, as she shows the monument, fails not to read her auditors a fine moral lesson on the sin of ingratitude, or to claim a sympathising tear to the memory of poor "Grey Dolphin!"





## FAMILY STORIES. No. IV.—THE SQUIRE'S STORY.

### THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS.

#### A GOLDEN LEGEND.

“Tunc miser Corvus adeo conscientiae stimulis compunctus fuit, et execratio eum tantopere excarneficavit, ut exinde tabescere inciperet, maciem contraheret, omnem cibum aversaretur, nec amplius crocitaret : pennae praeterea ei defluebant, et alis pendulis omnes facetias intermisit, et tam macer apparuit ut omnes ejus miserescerent.” \* \* \* \*

“Tunc abbas sacerdotibus mandavit ut rursus furem absolverent ; quo facto, Corvus, omnibus mirantibus, propediem convaluit, et pristinam sanitatem recuperavit.”

*De Illust. Ord. Cisterc.*

THE Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair !  
Bishop, and abbot, and prior were there ;  
Many a monk, and many a friar,  
Many a knight, and many a squire,  
With a great many more of lesser degree,—  
In sooth, a goodly company ;  
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.  
Never, I ween,  
Was a prouder seen,  
Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,  
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims !

In and out,  
 Through the motley rout,  
 That little Jackdaw kept hopping about ;  
 Here and there,  
 Like a dog in a fair,  
 Over comfits and cates,  
 And dishes and plates,  
 Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,  
 Mitre and crosier, he hopped upon all !  
 With a saucy air,  
 He perch'd on the chair  
 Where in state the great Lord Cardinal sat  
 In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat ;  
 And he peer'd in the face  
 Of his Lordship's Grace  
 With a satisfied look, as if he would say,  
 " We two are the greatest folks here to-day !"

And the priests, with awe,  
 As such freaks they saw,  
 Said, " The devil must be in that little Jackdaw !"

The feast was over, the board was clear'd,  
 The flawns and the custards had all disappear'd,  
 And six little singing-boys,—dear little souls  
 In nice clean faces and nice white stoles,  
 Came, in order due,  
 Two by two,  
 Marching that grand refectory through !  
 A nice little boy held a golden ewer,  
 Embossed, and filled with water as pure  
 As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,  
 Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch  
 In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.  
 Two nice little boys, rather more grown,  
 Carried lavender water and eau de Cologne ;  
 And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,  
 Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.  
 One little boy more  
 A napkin bore,  
 Of the best white diaper, fring'd with pink,  
 And a Cardinal's Hat mark'd in permanent ink.

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight  
 Of these nice little boys dress'd all in white :  
 From his finger he draws  
 His costly turquoise ;  
 And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,  
 Deposits it straight  
 By the side of his plate,  
 While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait ;  
 Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,  
 That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring.

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There's a cry and a shout,  
And a deuce of a rout,  
And nobody seems to know what they're about,  
But the monks have their pockets all turn'd inside out ;  
The friars are kneeling,  
And hunting, and feeling  
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.  
The Cardinal drew  
Off each plum-coloured shoe,  
And left his red stockings expos'd to the view ;  
He peeps, and he feels  
In the toes and the heels.  
They turn up the dishes, they turn up the plates,  
They take up the poker and poke out the grates,  
They turn up the rugs,  
They examine the mugs :—  
But, no ! no such thing ;  
They can't find the ring ;  
And the abbot declared that, " when nobody twigg'd it,  
Some rascal or other had popped in, and prigg'd it !"

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,  
He call'd for his candle, his bell, and his book !  
In holy anger, and pious grief,  
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief !  
He curs'd him at board, he curs'd him in bed ;  
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head ;  
He curs'd him in sleeping, that every night  
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright ;  
He curs'd him in eating, he curs'd him in drinking,  
He curs'd him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking ;  
He curs'd him in sitting, in standing, in lying,  
He curs'd him in walking, in riding, in flying,  
He curs'd him living, he curs'd him dying !  
Never was heard such a terrible curse ;  
But, what gave rise  
To no little surprise,  
Nobody seem'd one penny the worse !

The day was gone,  
The night came on,  
The monks and the friars they search'd till dawn ;  
When the Sacristan saw,  
On crumpled claw,  
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw !  
No longer gay,  
As on yesterday ;  
His feathers all seem'd to be turn'd the wrong way ;  
His pinions droop'd, he could hardly stand,  
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand ;  
His eye so dim,  
So wasted each limb,  
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, " That's him !—  
That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing !  
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's ring !"

The poor little Jackdaw,  
When the monks he saw,  
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw ;  
And turn'd his bald head, as much as to say,  
" Pray, be so good as to walk this way !"  
Slower and slower  
He limp'd on before,  
Till they came to the back of the belfry-door,  
Where the first thing they saw,  
'Midst the sticks and the straw,  
Was the ring, in the nest of that little Jackdaw !

Then the great Lord Cardinal call'd for his book,  
And off that terrible curse he took ;  
The mute expression  
Serv'd in lieu of confession,  
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,  
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution.  
When those words were heard,  
That poor little bird  
Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd :  
He grew sleek and fat ;  
In addition to that,  
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat !  
His tail waggled more  
Even than before ;  
But no longer it wagged with an impudent air,  
No longer he perch'd on the Cardinal's chair.  
He hopped now about  
With a gait devout ;  
At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out ;  
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,  
He always seem'd telling the Confessor's beads.  
If any one lied, or if any one swore,  
Or slumber'd in pray'r time and happened to snore,  
That good Jackdaw  
Would give a great " caw,"  
As much as to say, " Don't do so any more !"  
While many remarked, as his manners they saw,  
That they never had known such a pious Jackdaw !  
He long lived the pride  
Of that country side,  
And at last in the odour of sanctity died ;  
When, as words were too faint  
His merits to paint,  
The conclave determined to make him a Saint ;  
And on newly-made Saints and Popes, as you know,  
It's the custom at Rome new names to bestow,  
So they canoniz'd him by the name of Jem Crow !

FAMILY STORIES.—No. V.—HON. MR. SUCKLE-  
THUMBKIN'S STORY.

THE EXECUTION.

A SPORTING ANECDOTE.

My Lord Tomnoddy got up one day ;  
It was half after two,  
He had nothing to do,  
So his lordship rang for his cabriolet.

Tiger Tim  
Was clean of limb,  
His boots were polish'd, his jacket was trim ;  
With a very smart tie in his smart cravat,  
And a smart cockade on the top of his hat ;  
Tallest of boys, or shortest of men,  
He stood in his stockings just four foot ten ;  
And he ask'd, as he held the door on the swing,  
" Pray, did your lordship please to ring ?"

My Lord Tomnoddy he raised his head,  
And thus to Tiger Tim he said,  
" Malibran's dead,  
Duvernay's fled,  
Taglioni has not yet arriv'd in her stead ;  
Tiger Tim, come tell me true,  
What may a nobleman find to do ?"

Tim look'd up, and Tim look'd down,  
He paus'd, and he put on a thoughtful frown,  
And he held up his hat, and peep'd in the crown,  
He bit his lip, and he scratch'd his head,  
He let go the handle, and thus he said,  
As the door, releas'd, behind him bang'd,  
" An't please you, my lord, there's a man to be hang'd !"

My Lord Tomnoddy jump'd up at the news,  
" Run to M'Fuze,  
And Lieutenant Tregooze,  
And run to Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues.  
Rope-dancers a score  
I've seen before—  
Madame Sacchi, Antonio, and Master Blackmore ;  
But to see a man swing  
At the end of a string,  
With his neck in a noose, will be quite a new thing !"

My Lord Tomnoddy stept into his cab—  
Dark rifle green, with a lining of drab ;  
Through street, and through square,  
His high-trotting mare,

Like one of Ducrow's, goes pawing the air.  
 Adown Piccadilly and Waterloo Place  
 Went the high-trotting mare at a deuce of a pace ;  
     She produc'd some alarm,  
     But did no great harm,  
 Save fright'ning a nurse with a child on her arm,  
     Spattering with clay  
     Two urchins at play,  
 Knocking down—very much to the sweeper's dismay—  
 An old woman who wouldn't get out of the way,  
     And upsetting a stall  
     Near Exeter Hall,  
 Which made all the pious Church-Mission folks squall.  
     But eastward afar,  
     Through Temple Bar,  
 My Lord Tomnoddy directs his car ;  
     Never heeding their squalls,  
     Or their calls, or their bawls,  
 He passes by Waithman's Emporium for shawls,  
 And, merely just catching a glimpse of St. Paul's,  
     Turns down the Old Bailey,  
     Where, in front of the jail, he  
 Pulls up at the door of the gin-shop, and gaily  
 Cries, "What must I fork out to-night, my trump,  
 For the whole first-floor of the Magpie and Stump?"

\* \* \* \* \*

The clock strikes Twelve—it is dark midnight—  
 Yet the Magpie and Stump is one blaze of light.  
     The parties are met ;  
     The tables are set ;  
 There is "punch," "cold *without*," "hot *with*," "heavy wet,"  
     Ale-glasses and jugs,  
     And rummers and mugs,  
 And sand on the floor, without carpets or rugs,  
     Cold fowl and cigars,  
     Pickled onions in jars,  
 Welsh rabbits, and kidneys—rare work for the jaws !—  
 And very large lobsters, with very large claws ;  
     And there is M'Fuze,  
     And Lieutenant Tregooze,  
 And there is Sir Carnaby Jenks of the Blues,  
     All come to see a man "die in his shoes !"

The clock strikes One !  
 Supper is done,  
 And Sir Carnaby Jenks is full of his fun,  
 Singing "Jolly companions every one !"  
     My Lord Tomnoddy  
     Is drinking gin-toddy,  
 And laughing at ev'ry thing, and ev'ry body.  
 The clock strikes Two !—and the clock strikes Three !  
 —"Who so merry, so merry as we?"

Save Captain M'Fuze,  
 Who is taking a snooze,  
 While Sir Carnaby Jenks is busy at work,  
 Blacking his nose with a piece of burnt cork.

The clock strikes Four !  
 Round the debtors' door  
 Are gather'd a couple of thousand or more ;  
 As many await  
 At the press-yard gate,  
 Till slowly its folding doors open, and straight  
 The mob divides, and between their ranks  
 A waggon comes loaded with posts and with planks.

The clock strikes Five !  
 The sheriffs arrive,  
 And the crowd is so great that the street seems alive ;  
 But Sir Carnaby Jenks  
 Blinks, and winks,  
 A candle burns down in the socket, and stinks.  
 Lieutenant Tregooze  
 Is dreaming of Jews,  
 And acceptances all the bill-brokers refuse ;  
 My Lord Tomnoddy  
 Has drunk all his toddy,  
 And just as the dawn is beginning to peep,  
 The whole of the party are fast asleep.

Sweetly, oh ! sweetly, the morning breaks,  
 With roseate streaks,  
 Like the first faint blush on a maiden's cheeks ;  
 Seem'd as that mild and clear blue sky  
 Smil'd upon all things far and nigh,  
 All—save the wretch condemn'd to die !  
 Alack ! that ever so fair a Sun  
 As that which its course has now begun,  
 Should rise on such scene of misery !  
 Should gild with rays so light and free  
 That dismal, dark-frowning Gallows tree !

And hark !—a sound comes big with fate,  
 The clock from St. Sepulchre's tower strikes—Eight !—  
 List to that low funereal bell :  
 It is tolling, alas ! a living man's knell !  
 And see !—from forth that opening door  
 They come—HE steps that threshold o'er  
 Who never shall tread upon threshold more.  
 —God ! 'tis a fearsome thing to see  
 That pale wan man's mute agony,  
 The glare of that wild despairing eye,  
 Now bent on the crowd, now turn'd to the sky,  
 As though 'twere scanning, in doubt and in fear,  
 The path of the Spirit's unknown career ;

Those pinion'd arms, those hands that ne'er  
 Shall be lifted again,—not ev'n in prayer;  
 That heaving chest!—Enough—'tis done!  
 The bolt has fallen!—the Spirit is gone—  
 For weal or for woe is known to but One!  
 Oh! 'twas a fearsome sight! Ah me!  
 A deed to shudder at,—not to see.

Again that clock!—'tis time, 'tis time!  
 The hour is past:—with its earliest chime  
 The cord is sever'd, the lifeless clay  
 By “dungeon villains” is borne away:  
 Nine!—'twas the last concluding stroke!  
 And then—my Lord Tomnoddy awoke!  
 And Tregooze and Sir Carnaby Jenks arose,  
 And Captain M'Fuze, with the black on his nose;  
 And they stared at each other, as much as to say  
 “Hollo! Hollo!

Here's a Rum Go!

Why, Captain!—my Lord!—Here's the Devil to pay!  
 The fellow's been cut down and taken away!

What's to be done?

We've miss'd all the fun!

Why, they'll laugh at, and quiz us all over the town,  
 We are all of us done so uncommonly brown!”

What *was* to be done?—'twas perfectly plain  
 That they could not well hang the man over again:—  
 What *was* to be done?—The man was dead!—  
 Nought *could* be done—nought could be said;  
 So—my Lord Tomnoddy went home to bed!

## EPIGRAM.

'Tis strange, amid the many trades  
 By which men gather riches,  
 That ridicule should most attach  
 To those who make our breeches!  
 But so it is; yet, as they sew,  
 Rich is the harvest made:  
 Then call not theirs, unseemly wags!  
 A *so-so* sort of trade.

R. J.



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## FAMILY STORIES.—No. VI.—MRS. BOTHERBY'S STORY.

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### THE LEECH OF FOLKESTONE.

READER, were you ever bewitched? I do not mean by a "white wench's black eye," or by love-potions imbibed from a ruby lip; but, were you ever really and *bonâ fide* bewitched, in the true Matthew Hopkins sense of the word? Did you ever, for instance, find yourself from head to heel one vast complication of cramps? or burst out into sudorific exudation like a cold thaw, with the thermometer at zero? Were your eyes ever turned upside down, exhibiting nothing but their whites? Did you ever vomit a paper of crooked pins? or expectorate Whitechapel needles? These are genuine and undoubted marks of possession; and if you never experienced any of them,—why, "happy man be his dole!"

Yet such things have been; yea, we are assured, on no mean authority, still are.

The world, according to the best geographers, is divided into Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Romney Marsh. In this last-named and fifth quarter of the globe, a witch may still be occasionally discovered in favourable, *i. e.* stormy, seasons, weathering Dungeness Point in an egg-shell, or careering on her broomstick over Dymchurch wall. A cow may yet be sometimes seen galloping like mad, with tail erect, and an old pair of breeches on her horns, an unerring guide to the door of the crone whose magic arts have drained her udder. I do not, however, remember to have heard that any conjuror has, of late, been detected in the district.

Not many miles removed from the verge of this recondite region,

stands a collection of houses, which its maligners call a fishing-town, and its well-wishers a Watering-place. A limb of one of the Cinque Ports, it has (or lately had) a corporation of its own, and has been thought considerable enough to give a second title to a noble family. Rome stood on seven hills; Folkestone seems to have been built upon seventy. Its streets, lanes, and alleys,—fanciful distinctions without much real difference—are agreeable enough to persons who do not mind running up and down stairs; and the only inconvenience at all felt by such of its inhabitants as are not asthmatic, is when some heedless urchin tumbles down a chimney, or an impertinent passenger peeps into a garret window. At the eastern extremity of the town, on the sea-beach, and scarcely above high-water mark, stood, in the good old times, a row of houses then denominated “Frog-hole;” modern refinement subsequently euphonized the name into “East-street:” but what’s in a name? the encroachments of Ocean have long since levelled all in one common ruin. Here, in the early part of the seventeenth century, flourished, in somewhat doubtful reputation, but comparative opulence, a compounder of medicines, one Master Erasmus Buckthorne; the effluvia of whose drugs from within, mingling agreeably with the “ancient and fish-like smells” from without, wafted a delicious perfume throughout the neighbourhood. At seven of the clock in the morning when Mrs. Botherby’s narrative commences, a stout Suffolk punch, about thirteen hands and a half in height, was slowly led up and down before the door of the pharmacopolist by a lean and withered lad, whose appearance warranted an opinion, pretty generally expressed, that his master found him as useful in experimentalizing as in household drudgery, and that, for every pound avoirdupoise of solid meat, he swallowed at the least two pounds troy-weight of chemicals and galenicals. As the town clock struck the quarter, Master Buckthorne emerged from his laboratory, and, putting the key carefully into his pocket, mounted the sure-footed cob aforesaid, and proceeded up and down the acclivities and declivities of the town with the gravity due to his station and profession. When he reached the open country, his pace was increased to a sedate canter, which, in somewhat more than half an hour, brought “the horse and his rider” in front of a handsome and substantial mansion, the numerous gable-ends and bayed windows of which bespoke the owner a man of worship, and one well to do in the world.

“How now, Hodge Gardener?” quoth the leech, scarcely drawing bit; for Punch seemed to be aware that he had reached his destination, and paused of his own accord; “how now, man? How fares thine employer, worthy Master Marsh? How hath he done? How hath he slept? My potion hath done its office? Ha!”

“Alack! ill at ease, worthy sir,—ill at ease,” returned the hind; “his honour is up and stirring; but he hath rested none, and complaineth that the same gnawing pain devoureth, as it were, his very vitals: in sooth he is ill at ease.”

“Morrow, doctor!” interrupted a voice from a casement opening on the lawn. “Good morrow! I have looked for, longed for, thy coming this hour and more; enter at once; the pasty and tankard are impatient for thine attack!”

“Marry, Heaven forbid that I should baulk their fancy!” quoth

the leech *sotto voce*, as, abandoning the bridle to honest Hodge, he dismounted, and followed a buxom-looking handmaiden into the breakfast parlour.

There, at the head of his well-furnished board, sat Master Thomas Marsh, of Marshton-Hall, a Yeoman well respected in his degree ; one of that sturdy and sterling class which, taking rank immediately below the Esquire, (a title in its origin purely military,) occupied, in the wealthier counties, the position in society now filled by the Country Gentleman. He was one of those of whom the proverb ran :

“A Knight of Cales,  
A Gentleman of Wales,  
And a Laird of the North Countree ;  
A Yeoman of Kent,  
With his yearly rent,  
Will buy them out all three !”

A cold sirloin, big enough to frighten a Frenchman, filled the place of honour, counter-checked by a game-pie of no stinted dimensions ; while a silver flagon of “humming-bub,” *viz.* ale strong enough to blow a man’s beaver off, smiled opposite in treacherous amenity. The sideboard groaned beneath sundry massive cups and waiters of the purest silver ; while the huge skull of a fallow-deer, with its branching horns, frowned majestically above. All spoke of affluence, of comfort,—all save the master, whose restless eye and feverish look hinted but too plainly the severest mental or bodily disorder. By the side of the proprietor of the mansion sat his consort, a lady now past the bloom of youth, yet still retaining many of its charms. The clear olive of her complexion, and “the darkness of her Andalusian eye,” at once betrayed her foreign origin ; in fact, her “lord and master,” as husbands were even then, by a legal fiction, denominated, had taken her to his bosom in a foreign country. The cadet of his family, Master Thomas Marsh, had early in life been engaged in commerce. In the pursuit of his vocation he had visited Antwerp, Hamburg, and most of the Hanse Towns ; and had already formed a tender connexion with the orphan offspring of one of old Alva’s officers, when the unexpected deaths of one immediate and two presumptive heirs placed him next in succession to the family acres. He married, and brought home his bride ; who, by the decease of the venerable possessor, heart-broken at the loss of his elder children, became eventually lady of Marshton-Hall. It has been said that she was beautiful, yet was her beauty of a character that operates on the fancy more than the affections ; she was one to be admired rather than loved. The proud curl of her lip, the firmness of her tread, her arched brow, and stately carriage, showed the decision, not to say haughtiness of her soul ; while her glances, whether lightening with anger, or melting in extreme softness, betrayed the existence of passions as intense in kind as opposite in quality. She rose as Erasmus entered the parlour, and, bestowing on him a look fraught with meaning, quitted the room, leaving him in unconstrained communication with his patient.

“Fore George, Master Buckthorne !” exclaimed the latter, as the leech drew near, “I will no more of your pharmacy ;—burn, burn—gnaw, gnaw,—I had as lief the foul fiend were in my gizzard as one of your drugs. Tell me, in the devil’s name, what is the matter with me !”

Thus conjured, the practitioner paused, and even turned somewhat pale. There was a perceptible faltering in his voice as, evading the question, he asked, "What say your other physicians?"

"Doctor Phiz says it is wind,—Doctor Fuz says it is water,—and Doctor Buz says it is something between wind and water."

"They are all of them wrong," said Erasmus Buckthorne.

"Truly, I think so," returned the patient. "They are manifest asses; but you, good leech, you are a horse of another colour. The world talks loudly of your learning, your skill, and cunning in arts the most abstruse; nay, sooth to say, some look coldly on you therefore, and stickle not to aver that you are cater-cousin with Beelzebub himself."

"It is ever the fate of science," murmured the professor, "to be maligned by the ignorant and superstitious. But a truce with such folly; let me examine your palate."

Master Marsh thrust out a tongue long, clear, and red as beet-root. "There is nothing wrong there," said the leech. "Your wrist:—no; the pulse is firm and regular, the skin cool and temperate. Sir, there is nothing the matter with you!"

"Nothing the matter with me, Sir Potecary?" But I tell you there is the matter with me,—much the matter with me. Why is it that something seems ever gnawing at my heart-strings? Whence this pain in the region of the liver? Why is it that I sleep not o' nights, rest not o' days? Why ——"

"You are fidgety, Master Marsh," said the doctor.

Master Marsh's brow grew dark; he half rose from his seat, supported himself by both hands on the arms of his elbow-chair, and in accents of mingled anger and astonishment repeated the word "Fidgety!"

"Ay, fidgety," returned the doctor calmly. "Tut, man, there is nought ails thee save thine own overweening fancies. Take less of food, more air, put aside thy flagon, call for thy horse; be boot and saddle the word! Why,—hast thou not youth?"——

"I have," said the patient.

"Wealth, and a fair domain?"

"Granted," quoth Marsh cheerily.

"And a fair wife?"

"Yea," was the response, but in a tone something less satisfied.

"Then arouse thee, man, shake off this fantasy, betake thyself to thy lawful occasions, use thy good hap, follow thy pleasures, and think no more of these fancied ailments."

"But I tell you, master mine, these ailments are not fancied. I lose my rest, I loathe my food, my doublet sits loosely on me,—these racking pains. My wife, too,—when I meet her gaze, the cold sweat stands on my forehead, and I could almost think ——" Marsh paused abruptly, mused a while, then added, looking steadily at his visitor, "These things are not right; they pass the common, Master Erasmus Buckthorne."

A slight shade crossed the brow of the leech, but its passage was momentary; his features softened to a smile, in which pity seemed slightly blended with contempt. "Have done with such follies, Master Marsh. You are well, an you would but think so. Ride, I say, hunt, shoot, do anything,—disperse these melancholic humours, and become yourself again."

"Well, I will do your bidding," said Marsh thoughtfully. "It may be so; and yet,—but I will do your bidding. Master Cobbe of Brenzet writes me that he hath a score or two of fat ewes to be sold a pennyworth; I had thought to have sent Ralph Looker, but I will essay to go myself. Ho, there!—saddle me the brown mare, and bid Ralph be ready to attend me on the gelding."

An expression of pain contracted the features of Master Marsh as he rose and slowly quitted the apartment to prepare for his journey; while the leech, having bidden him farewell, vanished through an opposite door, and betook himself to the private boudoir of the fair mistress of Marshton, muttering as he went a quotation from a then newly-published play,

"Not poppy, nor mandragora,  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,  
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep  
Which thou own'st yesterday."

\* \* \* \* \*

Of what passed at this interview between the Folkestone doctor and the fair Spaniard, Mrs. Botherby declares she could never obtain any satisfactory elucidation. Not that tradition is silent on the subject,—quite the contrary; it is the abundance, not paucity, of the materials she supplies, and the consequent embarrassment of selection, that make the difficulty. Some have averred that the leech, whose character, as has been before hinted, was more than threadbare, employed his time in teaching her the mode of administering certain noxious compounds, the unconscious partaker whereof would pine and die so slowly and gradually as to defy suspicion. Others there were who affirmed that Lucifer himself was then and there raised *in propria personâ*, with all his terrible attributes of horn and hoof. In support of this assertion, they adduce the testimony of the aforesaid buxom housemaid, who protested that the Hall smelt that evening like a manufactory of matches. All, however, seem to agree that the confabulation, whether human or infernal, was conducted with profound secrecy, and protracted to a considerable length; that its object, as far as could be divined, meant anything but good to the head of the family; that the lady, moreover, was heartily tired of her husband; and that, in the event of his removal by disease or casualty, Master Erasmus Buckthorne, albeit a great philosopher, would have had no violent objection to throw physic to the dogs, and exchange his laboratory for the estate of Marshton, its live stock included. Some, too, have inferred that to him did Madam Isabel seriously incline; while others have thought, induced perhaps by subsequent events, that she was merely using him for her purposes; that one José, a tall, bright-eyed, hook-nosed stripling from her native land, was a personage not unlikely to put a spoke in the doctor's wheel; and that, should such a chance arise, the Sage, wise as he was, would, after all, run no slight risk of being "bamboozled."

Master José was a youth well-favoured and comely to look upon. His office was that of page to the dame; an office which, after long remaining in abeyance, has been of late years revived, as may well be seen in the persons of sundry smart hobbledahoys, now constantly to be met with on staircases and in boudoirs, clad, for the most part, in garments fitted tightly to the shape, the lower moiety adorned with a broad stripe of crimson or silver lace, and the upper with what the

first Wit of our times describes as “a favourable eruption of buttons.” The precise duties of this employment have never, as far as we have heard, been accurately defined. The perfuming a handkerchief, the combing a lap-dog, and the occasional presentation of a sippet-shaped *billet doux*, are, and always have been, among them; but these a young gentleman standing five foot ten, and aged nineteen “last grass,” might well be supposed to have outgrown. José, however, kept his place, perhaps because he was not fit for any other. To the conference between his mistress and the physician he had not been admitted; his post was to keep watch and ward in the ante-room; and, when the interview was concluded, he attended the lady and her visitor as far as the court-yard, where he held, with all due respect, the stirrup for the latter, as he once more resumed his position on the back of Punch.

Who is it that says “little pitchers have large ears?” Some deep metaphysician of the potteries, who might have added that they have also quick eyes, and sometimes silent tongues. There was a little metaphorical piece of crockery of this class, who, screened by a huge elbow-chair, had sat a quiet and unobserved spectator of the whole proceedings between her mamma and Master Erasmus Buckthorne. This was Miss Marian Marsh, a rosy-cheeked, laughter-loving imp of some six years old; but one who could be mute as a mouse when the fit was on her. A handsome and highly-polished cabinet of the darkest ebony occupied a recess at one end of the apartment; this had long been a great subject of speculation to little Miss. Her curiosity, however, had always been repelled; nor had all her coaxing ever won her an inspection of the thousand and one pretty things which its recesses no doubt contained. On this occasion it was unlocked, and Marian was about to rush forward in eager anticipation of a peep at its interior, when, child as she was, the reflection struck her that she would stand a better chance of carrying her point by remaining *perdue*. Fortune for once favoured her: she crouched closer than before, and saw her mother take something from one of the drawers, which she handed over to the leech. Strange mutterings followed, and words whose sound was foreign to her youthful ears. Had she been older, their import, perhaps, might have been equally unknown.—After a while there was a pause; and then the lady, as in answer to a requisition from the gentleman, placed in his hand a something which she took from her toilette. The transaction, whatever its nature, seemed now to be complete, and the article was carefully replaced in the drawer from which it had been taken. A long and apparently interesting conversation then took place between the parties, carried on in a low tone. At its termination, Mistress Marsh and Master Erasmus Buckthorne quitted the boudoir together. But the cabinet!—ay, that was left unfastened; the folding-doors still remained invitingly expanded, the bunch of keys dangling from the lock. In an instant the spoiled child was in a chair; the drawer so recently closed yielded at once to her hand, and her hurried researches were rewarded by the prettiest little waxen doll imaginable. It was a first-rate prize, and Miss lost no time in appropriating it to herself. Long before Madam Marsh had returned to her *Sanctum*, Marian was seated under a laurestinus in the garden, nursing her new baby with the most affectionate solicitude.

"Susan, look here; see what a nasty scratch I have got upon my hand," said the young lady, when routed out at length from her hiding-place to her noontide meal.

"Yes, Miss, this is always the way with you! mend, mend, mend,—nothing but mend! Scrambling about among the bushes, and tearing your clothes to rags. What with you, and with madam's farthingales and kirtles, a poor bower-maiden has a fine time of it!"

"But I have not torn my clothes, Susan, and it was not the bushes; it was the doll: only see what a great ugly pin I have pulled out of it! and look, here is another!" As she spoke, Marian drew forth one of those extended pieces of black pointed wire, with which, in the days of toupees and pompoons, our foremothers were wont to secure their fly-caps and head-gear from the impertinent assaults of Zephyrus and the "Little Breezes."

"And pray, Miss, where did you get this pretty doll, as you call it?" asked Susan, turning over the puppet, and viewing it with a scrutinizing eye.

"Mamma gave it me," said the child.—This was a fib!

"Indeed!" quoth the girl thoughtfully; and then, in half soliloquy, and a lower key, "Well! I wish I may dië if it doesn't look like my master!—But come to your dinner, miss. Hark! the *bell is striking One!*"

Meanwhile, Master Thomas Marsh, and his man Ralph, were threading the devious paths, then, as now, most pseudonymously dignified with the name of roads, that wound between Marsh-ton-Hall and the frontier of Romney Marsh. Their progress was comparatively slow; for, though the brown mare was as good a roadster as man might back, and the gelding no mean nag of his hands, yet the tracks, rarely traversed save by the rude wains of the day, miry in the "bottoms," and covered with loose and rolling stones on the higher grounds, rendered barely passable the perpetual alternation of hill and valley.

The master rode on in pain, and the man in listlessness; although the intercourse between two individuals so situated was much less restrained in those days than might suit the refinement of a later age, little passed approximating to conversation beyond an occasional and half-stifled groan from the one, or a vacant whistle from the other. An hour's riding had brought them among the woods of Acryse; and they were about to descend one of those green and leafy lanes, rendered by matted and over-arching branches alike impervious to shower or sunbeam, when a sudden and violent spasm seized on Master Marsh, and nearly caused him to fall from his horse. With some difficulty he succeeded in dismounting, and seating himself by the road side. Here he remained for a full half-hour in great apparent agony; the cold sweat rolled in large round drops adown his clammy forehead, a universal shivering palsied every limb, his eye-balls appeared to be starting from their sockets, and to his attached, though dull and heavy serving-man, he seemed as one struggling in the pangs of impending dissolution. His groans rose thick and frequent; and the alarmed Ralph was hesitating between his disinclination to leave him, and his desire to procure such assistance as one of the few cottages, rarely sprinkled in that wild country, might afford, when, after a long-drawn sigh, his master's features as suddenly relaxed: he declared him-

self better, the pang had passed away, and, to use his own expression, he "felt as if a knife had been drawn from out his very heart." With Ralph's assistance, after a while, he again reached his saddle; and, though still ill at ease from a deep-seated and gnawing pain, which ceased not, as he averred, to torment him, the violence of the paroxysm was spent, and it returned no more.

Master and man pursued their way with increased speed, as, emerging from the wooded defiles, they at length neared the coast; then, leaving the romantic castle of Saltwood, with its neighbouring town of Hithe, a little on their left, they proceeded along the ancient paved causeway, and, crossing the old Roman road, or Watling, plunged again into the woods that stretched between Lympe and Ostenhanger.

The sun rode high in the heavens, and its meridian blaze was powerfully felt by man and horse, when, again quitting their leafy covert, the travellers debouched on the open plain of Aldington Frith, a wide tract of unenclosed country stretching down to the very borders of "the Marsh" itself. Here it was, in the neighbouring chapelry, the site of which may yet be traced by the curious antiquary, that Elizabeth Barton, the "Holy Maid of Kent," had, something less than a hundred years previous to the period of our narrative, commenced that series of supernatural pranks which eventually procured for her head an unenvied elevation upon London Bridge; and, though the parish had since enjoyed the benefit of the incumbency of Master Erasmus's illustrious and enlightened Namesake, yet, truth to tell, some of the old leaven was even yet supposed to be at work. The place had, in fact, an ill name; and, though Popish miracles had ceased to electrify its denizens, spells and charms, operating by a no less wondrous agency, were said to have taken their place. Warlocks, and other unholy subjects of Satan, were reported to make its wild recesses their favourite rendezvous, and that to an extent which eventually attracted the notice of no less a personage than the sagacious Matthew Hopkins himself, Witchfinder-General to the British government.

A great portion of the Frith, or Fright, as the name was then, and is still, pronounced, had formerly been a Chace, with rights of Free-warren, &c. appertaining to the Archbishops of the Province. Since the Reformation, however, it had been disparked; and when Master Thomas Marsh, and his man Ralph, entered upon its confines, the open greensward exhibited a lively scene, sufficiently explanatory of certain sounds that had already reached their ears while yet within the sylvan screen which concealed their origin.

It was Fair-day: booths, stalls, and all the rude *paraphernalia* of an assembly that then met as much for the purposes of traffic as festivity, were scattered irregularly over the turf; pedlars, with their packs; horse-croupers, pig-merchants, itinerant vendors of crockery and cutlery, wandered promiscuously among the mingled groups, exposing their several wares and commodities, and soliciting custom. On one side was the gaudy riband, making its mute appeal to rustic gallantry; on the other the delicious brandy-ball and alluring lollipop, compounded after the most approved receipt in the "True Gentlewoman's Garland," and "raising the waters" in the mouth of many an expectant urchin.

Nor were rural sports wanting to those whom pleasure, rather than business, had drawn from their humble homes. Here was the tall



and slippery pole, glittering in its grease, and crowned with the ample cheese, that mocked the hopes of the discomfited climber. There the fugitive pippin, swimming in water not of the purest, and bobbing from the expanded lips of the juvenile Tantalus. In this quarter the ear was pierced by squeaks from some beleaguered porker, whisking his well-soaped tail from the grasp of one already in fancy his captor. In that, the eye rested, with undisguised delight, upon the grimaces of grinning candidates for the honours of the horse-collar. All was fun, frolic, courtship, junketing, and jollity.

Maid Marian, indeed, with her lieges, Robin Hood, Scarlet, and Little John, was wanting; Friar Tuck was absent; even the Hobby-horse had disappeared: but the agile Morrice-dancers yet were there, and jingled their bells merrily among stalls well stored with gingerbread, tops, whips, whistles, and all those noisy instruments of domestic torture in which scenes like these are even now so fertile.—Had I a foe whom I held at deadliest feud, I would entice his child to a Fair, and buy him a Whistle and a Penny-trumpet!

In one corner of the green, a little apart from the thickest of the throng, stood a small square stage, nearly level with the chins of the spectators, whose repeated bursts of laughter seemed to intimate the presence of something more than usually amusing. The platform was divided into two unequal portions; the smaller of which, surrounded by curtains of a coarse canvass, veiled from the eyes of the profane the *penetralia* of this moveable temple of Esculapius, for such it was. Within its interior, and secure from vulgar curiosity, the Quack-salver had hitherto kept himself ensconced; occupied, no doubt, in the preparation and arrangement of that wonderful *panacea* which was hereafter to shed the blessings of health among the admiring crowd. Meanwhile his attendant Jack-pudding was busily employed on the *proscenium*, doing his best to attract attention by a practical facetiousness which took wonderfully with the spectators, interspersing it with the melodious notes of a huge cow's horn. The fellow's costume varied but little in character from that in which the late—(alas! that we should have to write the word!)—the late Mr. Joseph Grimaldi was accustomed to present himself before “a generous and enlightened public:” the principal difference consisted in this, that the upper garment was a long white tunic of a coarse linen, surmounted by a caricature of the ruff then fast falling into disuse, and was secured from the throat downwards by a single row of broad white metal buttons. His legs were cased in loose wide trousers of the same material; while his sleeves, prolonged to a most disproportionate extent, descended far below the fingers, and acted as flappers in the summersets and caracoles with which he diversified and enlivened his antics. Consummate impudence, not altogether unmixed with a certain sly humour, sparkled in his eye through the chalk and ochre with which his features were plentifully bedaubed; and especially displayed itself in a succession of jokes, the coarseness of which did not seem to detract from their merit in the eyes of his applauding audience.

He was in the midst of a long and animated harangue explanatory of his master's high pretensions; he had informed his gaping auditors that the latter was the seventh son of a seventh son, and of course, as they very well knew, an Unborn Doctor; that to this happy accident of birth he added the advantage of most extensive travel; that

in his search after science he had not only perambulated the whole of this world, but had trespassed on the boundaries of the next; that the depths of Ocean and the bowels of the Earth were alike familiar to him; that besides salves and cataplasms of sovereign virtue, by combining sundry mosses, gathered many thousand fathom below the surface of the sea, with certain unknown drugs found in an undiscovered island, and boiling the whole in the lava of Vesuvius, he had succeeded in producing his celebrated balsam of Crackapanoko, the never-failing remedy for all human disorders, and which, a proper trial allowed, would go near to reanimate the dead. "Draw near!" continued the worthy, "draw near, my masters! and you, my good mistresses, draw near, every one of you! Fear not high and haughty carriage; though greater than King or Kaiser, yet is the mighty Aldrovando milder than mother's milk; flint to the proud, to the humble he is as melting wax; he asks not your disorders, he sees them himself at a glance—nay, without a glance; he tells your ailments with his eyes shut! Draw near! draw near! the more incurable the better! List to the illustrious Doctor Aldrovando, first Physician to Prester John, Leech to the Grand Llama, and Hakim in Ordinary to Mustapha Muley Bey!"

"Hath your master ever a charm for the toothache, an't please you?" asked an elderly countryman, whose swollen cheek bespoke his interest in the question.

"A charm!—a thousand, and every one of them infallible. Toothache, quotha! I had hoped you had come with every bone in your body fractured or out of joint. A toothache!—propound a tester, master o' mine,—we ask not more for such trifles: do my bidding, and thy jaws, even with the word, shall cease to trouble thee!"

The clown, fumbling a while in a deep leathern purse, at length produced a sixpence, which he tendered to the jester. "Now to thy master, and bring me the charm forthwith."

"Nay, honest man; to disturb the mighty Aldrovando on such slight occasion were pity of my life: areed my counsel aright, and I will warrant thee for the nonce. Hie thee home, friend; infuse this powder in cold spring-water, fill thy mouth with the mixture, and sit upon thy fire till it boils!"

"Out on thee for a pestilent knave!" cried the cozened countryman; but the roar of merriment around bespoke the by-standers well pleased with the jape put upon him. He retired, venting his spleen in audible murmurs; and the mountebank, finding the feelings of the mob enlisted on his side, waxed more impudent every instant, filling up the intervals between his fooleries with sundry capers and contortions, and discordant notes from the cow's horn.

"Draw near! draw near, my masters! Here have ye a remedy for every evil under the sun, moral, physical, natural, and supernatural! Hath any man a termagant wife?—here is that will tame her presently! Hath any one a smoky chimney?—here is an incontinent cure!"

To the first infliction no man ventured to plead guilty, though there were those standing by who thought their neighbours might have profited withal. For the last-named recipe started forth at least a dozen candidates. With the greatest imaginable gravity, Pierrot, having pocketed their groats, delivered to each a small packet curiously folded and closely sealed, containing, as he averred, directions which,

if truly observed, would preclude any chimney from smoking for a whole year. They whose curiosity led them to dive into the mystery, found that a sprig of mountain ash culled by moonlight was the charm recommended, coupled, however, with the proviso that no fire should be lighted on the hearth during the interval.

The frequent bursts of merriment proceeding from this quarter at length attracted the attention of Master Marsh, whose line of road necessarily brought him near this end of the fair; he drew bit in front of the stage just as its noisy occupant, having laid aside his formidable horn, was drawing still more largely on the amazement of "the public" by a feat of especial wonder,—he was eating fire! Curiosity mingled with astonishment was at its height; and feelings not unallied to alarm were beginning to manifest themselves among the softer sex especially, as they gazed on the flames that issued from the mouth of the living volcano. All eyes indeed were fixed upon the fire-eater with an intentness that left no room for observing another worthy who had now emerged upon the scene. This was, however, no less a personage than the *Deus ex machinâ*,—the illustrious Aldrovando himself. Short in stature and spare in form, the sage had somewhat increased the former by a steeple-crowned hat adorned with a cock's feather; while the thick shoulder padding of a quilted doublet, surmounted by a falling band, added a little to his personal importance in point of breadth. His habit was composed throughout of black serge, relieved with scarlet slashes in the sleeves and trunks; red was the feather in his hat, red were the roses in his shoes, which rejoiced, moreover, in a pair of red heels. The lining of a short cloak of faded velvet, that hung transversely over his left shoulder, was also red. Indeed, from all that we could ever see or hear, this agreeable alternation of red and black appears to be the mixture of colours most approved at the court of Beelzebub, and the one most generally adopted by his friends and favourites. His features were sharp and shrewd, and a fire sparkled in his keen grey eye much at variance with the wrinkles that ran their irregular furrows above his prominent and bushy brows. He had advanced slowly from behind his screen while the attention of the multitude was absorbed by the pyrotechnics of Mr. Merryman, and, stationing himself at the extreme corner of the stage, stood quietly leaning on a crutch-handled walking-staff of blackest ebony, his glance steadily fixed on the face of Marsh, from whose countenance the amusement he had insensibly begun to derive had not succeeded in removing all traces of bodily pain. For a while the latter was unobservant of the inquisitorial survey with which he was regarded; the eyes of the parties, however, at length met. The brown mare had a fine shoulder; she stood pretty near sixteen hands. Marsh himself, though slightly bowed by ill health and the "coming autumn" of life, was full six feet in height. His elevation giving him an unobstructed view over the heads of the pedestrians, he had naturally fallen into the rear of the assembly, which brought him close to the diminutive Doctor, with whose face, despite the red heels, his own was about upon a level.

"And what makes Master Marsh here?—what sees he in the mummeries of a miserable buffoon to divert him when his life is in jeopardy?" said a shrill cracked voice that sounded as in his very ear. It was the Doctor who spoke.

"Knowest thou me, friend?" said Marsh, scanning with awakened

interest the figure of his questioner: "I call thee not to mind; and yet—stay, where have we met?"

"It skills not to declare," was the answer; "suffice it we *have* met,—in other climes, perchance,—and now meet happily again,—happily at least for thee."

"Why truly the trick of thy countenance reminds me of somewhat I have seen before, where or when I know not; but what wouldst thou with me?"

"Nay, rather what wouldst thou here, Thomas Marsh? What wouldst thou on the Frith of Aldington?—is it a score or two of paltry sheep? or is it something *nearer to thy heart?*"

Marsh started as the last words were pronounced with more than common significance: a pang shot through him at the moment, and the vinegar aspect of the *Charlatan* seemed to relax into a smile half compassionate, half sardonic.

"Grammercy," quoth Marsh, after a long-drawn breath, "what knowest thou of me, fellow, or of my concerns? What knowest thou——"

"This know I, Master Thomas Marsh," said the stranger gravely, "that thy life is even now perilled: evil practices are against thee; but no matter, thou art quit for the nonce—other hands than mine have saved thee! Thy pains are over. Hark! *the clock strikes One!*" As he spoke, a single toll from the bell-tower of Bilsington came, wafted by the western breeze, over the thick-set and lofty oaks which intervened between the Frith and what had been once a priory. Dr. Aldrovando turned as the sound came floating on the wind, and was moving, as if half in anger, towards the other side of the stage, where the mountebank, his fires extinct, was now disgorging to the admiring crowd yard after yard of gaudy-coloured riband.

"Stay! Nay, prithee, stay!" cried Marsh eagerly, "I was wrong; in faith I was. A change, and that a sudden and most marvellous, hath come over me; I am free; I breathe again; I feel as though a load of years had been removed; and—is it possible?—hast thou done this?"

"Thomas Marsh!" said the doctor, pausing, and turning for the moment on his heel, "I have *not*; I repeat, that other and more innocent hands than mine have done this deed. Nevertheless, heed my counsel well! Thou art parlously encompassed; I, and I only, have the means of relieving thee. Follow thy courses; pursue thy journey; but, as thou valuest life, and more than life, be at the foot of yonder woody knoll what time the rising moon throws her first beam upon the bare and blighted summit that towers above its trees."

He crossed abruptly to the opposite quarter of the scaffolding, and was in an instant deeply engaged in listening to those whom the cow's horn had attracted, and in prescribing for their real or fancied ailments. Vain were all Marsh's efforts again to attract his notice; it was evident that he studiously avoided him; and when, after an hour or more spent in useless endeavour, he saw the object of his anxiety seclude himself once more within his canvass screen, he rode slowly and thoughtfully off the field.—What should he do? Was the man a mere quack? an impostor? His name thus obtained!—that might be easily done. But then, his secret griefs; the doctor's knowledge of them; their cure: for he felt that his pains were gone, his healthful feelings restored! True; Aldrovando, if that were his

name, had disclaimed all co-operation in his recovery: but he knew or, he announced it. Nay, more; he had hinted that he was yet in jeopardy; that practices—and the chord sounded strangely in unison with one that had before vibrated within him—that practices were in operation against his life! It was enough! He would keep tryst with the Conjuror, if conjuror he were; and, at least, ascertain who and what he was, and how he had become acquainted with his own person and secret afflictions.

When the late Mr. Pitt was determined to keep out Buonaparte, and prevent his gaining a settlement in the county of Kent, among other ingenious devices adopted for that purpose, he caused to be constructed what was then, and has ever since been, conventionally termed a "Military canal." This is a not very practicable ditch, some thirty feet wide, and nearly nine feet deep—in the middle, extending from the town and port of Hithe to within a mile of the town and port of Rye, a distance of about twenty miles; and forming, as it were, the cord of a bow, the area of which constitutes that remote fifth quarter of the globe spoken of by travellers. Trivial objections to the plan were made at the time by cavillers; and an old gentleman of the neighbourhood, who proposed, as a cheap substitute, to put up his own cocked-hat upon a pole, was deservedly pooh-pooh'd down; in fact, the job, though rather an expensive one, was found to answer remarkably well. The French managed, indeed, to scramble over the Rhine, and the Rhone, and other insignificant currents; but they never did, or could, pass Mr. Pitt's "Military canal." At no great distance from the centre of this cord rises abruptly a sort of woody promontory, in shape almost conical, its sides covered with thick underwood; above which is seen a bare and brown summit rising like an Alp in miniature. The "defence of the nation" not being then in existence, Master Thomas Marsh met with no obstruction in reaching this place of appointment long before the time prescribed.

So much, indeed, was his mind occupied by his adventure and extraordinary cure, that his original design had been abandoned, and Master Cobbe remained unvisited. A rude hostel in the neighbourhood furnished entertainment for man and horse; and here, a full hour before the rising of the moon, he left Ralph and the other beasts, proceeding to his rendezvous on foot and alone.

"You are punctual, Master Marsh," squeaked the shrill voice of the Doctor, issuing from the thicket as the first silvery gleam trembled on the aspens above. "'Tis well; now follow me, and in silence."

The first part of the command Marsh hesitated not to obey; the second was more difficult of observance.

"Who and what are you? Whither are you leading me?" burst not unnaturally from his lips; but all question was at once cut short by the peremptory tones of his guide.

"Hush! I say; your finger on your lip; there be hawks abroad: follow me, and that silently and quickly." The little man turned as he spoke, and led the way through a scarcely perceptible path, or track, which wound among the underwood. The lapse of a few minutes brought them to the door of a low building so hidden by the surrounding trees that few would have suspected its existence. It was a cottage of rather extraordinary dimensions, but consisting of only one floor. No smoke rose from its solitary chimney; no cheering ray streamed from its single window, which was, however, secured

by a shutter of such thickness as to preclude the possibility of any stray beam issuing from within. The exact size of the building it was in that uncertain light difficult to distinguish, a portion of it seeming buried in the wood behind. The door gave way on the application of a key, and Marsh followed his conductor resolutely but cautiously along a narrow passage feebly lighted by a small taper that winked and twinkled at its farther extremity. The Doctor, as he approached, raised it from the ground, and, opening an adjoining door, ushered his guest into the room beyond. It was a large and oddly-furnished apartment, insufficiently lighted by an iron lamp that hung from the roof, and scarcely illumined the walls and angles, which seemed to be composed of some dark-coloured wood. On one side, however, Master Marsh could discover an article bearing strong resemblance to a coffin; on the other was a large oval mirror in an ebony frame, and in the midst of the floor was described in red chalk a double circle, about six feet in diameter, its inner verge inscribed with sundry hieroglyphics, agreeably relieved at intervals with an alternation of skulls and cross-bones. In the very centre was deposited one skull of such surpassing size and thickness as would have filled the soul of a Spurzheim or De Ville with wonderment. A large book, a naked sword, an hour-glass, a chafing-dish, and a black cat, completed the list of moveables; with the exception of a couple of tapers which stood on each side the mirror, and which the strange gentleman now proceeded to light from the one in his hand. As they flared up with what Marsh thought a most unnatural brilliancy, he perceived, reflected in the glass behind, a dial suspended over the coffin-like article already mentioned: the hand was fast verging towards the hour of nine. The eyes of the little Doctor seemed riveted on the horologe.

"Now strip thee, Master Marsh, and that quickly: untruss, I say! discard thy boots, doff doublet and hose, and place thyself incontinent in yonder bath." The visitor cast his eyes again upon the formidable-looking article, and perceived that it was nearly filled with water. A cold bath, at such an hour and under such auspices, was anything but inviting: he hesitated, and turned his eyes alternately on the Doctor and the Black Cat.

"Trifle not the time, man, an you be wise," said the former: "Passion of my heart! let but yon minute-hand reach the hour, and, thou not immersed, thy life were not worth a pin's fee!"

The Black Cat gave vent to a single Mew,—a most unnatural sound for a mouser,—it seemed as it were mewed through a cow's horn!

"Quick, Master Marsh! uncase, or you perish!" repeated his strange host, throwing as he spoke a handful of some dingy-looking powders into the brasier. "Behold, the attack is begun!" A thick cloud rose from the embers; a cold shivering shook the astonished Yeoman: sharp pricking pains penetrated his ankles and the palms of his hands, and, as the smoke cleared away, he distinctly saw and recognised in the mirror the boudoir of Marston Hall. The doors of the well-known ebony cabinet were closed; but, fixed against them, and standing out in strong relief from the contrast afforded by the sable background, was a waxen image—of himself! It appeared to be secured and sustained in an upright posture by large black pins driven through the feet and palms, the latter of which were ex-

tended in a cruciform position. To the right and left stood his wife and José; in the middle, with his back towards him, was a figure which he had no difficulty in recognising as that of the Leech of Folkestone. It had just succeeded in fastening the dexter hand of the image, and was now in the act of drawing a broad and keen-edged sabre from its sheath. The Black Cat mewed again. "Haste, or you die!" said the Doctor. Marsh looked at the dial; it wanted but four minutes of nine: he felt that the crisis of his fate was come. Off went his heavy boots; doublet to the right, galligaskins to the left; never was man more swiftly disrobed: in two minutes, to use an Indian expression, "he was all face!" in another, he was on his back, and up to his chin, in a bath which smelt strongly as of brimstone and garlic.

"Heed well the clock!" cried the Conjuror: "with the first stroke of Nine plunge thy head beneath the water; suffer not a hair above the surface: plunge deeply, or you are lost!"

The little man had seated himself in the centre of the circle upon the large skull, elevating his legs at an angle of forty-five degrees. In this position he spun round with a velocity to be equalled only by that of a tee-totum, the red roses on his insteps seeming to describe a circle of fire. The best buckskins that ever mounted at Melton had soon yielded to such rotatory friction; but he spun on, the Cat mewed, bats and obscene birds fluttered over head, Erasmus was seen to raise his weapon, the clock struck!—and Marsh, who had "ducked" at the instant, popped up his head again, spitting and sputtering, half choked with the infernal mixture, which had insinuated itself into his mouth, and ears, and nose. All disgust at his nauseous dip was, however, at once removed, when, casting his eyes on the glass, he saw the consternation of the party whose persons it exhibited. Erasmus had evidently made his blow and failed; the figure was un-mutilated; the hilt remained in the hand of the striker, while the shivered blade lay in shining fragments on the floor.

The Conjuror ceased his spinning, and brought himself to an anchor; the Black Cat purred,—its purring seemed strangely mixed with the self-satisfied chuckle of a human being. Where had Marsh heard something like it before?

He was rising from his unsavoury couch, when a motion from the little man checked him. "Rest where you are, Thomas Marsh; so far all goes well, but the danger is not yet over!" He looked again, and perceived that the shadowy triumvirate were in deep and eager consultation; the fragments of the shattered weapon appeared to undergo a close scrutiny. The result was clearly unsatisfactory; the lips of the parties moved rapidly, and much gesticulation might be observed, but no sound fell upon the ear. The hand of the dial had nearly reached the quarter: at once the parties separated; and Buckthorne stood again before the figure, his hand armed with a long and sharp-pointed *misericorde*, a dagger little in use of late, but such as, a century before, often performed the part of a modern oyster-knife, in tickling the osteology of a dismounted cavalier through the shelly defences of his plate-armour. Again he raised his arm. "Duck!" roared the Doctor, spinning away upon his cephalic pivot: the Black Cat cocked his tail, and seemed to mew the word "Duck!" Down went Master Marsh's head; but one of his hands had unluckily been resting on the edge of the bath: he drew it hastily in, but not alto-

gether scathless ; the stump of a rusty nail, projecting from the margin of the bath, had caught and slightly grazed it. The pain was more acute than is usually produced by such trivial accident ; and Marsh, on once more raising his head, beheld the dagger of the leech sticking in the little finger of the wax figure, which it had seemingly nailed to the cabinet door.

“ By my truly, a scape o’ the narrowest ! ” quoth the Conjuror : “ the next course, dive you not the readier, there is no more life in you than in a pickled herring. What ! courage, Master Marsh ; but be heedful : an they miss again, let them bide the issue ! ” He drew his hand athwart his brow as he spoke, and dashed off the perspiration, which the violence of his exercise had drawn from every pore. Black Tom sprang upon the edge of the bath, and stared full in the face of the bather : his sea-green eyes were lambent with unholy fire, but their marvellous obliquity of vision was not to be mistaken,—the very countenance, too !—Could it be ?—the features were feline, but their expression that of the Jack-Pudding ? Was the Mountebank a Cat, or the Cat a Mountebank ?—it was all a mystery ; and Heaven knows how long Marsh might have continued staring at Grimalkin, had not his attention been again called by Aldrovando to the magic mirror. Great dissatisfaction, not to say dismay, seemed to pervade the conspirators ; Dame Isabel was closely inspecting the figure’s wounded hand, while José was aiding the pharmacopolist to charge a huge petronel with powder and bullets. The load was a heavy one ; but Erasmus seemed determined this time to make sure of his object. Somewhat of trepidation might be observed in his manner as he rammed down the balls, and his withered cheek appeared to have acquired an increase of paleness ; but amazement rather than fear was the prevailing symptom, and his countenance betrayed no jot of irresolution. As the clock was about to chime half-past nine, he planted himself with a firm foot in front of the image, waved his unoccupied hand with a cautionary gesture to his companions, and, as they hastily retired on either side, brought the muzzle of his weapon within half a foot of his mark. As the shadowy form was about to draw the trigger, Marsh again plunged his head beneath the surface ; and the sound of an explosion, as of fire-arms, mingled with the rush of water that poured into his ears. His immersion was but momentary, yet did he feel as though half suffocated : he sprang from the bath, and, as his eye fell on the mirror, he saw, or thought he saw, the Leech of Folkestone lying dead on the floor of his wife’s boudoir, his head shattered to pieces, and his hand still grasping the stock of a bursten petronel. He saw no more ; his head swam, his senses reeled, the whole room was turning round, and, as he fell to the ground, the last impressions to which he was conscious were the chucklings of a hoarse laughter and the mewings of a Tom Cat.

Master Marsh was found the next morning by his bewildered serving-man, stretched before the door of the humble hostel at which he sojourned. His clothes were somewhat torn and much bemired ; and deeply did honest Ralph marvel that one so staid and grave as Marsh of Marston should thus have played the roisterer, missing perchance a profitable bargain for the drunken orgies of midnight was-sail, or the endearments of some rustic light-o’-love. Tenfold was his astonishment increased when, after retracing in silence their journey of the preceding day, the Hall, on their arrival about noon, was



found in a state of uttermost confusion. No wife stood there to greet with the smile of bland affection her returning spouse; no page to hold his stirrup, or receive his gloves, his hat, and riding-rod. The doors were open, the rooms in most admired disorder; men and maidens peeping, hurrying hither and thither, and popping in and out, like rabbits in a warren. The lady of the mansion was nowhere to be found.

José, too, had disappeared: the latter had been last seen riding furiously towards Folkestone early in the preceding afternoon; to a question from Hodge Gardener he had hastily answered, that he bore a missive of moment from his mistress. The lean apprentice of Erasmus Buckthorne declared that the page had summoned his master in haste about six of the clock, and that they had rode forth together, as he very believed, on their way back to the Hall, where he had supposed Master Buckthorne's services to be suddenly required on some pressing emergency. Since that time he had seen nought of either of them: the grey cob, however, had returned late at night, masterless, with his girths loose, and the saddle turned upside down.

Nor was Master Erasmus Buckthorne ever seen again. Strict search was made through the neighbourhood, but without success; and it was at length presumed that he must, for reasons which nobody could divine, have absconded with José and his faithless mistress. The latter had carried off with her the strong box, divers articles of valuable plate, and jewels of price. Her boudoir appeared to have been completely ransacked; the cabinet and drawers stood open, and empty; the very carpet, a luxury then newly introduced into England, was gone. Marsh, however, could trace no vestige of the visionary scene which he affirmed to have been last night presented to his eyes. Much did the neighbours marvel at his story: some thought him mad; others, that he was merely indulging in that privilege to which, as a traveller, he had a right indefeasible. Trusty Ralph said nothing, but shrugged his shoulders; and, falling into the rear, imitated the action of raising the wine-cup to his lips. An opinion, indeed, soon prevailed, that Master Thomas Marsh had gotten, in common parlance, exceedingly drunk on the preceding evening, and dreamt all that he had so circumstantially related. This belief acquired additional credit when they whom curiosity induced to visit the woody knoll of Aldington Mount declared that they could find no building such as that described; nor any cottage near, save one, indeed, a low-roofed hovel, once a house of public entertainment, but now half in ruins. The "Old Cat and Fiddle"—so was the tenement called—had been long uninhabited; yet still exhibited the remains of a broken sign, on which the keen observer might decypher something like a rude portrait of the animal from which it derived its name. It was also supposed still to afford an occasional asylum to the smugglers of the coast, but no trace of any visit from sage or mountebank could be detected; nor was the wise Aldrovando, whom many remembered to have seen at the fair, ever found again on all that country-side. Of the runaways nothing was ever certainly known. A boat, the property of an old fisherman who plied his trade on the outskirts of the town, had been seen to quit the bay that night; and there were those who declared that she had more hands on board than Carden and his son, her usual complement;

but, as a gale came on, and the frail bark was eventually found keel upwards on the Goodwin Sands, it was presumed that she had struck on that fatal quicksand in the dark, and that all on board had perished.

Little Marian, whom her profligate mother had abandoned, grew up to be a fine girl, and a handsome. She became, moreover, heiress to Marshton Hall, and brought the estate into the Ingoldsby family by her marriage with one of its scions.

It is a little singular that, on pulling down the old Hall in my grandfather's time, a human skeleton was discovered among the rubbish, under what particular part of the building I could never with any accuracy ascertain; but it was found enveloped in a tattered cloth, that seemed to have been once a carpet, and which fell to pieces almost immediately on being exposed to the air. The bones were perfect, but those of one hand were wanting; and the skull, perhaps from the labourer's pick-axe, had received considerable injury.

The portrait of the fair Marian hangs yet in the Gallery of Tappington; and near it is another, of a young man in the prime of life, whom Mrs. Botherby pronounces her father. It exhibits a mild and rather melancholy countenance, with a high forehead, and the picked beard and moustaches of the seventeenth century. The signet-finger of the left hand is gone, and appears, on close inspection, to have been painted out by some later artist; possibly in compliment to the tradition, which, *teste Botherby*, records that of Mr. Marsh to have gangrened, and to have undergone amputation at the knuckle-joint. If really the resemblance of the gentleman alluded to, it must have been taken at some period antecedent to his marriage. There is neither date nor painter's name; but, a little above the head, on the dexter side of the picture, is an escutcheon, bearing Quarterly, Gules and Argent; in the first quarter, a horse's head of the second; beneath it are the words "*Ætatis suæ, 26.*" On the opposite side is the following marks which Mr. Simpkinson declares to be that of a Merchant of the Staple, and pretends to discover in the anagram comprised in it all the characters which compose the name of THOMAS MARSH, of MARSHTON.



## FAMILY STORIES, No. VII.

## PATTY MORGAN THE MILKMAID'S STORY.

## "LOOK AT THE CLOCK!"

## FYTTE I.

"LOOK at the Clock!" quoth Winifred Pryce,  
 As she open'd the door to her husband's knock,  
 Then paus'd to give him a piece of advice,  
 "You nasty Warmint, look at the Clock!  
     Is this the way, you  
     Wretch, every day you  
 Treat her who vow'd to love and obey you?  
     Out all night!  
     Me in a fright;  
 Staggering home as it's just getting light!  
 You intoxicated brute! you insensible block!  
 Look at the Clock!—Do.—Look at the Clock!"

Winifred Pryce was tidy and clean,  
 Her gown was a flower'd one, her petticoat green,  
 Her buckles were bright as her milking cans,  
 And her hat was a beaver, and made like a man's;  
 Her little red eyes were deep set in their socket-holes,  
 Her gown-tail was turn'd up, and tuck'd through the pocket-holes:  
     A face like a ferret  
     Betoken'd her spirit:  
 To conclude, Mrs. Pryce was not over young,  
 Had very short legs, and a very long tongue.

Now David Pryce  
 Had one darling vice;  
 Remarkably partial to anything nice,  
 Nought that was good to him came amiss,  
 Whether to eat, or to drink, or to kiss!  
     Especially ale—  
     If it was not too stale  
 I really believe he'd have emptied a pail;  
     Not that in Wales  
     They talk of their Ales;  
 To pronounce the word they make use of might trouble you,  
 Being spelt with a C, two Rs, and a W.

That particular day,  
 As I've heard people say,  
 Mr. David Pryce had been soaking his clay,  
 And amusing himself with his pipe and cheroots,  
 The whole afternoon at the Goat in Boots,  
     With a couple more soakers,  
     Thoroughbred smokers,  
 Both, like himself, prime singers and jokers;  
 And, long after day had drawn to a close,  
 And the rest of the world was wrapp'd in repose,  
 They were roaring out "Shenkin!" and "Ar hydd y nos;"  
 While David himself, to a Sassenach tune,  
 Sang, "We've drunk down the Sun, boys! let's drink down the Moon!  
     What have we with day to do?  
     Mrs. Winifred Pryce, 'twas made for you!"

At length, when they couldn't well drink any more,  
Old "Goat-in-Boots" shew'd them the door;

And then came that knock,  
And the sensible shock

David felt when his wife cried, "Look at the Clock  
For the hands stood as crooked as crooked might be,  
The long at the Twelve, and the short at the Three!

This self-same Clock had long been a bone  
Of contention between this Darby and Joan;  
And often among their pother and rout,  
When this otherwise amiable couple fell out,

Pryce would drop a cool hint,  
With an ominous squint

At its case, of an "Uncle" of his, who 'd a "Spout."  
That horrid word "Spout"

No sooner came out,

Than Winifred Pryce would turn her about,  
And with scorn on her lip,  
And a hand on each hip,

"Spout" herself till her nose grew red at the tip,  
"You thundering willain,

I know you 'd be killing

Your wife,—ay, a dozen of wives,—for a shilling!

You may do what you please,

You may sell my chemise,

(Mrs. P. was too well-bred to mention her stock,)

But I never will part with my Grandmother's Clock!"

Mrs. Pryce's tongue ran long and ran fast;

But patience is apt to wear out at last,

And David Pryce in temper was quick,

So he stretch'd out his hand, and caught hold of a stick;

Perhaps in its use he might mean to be lenient,

But walking just then wasn't very convenient,

So he threw it, instead,

Direct at her head.

It knock'd off her hat;

Down she fell flat;

Her case, perhaps, was not much mended by that;

But, whatever it was,—whether rage and pain

Produc'd apoplexy, or burst a vein,

Or her tumble induc'd a concussion of brain,

I can't say for certain,—but *this* I can,

When, sober'd by fright, to assist her he ran,

Mrs. Winifred Pryce was as dead as Queen Anne!

The fearful catastrophe

Named in my last strophe

As adding to grim Death's exploits such a vast trophy,

Soon made a great noise; and the shocking fatality

Like wild-fire ran over the whole Principality.

And then came Mr. Ap Thomas, the Coroner,

With his jury to sit, some dozen or more, on her.

Mr. Pryce, to commence

His "ingenious defence,"

Made a "pow'rful appeal" to the jury's "good sense,"

"The world he must defy

Ever to justify

Any presumption of "Malice Prepense;"

The unlucky lick

From the end of the stick

He "deplored," he was "apt to be rather too quick;"

But, really, her prating

Was so aggravating :

Some trifling correction was just what he meant ; all

The rest, he assured them, was " quite accidental ! "

Then he called Mr. Jones,

Who deposed to her tones,

And her gestures, and hints about " breaking his bones. "

While Mr. Ap Morgan, and Mr. Ap Rhys

Declared the Deceased

Had styled him " a Beast, "

And swore they had witness'd, with grief and surprise,

The allusions she made to his limbs and his eyes.

The jury, in fine, having sat on the body

The whole day, discussing the case, and gin-toddy,

Return'd about half-past eleven at night

The following verdict, " We find, *Sarve her right !* "

## FYTTE II.

Mr. Pryce, Mrs. Winifred Pryce being dead,

Felt lonely, and moped ; and one evening he said

He would marry Miss Davis at once in her stead.

Not far from his dwelling,

From the vale proudly swelling,

Rose a mountain ; its name you 'll excuse me from telling,

For the vowels made use of in Welsh are so few

That the A and the E, the I, O, and the U,

Have really but little or nothing to do ;

And the duty, of course, falls the heavier by far

On the L, and the H, and the N, and the R.

Its first syllable, " PEN, "

Is pronounceable ;—then

Come two L Ls, and two H Hs, two F Fs, and an N ;

About half a score Rs, and some Ws follow,

Beating all my best efforts at euphony hollow :

But we shan't have to mention it often, so when

We do, with your leave, we 'll curtail it to " PEN. "

Well,—the moon shone bright

Upon " PEN " that night,

When Pryce, being quit of his fuss and his fright,

Was scaling its side

With that sort of stride

A man puts out when walking in search of a bride.

Mounting higher and higher,

He began to perspire,

Till, finding his legs were beginning to tire,

And feeling opprest

By a pain in his chest,

He paus'd, and turn'd round to take breath, and to rest ;

A walk all up hill is apt, as we know,

To make one, however robust, puff and blow,

So he stopped, and look'd down on the valley below.

O'er fell, and o'er fen,

Over mountain and glen,

All bright in the moonshine, his eye rov'd, and then

All the Patriot rose in his soul, and he thought

Of Wales, and her glories, and all he 'd been taught

Of her Heroes of old,  
 So brave and so bold,—  
 Of her Bards with long beards, and harps mounted in gold;  
 Of King Edward the First,  
 Of mem'ry accurst;  
 And the scandalous manner in which he behaved,  
 Killing Poets by dozens,  
 With their uncles and cousins,  
 Of whom not one in fifty had ever been shaved.  
 Of the Court Ball, at which, by a lucky mishap,  
 Owen Tudor fell into Queen Katherine's lap;  
 And how Mr. Tudor  
 Successfully woo'd her,  
 Till the Dowager put on a new wedding ring,  
 And so made him Father-in-law to the King.

He thought upon Arthur, and Merlin of yore,  
 On Gryffyth ap Conan, and Owen Glendour;  
 On Pendragon, and Heaven knows how many more.  
 He thought of all this, as he gazed, in a trice,  
 And on all things, in short, but the late Mrs. Pryce;  
 When a lumbering noise from behind made him start,  
 And sent the blood back in full tide to his heart,

Which went pit-a-pat  
 As he cried out, "What's that?—  
 That very queer sound?  
 Does it come from the ground?

Or the air,—from above, or below, or around?  
 It is not like Talking,  
 It is not like Walking,

It's not like the clattering of pot or of pan,  
 Or the tramp of a horse,—or the tread of a man,—  
 Or the hum of a crowd,—or the shouting of boys,—  
 It's really a deuced odd sort of a noise!  
 Not unlike a Cart's,—but that can't be; for when  
 Could "all the King's horses and all the King's men,"  
 With Old Nick for a waggoner, drive one up "PEN?"

Pryce, usually brimful of valour when drunk,  
 Now experienced what schoolboys denominate "funk."

In vain he look'd back  
 On the whole of the track

He had traversed; a thick cloud, uncommonly black,  
 At this moment obscured the broad disc of the moon,  
 And did not seem likely to pass away soon;

While clearer and clearer,  
 'Twas plain to the hearer,

Be the noise what it might, it drew nearer and nearer,  
 And sounded, as Pryce to this moment declares,  
 Very much "like a Coffin a-walking up stairs."

Mr. Pryce had begun  
 To "make up" for a run,

As in such a companion he saw no great fun,  
 When a single bright ray  
 Shone out on the way

He had pass'd, and he saw with no little dismay  
 Coming after him, bounding o'er crag and o'er rock,  
 The deceased Mrs. Winifred's "Grandmother's Clock!!"  
 'Twas so!—it had certainly moved from its place,  
 And come, lumbering on thus, to hold him in chase;  
 'Twas the very same Head, and the very same Case,  
 And nothing was alter'd at all but the Face!

In that he perceived, with no little surprise;  
 The two little winder-holes turn'd into eyes  
     Blazing with ire,  
     Like two coals of fire;  
 And the "Name of the Maker" was changed to a Lip,  
 And the Hands to a Nose with a very red tip.  
 No!—he could not mistake it,—'twas SHE to the life!  
 The identical Face of his dear defunct Wife!!

One glance was enough,  
 Completely "*Quant. Suff.*"  
 As the doctors write down when they send you their "stuff,"—  
 Like a Weather-cock whirl'd by a vehement puff,  
     David turn'd himself round;  
     Ten feet of ground  
 He clear'd, in his start, at the very first bound!

I've seen people run at West-End Fair for cheeses,  
 I've seen Ladies run at Bow Fair for chemises,  
 At Greenwich Fair twenty men run for a hat,  
 And one from a Bailiff much faster than that;  
 At foot-ball I've seen lads run after the bladder,  
 I've seen Irish Bricklayers run up a ladder,  
 I've seen little boys run away from a cane,  
 And I've seen, (that is, *read of*,) good running in Spain;  
     But I never did read  
     Of, or witness, such speed  
 As David exerted that evening.—Indeed  
 All I ever have heard of boys, women, or men,  
 Falls far short of Pryce, as he ran over "PEN!"

He reaches its brow,—  
 He has past it, and now  
 Having once gain'd the summit, and managed to cross it, he  
 Rolls down the side with uncommon velocity;  
     But, run as he will,  
     Or roll down the hill,  
 That bugbear behind him is after him still!  
 And close at his heels, not at all to his liking,  
 The terrible Clock keeps on ticking and striking,  
     Till, exhausted and sore,  
     He can't run any more,  
 But falls as he reaches Miss Davis's door,  
 And screams when they rush out, alarm'd at his knock,  
 "Oh! Look at the Clock!—Do.—Look at the Clock!!"

Miss Davis look'd up, Miss Davis look'd down,  
 She saw nothing there to alarm her;—a frown  
     Came o'er her white forehead,  
     She said "It was horrid  
 A man should come knocking at that time of night,  
 And give her Mamma and herself such a fright;  
     To squall and to bawl  
     About nothing at all—"  
 She begg'd "he'd not think of repeating his call,  
     His late wife's disaster  
     By no means had past her,"  
 She'd "have him to know she was meat for his Master!"  
 Then, regardless alike of his love and his woes,  
 She turn'd on her heel as she turn'd up her nose.

Poor David in vain  
 Implored to remain,  
 He "dared not," he said, "cross the mountain again."  
 Why the fair was obdurate  
 None knows,—to be sure, it  
 Was said she was setting her cap at the Curate ;—  
 Be that as it may, it is certain the sole hole  
 Pryce could find to creep into that night was the Coal-hole !  
 In that shady retreat,  
 With nothing to eat,  
 And with very bruis'd limbs, and with very sore feet,  
 All night close he kept ;  
 I can't say he slept ;  
 But he sigh'd, and he sobb'd, and he groan'd, and he wept,  
 Lamenting his sins  
 And his two broken shins,  
 Bewailing his fate with contortions and grins,  
 And her he once thought a complete *Rara Avis*,  
 Consigning to Satan,—viz. cruel Miss Davis !

Mr. David has since had a "serious call,"  
 He never drinks ale, wine, or spirits, at all,  
 And they say he is going to Exeter Hall  
 To make a grand speech,  
 And to preach, and to teach  
 People that "they can't brew their malt-liquor too small !"  
 That an ancient Welsh Poet, one PYNDAR AP TUDOR,  
 Was right in proclaiming "ARISTON MEN UDOR !"  
 Which means "The pure Element  
 Is for the belly meant !"  
 And that *Gin*'s but a *Snare* of Old Nick the deluder !

And "still on each evening when pleasure fills up,"  
 At the old Goat-in-Boots, with metheglin, each cup,  
 Mr. Pryce, if he's there,  
 Will get into "the Chair,"  
 And make all his *quondam* associates stare  
 By calling aloud to the landlady's daughter,  
 "Patty ! bring a cigar, and a glass of Spring Water !"  
 The dial he constantly watches ; and when  
 The long hand's at the "XII," and the short at the "X,"  
 He gets on his legs,  
 Drains his glass to the dregs,  
 Takes his hat and great-coat off their several pegs,  
 With his President's hammer bestows his last knock,  
 And says solemnly,—*"Gentlemen !*  
*"LOOK AT THE CLOCK !!"*

THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

*Tappington Everard, July 24.*



## FAMILY STORIES.—No. VIII.

## DR. INGOLDSBY'S STORY.

The Lady Rohesia lay on her death-bed!

So said the doctor,—and doctors are generally allowed to be judges in these matters; besides, Doctor Butts was the Court Physician; he carried a crutch-handled staff, with its cross of the blackest ebony,—*raison de plus!*

"Is there no hope, doctor?" said Beatrice Grey.

"Is there no hope?" said Everard Ingoldsby.

"Is there no hope?" said Sir Guy de Montgomeri.—He was the Lady Rohesia's husband;—he spoke the last.

The doctor shook his head: he looked at the disconsolate widower *in posse*, then at the hour-glass;—its waning sand seemed sadly to shadow forth the sinking pulse of his patient. Dr. Butts was a very learned man. "*Ars longa, vita brevis!*" said Doctor Butts.

"I am very sorry to hear it," quoth Sir Guy de Montgomeri.

Sir Guy was a brave knight, and a tall; but he was no Scholar.

"Alas! my poor sister!" sighed Ingoldsby.

"Alas! my poor mistress!" sobbed Beatrice.

Sir Guy neither sighed nor sobbed;—his grief was too deep-seated for outward manifestation.

"And how long, doctor,—?" The afflicted husband could not finish the sentence.

Doctor Butts withdrew his hand from the wrist of the dying lady; he pointed to the horologe; scarce a quarter of its sand remained in the upper moiety. Again he shook his head; the eye of the patient waxed dimmer, the rattling in the throat increased.

"What's become of Father Francis?"—whimpered Beatrice.

"The last consolations of the church—" suggested Everard.

A darker shade came over the brow of Sir Guy.

"Where *is* the Confessor?" continued his grieving brother-in-law.

"In the pantry," cried Marion Hackett pertly, as she tripped down stairs in search of that venerable ecclesiastic;—"in the pantry, I warrant me."—The bower-woman was not wont to be in the wrong;—in the pantry was the holy man discovered,—at his devotions.

"*Pax vobiscum!*" said Father Francis, as he entered the chamber of death.

"*Vita brevis!*" returned Doctor Butts:—he was not a man to be browbeat out of his Latin,—and by a paltry friar Minim, too. Had it been a Bishop, indeed,—or even a mitred Abbot;—but a miserable Franciscan!

"*Benedicite!*" said the friar.

"*Ars longa!*" retorted the leech.

Doctor Butts adjusted the tassels of his falling band, drew his short sad-coloured cloak closer around him, and, grasping his cross-handled walking-staff, stalked majestically out of the apartment.—Father Francis had the field to himself.

The worthy chaplain hastened to administer the last rites of the church. To all appearance he had little time to lose: as he concluded, the dismal toll of the Passing-Bell sounded from the belfry tower; little Hubert, the bandy-legged Sacristan, was pulling with all his might.—It was a capital contrivance that same Passing-Bell.

—which of the Urbans or Innocents invented it, is a query ; but, whoever it was, he deserved well of his country and of Christendom.

Ah ! our ancestors were not such fools, after all, as we, their degenerate children, conceit them to have been. The Passing-Bell ! a most solemn warning to imps of every description, is not to be regarded with impunity : the most impudent *Succubus* of them all dare as well dip his claws in holy water as come within the verge of its sound. Old Nick himself, if he sets any value at all upon his tail, had best convey himself clean out of hearing, and leave the way open to Paradise.—Little Hubert continued pulling with all his might, and St. Peter began to look out for a customer.

The knell seemed to have some effect even upon the Lady Rohesia : she raised her head slightly ; inarticulate sounds issued from her lips,—inarticulate, that is, to the profane ears of the laity. Those of Father Francis indeed were sharper ; nothing, as he averred, could be more distinct than the words “A thousand marks to the priory of St. Mary Rouncival.” Now the Lady Rohesia Ingoldsby had brought her husband broad lands and large possessions : much of her ample dowry, too, was at her own disposal, and nuncupative wills had not yet been abolished by Act of Parliament.

“Pious soul!” ejaculated Father Francis. “A thousand marks, she said—”

“If she did, I’ll be shot!” said Sir Guy de Montgomeri.

“—A thousand marks!” continued the confessor, fixing his cold grey eye upon the knight, as he went on, heedless of the interruption;—“a thousand marks ! and as many *Aves* and *Paters* shall be duly said—as soon as the money is paid.”

Sir Guy shrank from the monk’s gaze ; he turned to the window, and muttered to himself something that sounded like “Don’t you wish you may get it?”

\* \* \* \* \*

The bell continued to toll. Father Francis had quitted the room, taking with him the remains of the holy oil he had been using for Extreme Unction. Everard Ingoldsby waited on him down stairs.

“A thousand thanks !” said the latter.

“A thousand marks !” said the friar.

“A thousand devils !” growled Sir Guy de Montgomeri from the top of the landing-place.

But his accents fell unheeded : his brother-in-law and the friar were gone ; he was left alone with his departing lady and Beatrice Grey.

Sir Guy de Montgomeri stood pensively at the foot of the bed : his arms were crossed upon his bosom, his chin was sunk upon his breast ; his eyes were filled with tears ; the dim rays of the fading watch-light gave a darker shade to the furrows on his brow, and a brighter tint to the little bald patch on the top of his head,—for Sir Guy was a middle-aged gentleman, tall and portly withal, with a slight bend in his shoulders, but that not much : his complexion was somewhat florid, especially about the nose ; but his lady was *in extremis*, and at this particular moment he was paler than usual.

“Bim bome !” went the bell.—The knight groaned audibly ; Beatrice Grey wiped her eye with her little square apron of lace de Malines : there was a moment’s pause,—a moment of intense affliction ; she let it fall,—all but one corner, which remained between her finger and thumb.—She looked at Sir Guy ; drew the thumb and forefinger of

her other hand slowly along its border, till they reached the opposite extremity—She sobbed aloud: “So kind a lady!” said Beatrice Grey.—“So excellent a wife!” responded Sir Guy.—“So good!” said the damsel.—“So dear!” said the knight.—“So pious!” said she.—“So humble!” said he.—“So good to the poor!”—“So capital a manager!”—“So punctual at matins!”—“Dinner dished to a moment!”—“So devout!” said Beatrice.—“So fond of me!” said Sir Guy.—“And of Father Francis!”—“What the devil do you mean by that?” said Sir Guy de Montgomeri. \* \* \*

The knight and the maiden had rung their antiphonic changes on the fine qualities of the departing lady, like the *Strophe* and *Antistrophe* of a Greek play. The cardinal virtues once disposed of, her minor excellencies came under review:—She would drown a witch, drink lambswool at Christmas, beg Dominie Dumps’s boys a holiday, and dine upon sprats on Good Friday!—A low moan from the subject of these eulogies would intimate that the enumeration of her good deeds was not altogether lost on her,—that the parting spirit felt and rejoiced in the testimony.

“She was too good for earth!” continued Sir Guy.

“Ye—Ye—Yes!” sobbed Beatrice.

“I did not deserve her!” said the Knight.

“No-o-o-o!” cried the damsel.

“Not but that I made her an excellent husband, and a kind; but she is going, and—and—where, or when, or how—shall I get such another?”

“Not in broad England,—not in the whole wide world!” responded Beatrice Grey; “that is, not *just* such another!”—Her voice still faltered, but her accents on the whole were more articulate; she dropped the corner of her apron, and had recourse to her handkerchief; in fact, her eyes were getting red,—and so was the tip of her nose.

Sir Guy was silent; he gazed for a few moments steadfastly on the face of his lady. The single word “Another!” fell from his lips like a distant echo;—it is not often that the viewless nymph repeats more than is absolutely necessary.

“Bim! bome!” went the bell.—Bandy-legged Hubert had been tolling for half an hour;—he began to grow tired, and St. Peter fidgety.

“Beatrice Grey!” said Sir Guy de Montgomeri, “what’s to be done? what’s to become of Montgomeri Hall?—and the buttery,—and the servants? and what—what’s to become of me, Beatrice Grey?”—There was pathos in his tones; and a solemn pause succeeded. “I’ll turn Monk myself!” said Sir Guy.

“Monk!” said Beatrice.

“I’ll be a Carthusian!” repeated the knight, but in a tone less assured: he relapsed into a reverie.—Shave his head!—he did not so much mind that,—he was getting rather bald already; but, beans for dinner,—and those without butter,—and then a horse-hair shirt!

The knight seemed undecided: his eye roamed gloomily round the apartment, paused upon different objects, but as if it saw them not; its sense was shut, and there was no speculation in its glance: it rested at last upon the fair face of the sympathizing damsel at his side, beautiful in her grief.

Her tears had ceased; but her eyes were cast down, and mournfully fixed upon her delicate little foot, which was beating the devil’s tattoo.

There is no talking to a female when she does not look at you. Sir Guy turned round,—he seated himself on the edge of the bed, and, placing his hand beneath the chin of the lady, turned up her face in an angle of fifteen degrees.

"I don't think I shall take the vows, Beatrice; but what's to become of me? Poor, miserable, old,—that is, poor, middle-aged man that I am!—No one to comfort, no one to care for me!"—Beatrice's tears flowed afresh, but she opened not her lips. "'Pon my life!" continued he, "I don't believe there is a creature now would care a button if I were hanged to-morrow!"

"Oh! don't say so, Sir Guy!" sighed Beatrice; "you know there's—there's Master Everard, and—and Father Francis—"

"Pish!" cried Sir Guy testily.

"And—and there's your favourite old bitch!"

"I am not thinking of old bitches!" said Sir Guy de Montgomeri.

Another pause ensued: the Knight had released her chin, and taken her hand;—it was a pretty little hand, with long taper fingers, and filbert-formed nails, and the softness of the palm said little for its owner's industry.

"Sit down, my dear Beatrice," said the Knight thoughtfully; "you must be fatigued with your long watching; take a seat, my child."—Sir Guy did not relinquish her hand; but he sidled along the counterpane, and made room for his companion between himself and the bed-post.

Now this is a very awkward position for two people to be placed in, especially when the right hand of the one holds the right hand of the other: in such an attitude, what the deuce can the gentleman do with his left? Sir Guy closed his till it became an absolute fist, and his knuckles rested on the bed a little in the rear of his companion.

"Another!" repeated Sir Guy, musing; "if indeed I could find such another!" He was talking to his thought, but Beatrice Grey answered him.

"There's Madam Fitzfoozle!"

"A frump!" said Sir Guy.

"Or the Lady Bumbarton."

"With her hump!" muttered he.

"There's the Dowager—"

"Stop—stop!" said the knight, "stop one moment!"—He paused; he was all on the tremble; something seemed rising in his throat, but he gave a great gulp, and swallowed it. "Beatrice," said he, "what think you of—" his voice sank into a most seductive softness,—"what think you of—Beatrice Grey?"

The murder was out:—the Knight felt infinitely relieved; the knuckles of his left hand unclosed spontaneously, and the arm he had felt such a difficulty in disposing of, found itself, nobody knows how, all at once encircling the jimp waist of the pretty Beatrice.

The young lady's reply was expressed in three syllables. They were,—“Oh, Sir Guy!”—The words might be somewhat indefinite, but there was no mistaking the look. Their eyes met; Sir Guy's left arm contracted itself spasmodically: when the eyes meet,—at least, as theirs met,—the lips are very apt to follow the example. The knight had taken one long, loving kiss—nectar and ambrosia! He thought on Doctor Butts and his *Repetatur haustus*,—a prescription Father Francis had taken infinite pains to translate for him:—he was about to repeat it, but the dose was interrupted *in transitu*.

Doubtless the adage "There is many a slip  
"Twixt the cup and the lip,"

hath reference to medicine. Sir Guy's lip was again all but in conjunction with that of his bride elect.

It has been hinted already that there was a little round polished patch on the summit of the knight's *pericranium*, from which his locks had gradually receded; a sort of *oasis*,—or rather a *Mont Blanc* in miniature, rising above the highest point of vegetation. It was on this little spot, undefended alike by Art and Nature, that at this interesting moment a blow descended, such as we must borrow a term from the Sister Island adequately to describe,—it was a "Whack!"

Sir Guy started upon his feet; Beatrice Grey started upon hers; but a single glance to the rear reversed her position,—she fell upon her knees and screamed.

The Knight, too, wheeled about, and beheld a sight which might have turned a bolder man to stone.—It was She!—the all but defunct Rohesia,—there she sat, bolt upright! Her eyes no longer glazed with the film of impending dissolution, but scintillating like flint and steel; while in her hand she grasped the bed-staff,—a weapon of mickle might, as her husband's bloody coxcomb could now well testify. Words were yet wanting, for the quinsey, which her rage had broken, still impeded her utterance; but the strength and rapidity of her guttural intonations augured well for her future eloquence.

Sir Guy de Montgomeri stood for a while like a man distraught; this resurrection—for such it seemed—had quite overpowered him. "A husband oftentimes makes the best physician," says the proverb; he was a living personification of its truth. Still it was whispered he had been content with Doctor Butts, but his lady was restored to bless him for many years.—Heavens, what a life he led!

The Lady Rohesia mended apace; her quinsey was cured; the bell was stopped, and little Hubert, the Sacristan, kicked out of the chapelry; St. Peter opened his wicket, and looked out.—There was nobody there;—so he flung to the gate in a passion, and went back to his lodge, grumbling at being hoaxed by a runaway ring.

Years rolled on.—The improvement of Lady Rohesia's temper did not keep pace with that of her health; and, one fine morning, Sir Guy de Montgomeri was seen to enter the *porte cochère* of Durham House, at that time the town residence of Sir Walter Raleigh. Nothing more was ever heard of him; but a boat full of adventurers was known to have dropped down with the tide that evening to Deptford Hope, where lay the good ship, the *Darling*, commanded by Captain Keymis, who sailed next morning on the Virginia voyage.

A brass plate, some eighteen inches long, may yet be seen in Denton chancel, let into a broad slab of Bethersden marble; it represents a lady kneeling, in her wimple and hood; her hands are clasped in prayer, and beneath is an inscription in the characters of the age,

"Prate for y<sup>e</sup> soule of y<sup>e</sup> Ladye Royse,  
And for alle Christen sowles!"

The date is illegible; but it appears that she lived at least till Elizabeth's time, and that the dissolution of monasteries had lost St. Mary Rouncival her thousand marks.—As for Beatrice Grey, it is well known that she was living in 1588, and then had virginity enough left to be a Maid of Honour to "good Queen Bess."



## FAMILY STORIES.—No. IX. THE NURSE'S STORY.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

## THE HAND OF GLORY.

“Malefica quædam auguriatrix in Angliâ fuit, quam demones horribiliter extraxerunt, et imponentes super equum terribilem, per aera rapuerunt. Clamoresque terribiles (ut ferunt) per quatuor fermè miliaria audiebantur.”

*Nuremb. Chron.*

ON the lone bleak moor,  
At the midnight hour,  
Beneath the Gallows Tree,  
Hand in hand  
The Murderers stand  
By one, by two, by three!  
And the Moon that night  
With a grey, cold light  
Each baleful object tips;  
One half of her form  
Is seen through the storm,  
The other half's hid in Eclipse!  
And the cold Wind howls,  
And the Thunder growls,  
And the Lightning is broad and bright;  
And altogether  
It's very bad weather,  
And an unpleasant sort of a Night.

“Now mount who list,  
And close by the wrist  
Sever me quickly the Dead Man's fist!—  
Now climb who dare  
Where he swings in air,  
And pluck me five locks of the Dead Man's hair!”

\* \* \* \* \*

There's an Old Woman dwells upon Tappington Moor,  
She hath years on her back at the least fourscore,  
And some people fancy a great many more;

Her nose it is hook'd,  
Her back it is crook'd,  
Her eyes blear and red;  
On the top of her head  
Is a mutch, and on that  
A shocking bad hat,

Extinguisher-shaped, the brim narrow and flat:  
Then, My Gracious! her beard!—it would sadly perplex  
A spectator at first to distinguish her sex;  
Nor, I'll venture to say, without scrutiny cou'd he  
Pronounce her, off-handed, a Punch or a Judy.  
Did you see her, in short, that mud-hovel within,  
With her knees to her nose, and her nose to her chin,  
Leering up with that queer, indescribable grin,  
You'd lift up your hands in amazement, and cry,  
“—Well! I never *did* see such a regular Guy!”

And now before  
That Old Woman's door,

Where nought that's good may be,  
 Hand in hand  
 The Murderers stand,  
 By one, by two, by three !

Oh ! 'tis a horrible sight to view  
 In that horrible hovel that horrible crew,  
 By the pale blue glare of that flickering flame,  
 Doing the deed that hath never a name !

'Tis awful to hear  
 Those words of fear !

The pray'r mutter'd backwards, and said with a sneer !  
 (Matthew Hopkins himself has assured us that when  
 A Witch says her pray'rs, she begins with Amen)—

'Tis awful to see  
 On that Old Woman's knee

The dead, shrivell'd hand, as she clasps it with glee !

And now, with care,  
 The five locks of hair

From the skull of the Gentleman dangling up there,

With the grease and the fat  
 Of a black Tom Cat  
 She hastens to mix,

And to twist into wicks,

And one on the thumb, and each finger to fix.—

(For another receipt the same charm to prepare,  
 Consult Mr. Ainsworth\* and *Petit Albert*.)

“Now open lock  
 To the Dead Man's knock !

Fly bolt, and bar, and band !

Nor move, nor swerve,  
 Joint, muscle, or nerve,

At the spell of the Dead Man's hand !

Sleep all who sleep !—Wake all who wake !—

But be as the Dead for the Dead Man's sake ! !”

\* \* \* \* \*

All is silent ! all is still

Save the ceaseless moan of the bubbling rill

As it wells from the bosom of Tappington Hill ;

And in Tappington Hall

Great and Small,

Gentle and Simple, Squire and Groom,

Each one hath sought his separate room,

And Sleep her dun mantle hath o'er them cast,

For the midnight hour hath long been past !

All is darksome in earth and sky,

Save, from yon casement narrow and high,

A quivering beam

On the tiny stream

Plays, like some taper's fitful gleam

By one that is watching wearily.

Within that casement narrow and high,

In his secret lair, where none may spy,

Sits one whose brow is wrinkled with care,

\* Vide Rookwood, the most spirited and original Romance of the day ; Standard Novels, vol. lx, page 16.



And the thin grey locks of his failing hair  
 Have left his little bald pate all bare ;  
     For his full-bottom'd wig  
     Hangs bushy and big  
 On the top of his old-fashioned, high-backed chair.  
     Unbraced are his clothes,  
     Ungarter'd his hose,  
 His gown is bedizened with tulip and rose,  
 Flowers of remarkable size and hue,  
 Flowers such as Eden never knew ;  
 And there, by many a sparkling heap  
     Of the good red gold,  
     The tale is told,  
 What powerful spell avails to keep  
 That care-worn man from his needful sleep.

Haply, he deems no eye can see  
 As he gloats on his treasure greedily,—  
     The shining store  
     Of glittering ore,  
 The fair Rose-Noble, the bright Moidore,  
 And the broad Double Joe from ayont the sea,—  
 But there's one that watches as well as he ;  
     For, wakeful and sly,  
     In a closet hard by,  
 On his truckle-bed lieth a little Foot-page,  
 A boy who's uncommonly sharp of his age,  
     Like young Master Horner,  
     Who erst in a corner  
     Sat eating a Christmas pye ;  
 And, while that old Gentleman's counting his hoards,  
 Little Hugh peeps through a crack in the boards.

\*        \*        \*        \*

There's a voice in the air,  
 There's a step on the stair,  
 The old man starts in his cane-backed chair ;  
     At the first faint sound  
     He gazes around,  
 And holds up his dip of sixteen to the pound.  
     Then half arose  
     From beside his toes  
 His little pug-dog with his little pug nose,  
 But, ere he can vent one inquisitive sniff,  
 'That little pug dog stands stark and stiff,  
     For low, yet clear,  
     Now fall on the ear,  
 —Where once pronounced for ever they dwell—  
 The unholy words of the Dead Man's spell !

“Open lock  
 To the Dead Man's knock !  
 Fly bolt, and bar, and band !  
     Nor move, nor swerve,  
     Joint, muscle, or nerve,  
 At the spell of the Dead Man's hand !  
 Sleep all who sleep !—Wake all who wake !—  
 But be as the Dead for the Dead Man's sake ! !”

Now lock, nor bolt, nor bar avails,  
 Nor stout oak panel thick-studded with nails.

Heavy and harsh the hinges creak,  
 Though they had been oil'd in the course of the week;  
 The door opens wide as wide may be,  
     And there they stand,  
     That murderous band,  
 Led by the light of the GLORIOUS HAND,  
     By one, by two, by three!

They have pass'd through the porch, they have pass'd through the hall,  
 Where the Porter sat snoring against the wall;

    The very snore froze  
     In his very snub nose,  
 You 'd have verily deem'd he had snored his last  
 When the GLORIOUS HAND by the side of him past!  
 E'en the little wee mouse, as it ran o'er the mat  
 At the top of its speed to escape from the cat,  
     Though half dead with affright,  
     Paus'd in its flight;  
 And the cat, that was chasing that little wee thing,  
 Lay crouch'd as a Statue in act to spring!

    And now they are there,  
     On the head of the stair,  
 And the long crooked whittle is gleaming and bare!  
 —I really don't think any money would bribe  
 Me the horrible scene that ensued to describe,  
     Or the wild, wild glare  
     Of that old man's eye,  
     His dumb despair  
     And deep agony.

The kid from the pen, and the lamb from the fold,  
 Unmov'd may the blade of the butcher behold;  
 They dream not—ah, happier they!—that the knife,  
 Though uplifted, can menace their innocent life:  
 It falls; the frail thread of their being is riven,  
 Yet they dread not, suspect not the blow till 'tis given.  
 But, oh! what a thing 'tis to see and to know  
 That the bare knife is rais'd in the hand of the foe,  
 Without hope to repel or to ward off the blow!  
 Enough! let's pass over as fast as we can  
 The fate of that grey, that unhappy old man!

    But fancy poor Hugh,  
     Aghast at the view,  
 Pow'rless alike to speak or to do!  
     In vain doth he try  
     To open the eye

That is shut, or close that which is clapt to the chink,  
 Though he'd give all the world to be able to wink!  
 No!—for all that this world can give or refuse,  
 I would not be now in that little boy's shoes,  
 Or indeed any garment at all that is Hugh's!  
 'Tis lucky for him that the chink in the wall  
 He has peep'd through so long, is so narrow and small!

    Wailing voices, sounds of woe  
     Such as follow departing friends,  
 That fatal night round Tappington go,  
     Its long-drawn roofs and its gable-ends;

Ethereal Spirits, gentle and good,  
Aye weep and lament o'er a deed of blood.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis early dawn—the morn is grey,  
And the clouds and the tempest have pass'd away,  
And all things betoken a very fine day;  
But, while the Lark her carol is singing,  
Shrieks and screams are through Tappington ringing !  
Upstarting all,  
Great and Small,  
Each one who's found within Tappington Hall,  
Gentle or Simple, Squire or Groom,  
All seek at once that old Gentleman's room ;  
And there on the floor,  
Drench'd in its gore,  
A ghastly corpse lies expos'd to the view,  
Carotid and jugular both cut through ;  
And there by its side,  
'Mid the crimson tide,  
Kneels a little Foot-page of tenderest years ;  
Adown his pale cheek the fast-falling tears  
Are coursing each other round and big,  
And he's staunching the blood with a full-bottom'd wig !  
Alas ! and alack for his staunching ! 'tis plain,  
As anatomists tell us, that never again  
Shall life revisit the foully slain,  
When once they've been cut through the jugular vein !

\* \* \* \* \*

There's a hue and a cry through the County of Kent,  
And in chase of the cut-throats a Constable's sent,  
But no one can tell the man which way they went.  
There's a little Foot-page with that Constable goes,  
And a little pug-dog with a little pug nose.

In Rochester town,  
At the sign of the Crown,  
Three shabby-genteel men are just sitting down  
To a fat stubble-geese, with potatoes done brown,  
When a little Foot-page  
Rushes in, in a rage,  
Upsetting the apple-sauce, onions, and sage.  
That little Foot-page takes the first by the throat,  
And a little pug-dog takes the next by the coat,  
And a Constable seizes the one more remote ;  
And fair rose-nobles, and broad moidores,  
The Waiter pulls out of their pockets by scores,  
And the Boots and the Chambermaids run in and stare ;  
And the Constable says, with a dignified air,  
"You're *wanted*, Gen'lemen, one and all,  
For that 'ere precious lark upon Tappington Hall!"

There's a black gibbet frowns upon Tappington Moor,  
Where a former black gibbet has frown'd before ;  
It is as black as black may be,  
And murderers there  
Are dangling in air,  
By one, by two, by three !

There's a horrid old Hag in a steeple-crown'd hat,  
Round her neck they have tied to a hempen cravat  
A Dead Man's hand, and a dead Tom Cat.

They have tied up her thumbs, they have tied up her toes,  
 They have tied up her eyes, they have tied up her limbs,  
 Into Tappington mill-dam souse she goes,  
 With a whoop and a halloo !—"She swims !—She swims !"

They have dragg'd her to land,  
 And every one's hand

Is grasping a faggot, a billet, or brand,  
 When a queer-looking horseman, drest all in black,  
 Catches up that old harridan just like a sack  
 To the crupper behind him, puts spurs to his hack,  
 Makes a dash through the crowd, and is off in a crack !

No one can tell,  
 Though they guess pretty well,  
 Which way that grim rider and old woman go,  
 For all see he's a sort of infernal Ducrow;  
 And she scream'd so, and cried,  
 We may fairly decide  
 That the old woman did not much relish her ride !

This truest of stories confirms beyond doubt  
 That truest of adages—"Murder will out !"

In vain may the Blood-spiller "double" and fly,  
 In vain even witchcraft and sorcery try :  
 Although for a time he may 'scape, by-and-by  
 He'll be sure to be caught by a Hugh and a Cry !

THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

*Tappington, Feb. 24.*

## THE DEVIL.

THE scene, like the day, was a fair :  
 The lieges were all in high spirits ;  
 The puppet-plays, pigs, and the bear,  
 Were applauded in turn for their merits.

Thimblorig, and a thousand such things,  
 Occupied the grown-up folks' attention ;  
 Roundabouts pleased the children, and swings ;  
 And all was delight beyond mention.

The only exception to this  
 Was a mountebank come from a distance ;  
 Dame Fortune to him was remiss,  
 Not a soul seemed to want his assistance.

"Walk up !" he, in agony, cried ;  
 "I bring you good news from Verona ;  
 A wonderful wonder's inside,  
 The devil in *propri' personá* !"

His platform was soon filled with folk,  
 For sixpence a-head they came slap on it ;—  
 He then drew a purse from his poke,  
 And showed them there was not a rap in it.

"Tho' you ne'er saw his worship before,  
 You'll admit, all, that this is the devil !—I—."

"The devil it is !" was the roar,  
 And they'd treated him rather uncivilly.

To his patron they fain would have sent him,  
 For their rage was fermenting "like bricks ;"  
 But he bolted, and they'd to content 'em  
 By pitching his platform to *Styx* !

INVIS. GENT.



## THE GOLDEN LEGEND.—No. I.

## A LAY OF ST. NICHOLAS.

“Statim sacerdoti apparuit diabolus in specie puellæ pulchritudinis miræ, et ecce Divus, fide catholicâ et cruce et aquâ benedictâ armatus, venit, et aspersit aquam in nomine sanctæ et individuæ Trinitatis, quam, quasi ardentem, diabolus, nequam sustinere valens, mugitibus fugit.”

ROGER HOVEDEN.

- “LORD ABBOT! Lord Abbot! I’d fain confess;  
I am a-weary, and worn with woe;  
Many a grief doth my heart oppress,  
And haunt me whithersoever I go!”
- On bended knee spake the beautiful Maid;  
“Now lithe and listen, Lord Abbot, to me!”—  
“Now naye, Fair Daughter,” the Lord Abbot said,  
“Now naye, in sooth it may hardly be;
- “There is Mess Michael, and holy Mess John,  
Sage Penitauncers I ween be they!  
And hard by doth dwell, in St. Catherine’s cell,  
Ambrose, the anchorite old and grey!”
- “Oh, I will have none of Ambrose or John,  
Though sage Penitauncers I trow they be;  
Shrive me may none save the Abbot alone.  
Now listen, Lord Abbot, I speak to thee;
- “Nor think foul scorn, though mitre adorn  
Thy brow, to listen to shrift of mine.  
I am a Maiden royally born,  
And I come of old Plantaganet’s line.
- “Though hither I stray in lowly array,  
I am a Damsel of high degree;  
And the Compte of Eu, and the Lord of Ponthieu,  
They serve my father on bended knee!
- “Counts a many, and Dukes a few,  
A suitoring came to my father’s Hall;  
But the Duke of Lorraine, with his large domain,  
He pleas’d my father beyond them all.
- “Dukes a many, and Counts a few,  
I would have wedded right cheerfulie;  
But the Duke of Lorraine was uncommonly plain,  
And I vow’d that he ne’er should my bridegroom be!
- “So hither I fly, in lowly guise,  
From their gilded domes and their princely halls;  
Fain would I dwell in some holy cell,  
Or within some Convent’s peaceful walls!”
- Then out and spake that proud Lord Abbot,  
“Now rest thee, Fair Daughter, withouten fear;  
Nor Count nor Duke but shall meet the rebuke  
Of Holy Church an he seek thee here;
- “Holy Church denieth all search  
’Midst her sanctified ewes and her saintly rams;  
And the wolves doth mock who would scathe her flock,  
Or, especially, worry her little pet lambs.
- “Then lay, Fair Daughter, thy fears aside,  
For here this day shalt thou dine with me!”—  
“Now naye, now naye,” the fair maiden cried;  
“In sooth, Lord Abbot, that scarce may be!



A Lay of St Nicholas

George Cruikshank





" Friends would whisper, and foes would frown,  
 Sith thou art a Churchman of high degree,  
 And ill mote it match with thy fair renown  
 That a wandering damsel dine with thee !

" There is Simon the Deacon hath pulse in store,  
 With beans and lettuces fair to see ;  
 His lenten fare now let me share,  
 I pray thee, Lord Abbot, in charitie !"

—" Though Simon the Deacon have pulse in store,  
 To our patron Saint foul shame it were  
 Should way-worn guest with toil oppress  
 Meet in his abbey such churlish fare.

" There is Peter the Prior, and Francis the Friar,  
 And Roger the Monk shall our convives be ;  
 Small scandal I ween shall then be seen ;  
 They are a goodly companie !"

The Abbot hath donn'd his mitre and ring,  
 His rich dalmatic, and maniple fine ;  
 And the choristers sing as the lay-brothers bring  
 To the board a magnificent turkey and chine.

The turkey and chine they were done to a nicety ;  
 Liver, and gizzard, and all were there :  
 Ne'er mote Lord Abbot pronounce *Benedicite*  
 Over more luscious or delicate fare.

But no pious stave he, no *Pater* or *Ave*,  
 Pronounced, as he gazed on that maiden's face :  
 She asked him for stuffing, she asked him for gravy,  
 And gizzard ; but never once asked him for Grace !

Then gaily the Lord Abbot smiled and prest,  
 And the blood-red wine in the wine-cup fill'd ;  
 And he help'd his guest to a bit of the breast,  
 And he sent the drumsticks down to be grill'd.

There was no lack of old Sherris sack,  
 Of Hippocras fine, or of Malmsey bright ;  
 And aye, as he drained off his cup with a smack,  
 He grew less pious and more polite.

She pledged him once, and she pledged him twice,  
 And she drank as a Lady ought not to drink ;  
 And he pressed her hand 'neath the table thrice,  
 And he winked as an Abbot ought not to wink.

And Peter the Prior, and Francis the Friar,  
 Sat each with a napkin under his chin ;  
 But Roger the Monk got excessively drunk,  
 So they put him to bed, and they lock'd him in !

The lay-brothers gaz'd on each other, amaz'd ;  
 And Simon the Deacon, with grief and surprise,  
 As he peep'd through the key-hole could scarce fancy real  
 The scene he beheld, or believe his own eyes.

In his ear was ringing the Lord Abbot singing,—  
 He could not distinguish the words very plain,  
 But 'twas all about " Cole," and " jolly old Soul,"  
 And " Fiddlers," and " Punch," and things quite as profane.

Even Porter Paul, at the sound of such revelling,  
 With fervour began himself to bless;  
 For he thought he must somehow have sure let the Devil in,—  
 And perhaps was not very much out in his guess.

The Accusing Byers flew up to Heaven's Chancery,  
 Blushing like scarlet with shame and concern;  
 The Archangel took down his tale, and in answer he  
 Wept—(See the works of the late Mr. Sterne.)

Indeed, it is said, a less taking both were in  
 When, after a lapse of a great many years,  
 They book'd Uncle Toby five shillings for swearing,  
 And blotted the fine out at once with their tears!

But St. Nicholas' agony who may paint?  
 His senses at first were well-nigh gone;  
 The beatified Saint was ready to faint  
 When he saw in his Abbey such sad goings on!

For never, I ween, had such doings been seen  
 There before, from the time that most excellent Prince,  
 Earl Baldwin of Flanders, and other Commanders,  
 Had built and endow'd it some centuries since.

—But, hark!—'tis a sound from the outermost gate!  
 A startling sound from a powerful blow.  
 Who knocks so late?—it is half after eight  
 By the clock, and the clock's five minutes too slow.

Never, perhaps, had such loud double-raps  
 Been heard in St. Nicholas' Abbey before;  
 All agreed "it was shocking to keep people knocking,"  
 But none seem'd inclined to "answer the door."

Now a louder bang through the cloisters rang,  
 And the gate on its hinges wide open flew;  
 And all were aware of a Palmer there,  
 With his cockle, hat, staff, and his sandal shoe.

Many a furrow, and many a frown,  
 By toil and time on his brow were traced;  
 And his long loose gown was of ginger brown,  
 And his rosary dangled below his waist.

Now seldom, I ween, is such costume seen,  
 Except at stage-play or masquerade;  
 But who doth not know it was rather the go  
 With Pilgrims and Saints in the second Crusade?

With noiseless stride did that Palmer glide  
 Across the oaken floor;  
 And he made them all jump, he gave such a thump  
 Against the Refectory door!

Wide open it flew, and plain to the view  
 The Lord Abbot they all mote see;  
 In his hand was a cup, and he lifted it up,  
 "Here's the Pope's good health with three!!"

Rang in their ears three deafening cheers,  
 "Huzza! huzza! huzza!"  
 And one of the party said, "Go it, my hearty!"  
 When out spake that Pilgrim grey—

"A boon, Lord Abbot ! a boon ! a boon !  
Worn is my foot, and empty my scrip ;  
And nothing to speak of since yesterday noon  
Of food, Lord Abbot, hath passed my lip.

"And I am come from a far countree,  
And have visited many a holy shrine ;  
And long have I trod the sacred sod  
Where the Saints do rest in Palestine !" —

"An thou art come from a far countree,  
And if thou in Paynim lands hast been,  
Now rede me aright the most wonderful sight,  
Thou Palmer grey, that thine eyes have seen.

"Arede me aright the most wonderful sight,  
Grey Palmer, that ever thine eyes did see,  
And a manchette of bread, and a good warm bed,  
And a cup o' the best shall thy guerdon be !" —

"Oh ! I have been east, and I have been west,  
And I have seen many a wonderful sight ;  
But never to me did it happen to see  
A wonder like that which I see this night !

"To see a Lord Abbot in rochet and stole,  
With Prior and Friar,—a strange mar-velle !—  
O'er a jolly full bowl, sitting cheek by jowl,  
And hob-nobb'ng away with a Devil from Hell !"

He felt in his gown of ginger brown,  
And he pull'd out a flask from beneath ;  
It was rather tough work to get out the cork,  
But he drew it at last with his teeth.

O'er a pint and a quarter of holy water  
He made the sacred sign ;  
And he dash'd the whole on the *soi-disante* daughter  
Of old Plantagenet's line !

Oh ! then did she reek, and squeak, and shriek,  
With a wild unearthly scream ;  
And fizzled and hiss'd, and produced such a mist,  
They were all half-chok'd by the steam.

Her dove-like eyes turn'd to coals of fire,  
Her beautiful nose to a horrible snout,  
Her hands to paws with nasty great claws,  
And her bosom went in, and her tail came out.

On her chin there appear'd a long Nanny-goat's beard,  
And her tusks and her teeth no man mote tell ;  
And her horns and her hoofs gave infallible proofs  
"T was a frightful Fiend from the nethermost Hell !

The Palmer threw down his ginger gown,  
His hat and his cockle ; and, plain to sight,  
Stood St. Nicholas' self, and his shaven crown  
Had a glow-worm halo of heav'nly light.

The Fiend made a grasp, the Abbot to clasp ;  
But St. Nicholas lifted his holy toe,  
And, just in the nick, let fly such a kick  
On his elderly Namesake, he made him let go.

And out of the window he flew like a shot,  
 For the foot flew up with a terrible thwack,  
 And caught the foul demon about the spot  
 Where his tail joins on to the small of his back.

And he bounded away, like a foot-ball at play,  
 Till into the bottomless pit he fell slap,  
 Knocking Mammon the meagre o'er pury Beephglor,  
 And Lucifer into Beëlzebub's lap.

Oh ! happy the slip from his Succubine grip,  
 That saved the Lord Abbot, though, breathless with fright,  
 In escaping he tumbled, and fractured his hip,  
 And his left leg was shorter thenceforth than his right !

\* \* \* \* \*

On the banks of the Rhine, as he's stopping to dine,  
 From a certain Inn-window the traveller is shown  
 Some picturesque ruins, the scene of these doings,  
 A few miles up the river, south-east of Cologne.

And, while "*saur kraut*" she sells you, the Landlady tells you  
 That there, in those walls, now all roofless and bare,  
 One Simon, a Deacon, from a lean grew a sleek one,  
 On filling a *çi-devant* Abbot's state chair.

How a *çi-devant* Abbot, all clothed in drab, but  
 Of texture the coarsest, hair shirt, and no shoes,  
 (His mitre and ring, and all that sort of thing  
 Laid aside,) in yon Cave liv'd a pious recluse ;

How he rose with the sun, limping "dot and go one"  
 To yon rill of the mountain, in all sorts of weather,  
 Where a Prior and a Friar, who liv'd somewhat higher  
 Up the rock, used to come and eat cresses together ;

How a thirsty old codger the neighbours call'd Roger,  
 With them drank cold water in lieu of old wine !  
 What its quality wanted he made up in quantity,  
 Swigging as though he'd fain empty the Rhine !

And how, as their bodily strength fail'd, the mental man  
 Gain'd tenfold vigour and force in all four :  
 And how, to the day of their death, the "Old Gentleman"  
 Never attempted to kidnap them more.

And how, when at length in the odour of sanctity,  
 All of them died without grief or complaint ;  
 The Monks of St. Nicholas said 'twas ridiculous  
 Not to suppose every one was a Saint.

And how, in the Abbey no one was so shabby  
 As not to say yearly four masses a head,  
 On the eve of that supper, and kick on the crupper  
 Which Satan received, for the souls of the dead !

How folks long held in reverence their reliques and memories,  
 How the *çi-devant* Abbot's obtained greater still,  
 When some cripples, on touching his fractured *os femoris*,  
 Threw down their crutches, and danced a quadrille.

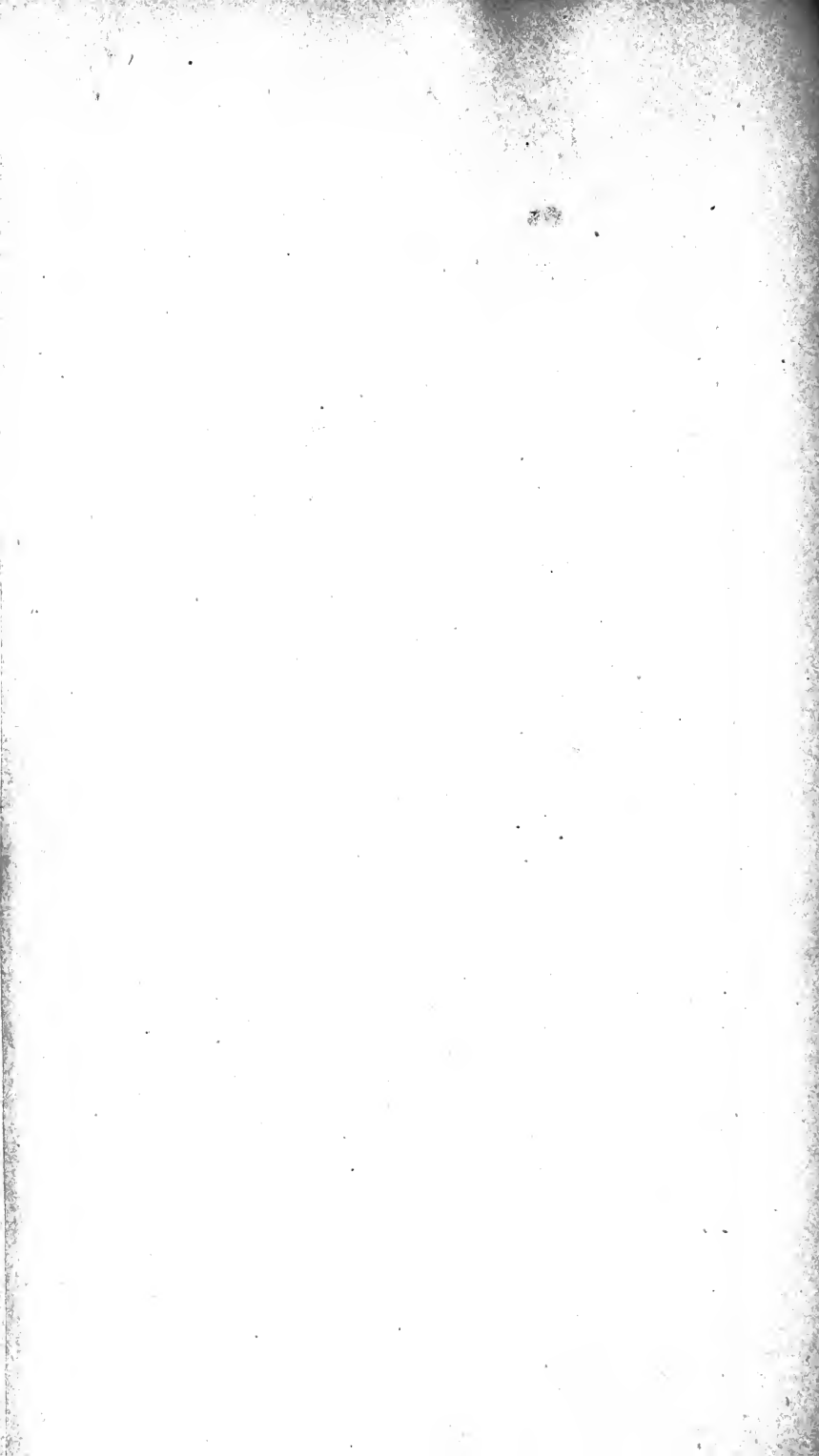
And how Abbot Simon, (who turn'd out a prime one,)  
 These words, which grew into a proverb full soon,  
 O'er the late Abbot's grotto, stuck up as a motto,  
 "Who suppes wuth the Deuþlle sholde haue a long spoone !!"

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### THE FORLORN ONE.

AH ! why those piteous sounds of woe,  
Lone Wanderer of the dreary night ?  
Thy gushing tears in torrents flow,  
Thy bosom pants in wild affright !  
And Thou, within whose iron breast  
Those frowns austere too truly tell  
Mild Pity, heaven-descended guest,  
Hath never, never deign'd to dwell,  
That rude, uncivil touch forego,  
Stern despot of a fleeting hour !  
Nor " make the angels weep " to know  
The fond " fantastic tricks " of power !  
Know'st thou not " mercy is not strain'd,  
But droppeth as the gentle dew,"  
And while it blesseth him who gain'd,  
It blesseth him who gave it too ?  
Say what art thou ?—and what is he,  
Pale victim of despair and pain,  
Whose streaming eyes and bended knee  
Sue to thee thus—and sue in vain ?  
Cold, callous man !—he scorns to yield,  
Or aught relax his felon gripe,  
But answers,—“ I 'm Inspector Field !—  
And this here Warmint 's prigg'd your wipe !”

T. I.



MR. BARNEY MAGUIRE'S HISTORY OF THE CORONATION.

Air—" *The Groves of Blarney.*"

Och ! the Coronation ! what celebration  
For emulation can with it compare ?  
When to Westminster the Royal Spinster,  
And the Duke of Leinster, all in order did repair !  
'Twas there you 'd see the New Polishemen  
Making a skrimmage at half after four,  
And the Lords and Ladies, and the Miss O'Gradys  
All standing round, before the Abbey door.

Their pillows scorning, that self-same morning,  
Themselves adorning, all by the candle light,  
With roses and lilies, and daffy-down-dillies,  
And gould, and jewels, and rich di'monds bright.  
And then approaches five hundred coaches,  
With Giniral Dullbeak.—Och ! 'twas mighty fine  
To see how asy bould Corporal Casey,  
With his sword drawn, prancing, made them kape the line.

Then the Guns alarums, and the King of Arums,  
All in his Garters and his Clarence shoes,  
Opening the massy doors to the bould Ambassydors,  
The Prince of Potboys, and great Haythen Jews ;  
'Twould have made you crazy to see Esterhazy  
All jew'ls from jasey to his di'mond boots,  
With Alderman Harmer, and that swate charmer,  
The famale heiress, Miss Anjā-ly Coutts.

And Wellington walking with his sword drawn, talking  
To Hill and Hardinge, haroes of great fame ;  
And Sir De Lacey, and the Duke Dalmasey,  
(They call'd him Sowlt afore he changed his name,)  
Themselves presading Lord Melbourne lading  
The Queen, the darling, to her Royal chair,  
And that fine ould fellow, the Duke of Pell-Mello,  
The Queen of Portingal's Chargy-de-fair.

Then the Noble Prussians, likewise the Russians,  
In fine laced jackets with their goulden cuffs,  
And the Bavarians, and the proud Hungarians,  
And Everythingarians all in furs and muffs.  
Then Misthur Spaker, with Misthur Pays the Quaker,  
All in the Gallery you might persave,  
But Lord Brougham was missing, and gone a fishing,  
Ounly crass Lord Essex would not give him lave.

There was Baron Alten himself exalting,  
 And Prince Von Swartzenburg, and many more,  
 Och ! I 'd be bother'd and entirely smother'd  
 To tell the half of 'em was to the fore ;  
 With the swate Peeresses, in their crowns and dresses,  
 And Aldermanesses, and the Boord of Works ;  
 But Mehemet Ali said, quite gintaly,  
 " I 'd be proud to see the likes among the Turks ! "

Then the Queen, Heaven bless her ! och ! they did dress her  
 In her purple garaments, and her goulden Crown ;  
 Like Venus or Hebe, or the Queen of Sheby,  
 With six young Ladies houlding up her gown.  
 Sure 'twas grand to see her, also for to he-ar  
 The big drums bating, and the trumpets blow,  
 And Sir George Smart ! Oh ! he play'd a Consarto,  
 With his four-and-twenty fidders all on a row !

Then the Lord Archbishop held a goulden dish up,  
 For to resave her bounty and great wealth,  
 Saying " Plase your Glory, great Queen Vict-ory !  
 Ye 'll give the Clargy lave to dhrink your health ! "  
 Then his Riverence, retrating, discoorsed the mating,  
 " Boys ! Here's your Queen ! deny it if you can !  
 And if any bould traitour, or infarior craythur  
 Sneezes at that, I 'd like to see the man ! "

Then the Nobles kneeling to the Pow'r's appealing,  
 " Heaven send your Majesty a glorious reign ! "  
 And Sir Claudius Hunter he did confront her,  
 All in his scarlet gown and goulden chain.  
 The great Lord May'r too sat in his chair too,  
 But mighty sarious, looking fit to cry,  
 For the Earl of Surrey, all in his hurry  
 Throwing the thirteens, hit him in the eye.

Then there was preaching, and good store of speeching,  
 With Dukes and Marquises on bended knee ;  
 And they did splash her with the raal Macasshur,  
 And the Queen said, " Ah ! then, thank ye all for me ! "  
 Then the trumpets braying, and the organ playing,  
 And sweet trombones with their silver tones,  
 But Lord Rolle was rolling ;—'twas mighty consoling,  
 To think his Lordship did not break his bones.

Then the Crames and the Custards, and the Beef and Mustard,  
 All on the tombstones like a poultherer's shop,  
 With Lobsters and White-bait, and other Swate-meats,  
 And Wine, and Nagus, and Imparial Pop !  
 There was Cakes and Apples in all the Chapels,  
 With fine Polonies, and rich mellow Pears,  
 Och ! the Count Von Strogonoff, sure he got prog enough,  
 The sly ould Divil, underneath the stairs.

Then the cannons thunder'd, and the people wonder'd,  
 Crying, " God save Victoria, our Royal Queen ! "  
 Och ! if myself should live to be a hundred,  
 Sure it's the proudest day that I'll have seen !  
 And now I've ended, what I pretended,  
 This narration splendid in swate poe-thry,  
 So, ye dear bewitcher, just hand the pitcher,  
 Faith, it's myself that's getting mighty dhry !







*Drumhead's Story, or, the Whiskies' Protest.*

## FAMILY STORIES. No. X.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

## GRANDPAPA'S STORY—THE WITCHES' FROLIC.

[Scene, the "Snuggery" at Tappington.—Grandpapa in a high-backed, cane-bottomed elbow-chair of carved walnut-tree, dozing; his nose at an angle of forty-five degrees,—his thumbs slowly perform the rotatory motion described by lexicographers as "twiddling."—The "Hope of the family" astride on a walking-stick, with burnt-cork moustachios, and a pheasant's tail pinned in his cap, solaceth himself with martial music.—Roused by a strain of surpassing dissonance, Grandpapa *loquitur*.]

COME hither, come hither, my little boy, Ned !

Come hither unto my knee—

I cannot away with that horrible din,  
That sixpenny drum, and that trumpet of tin.

Oh, better to wander frank and free  
Through the Fair of good Saint Bartlemy,  
Than list to such awful minstrelsie.

Now lay, little Ned, those nuisances by,  
And I'll rede ye a lay of Grammarye.

[Grandpapa riseth, yawneth like the crater of an extinct volcano, proceedeth slowly to the window, and apostrophizeth the Abbey in the distance.]

I love thy tower, Grey Ruin,

I joy thy form to see,

Though rest of all,

Cell, cloister, and hall,

Nothing is left save a tottering wall,  
That, awfully grand and darkly dull,  
Threaten'd to fall and demolish my skull,  
As, ages ago, I wander'd along  
Careless thy grass-grown courts among,  
In sky-blue jacket and trowsers laced,  
The latter uncommonly short in the waist.

Thou art dearer to me, thou Ruin\*grey,  
Than the Squire's verandah over the way,

And fairer, I ween,

The ivy sheen

That thy mouldering turret binds,  
Than the Alderman's house about half a mile off,  
With the green Venetian blinds.

Full many a tale would my Grandam tell,

In many a bygone day,

Of darksome deeds, which of old befell

In thee, thou Ruin grey !

And I the readiest ear would lend,

And stare like frighten'd pig ;

While my Grandfather's hair would have stood up an end,

Had he not worn a wig.

One tale I remember of mickle dread—

Now lithe and listen, my little boy, Ned !

\* \* \* \* \*

Thou mayest have read, my little boy Ned,  
 Though thy mother thine idlesse blames,  
 In Doctor Goldsmith's history book,  
 Of a gentleman called King James,  
 In quilted doublet, and great trunk breeches,  
 Who held in abhorrence tobacco and witches.

Well,—in King James's golden days,—  
 For the days were golden then,—  
 They could not be less, for good Queen Bess  
 Had died aged threescore and ten,  
 And her days, we know,  
 Were all of them so ;

While the Court poets sung, and the Court gallants swore  
 That the days were as golden still as before.

Some people, 'tis true, a troublesome few,  
 Who historical points would unsettle,  
 Have lately thrown out a sort of a doubt  
 Of the genuine ring of the metal ;  
 But who can believe to a monarch so wise  
 People would dare tell a parcel of lies ?

—Well, then, in good King James's days,  
 Golden or not does not matter a jot,  
 Yon ruin a sort of a roof had got ;  
 For, though repairs lacking, its walls had been cracking  
 Since Harry the Eighth sent its friars a-packing.

Though joists and floors,  
 And windows and doors,  
 Had all disappear'd, yet pillars by scores  
 Remain'd, and still propp'd up a ceiling or two ;  
 While the belfry was almost as good as new ;  
 You are not to suppose matters look'd just so  
 In the Ruin some two hundred years ago.

Just in that farthermost angle, where  
 You see the remains of a winding stair,  
 One turret especially high in air  
 Uprear'd its tall gaunt form,  
 As if defying the power of Fate, or  
 The hand of "Time the Innovator ;"  
 And though to the pitiless storm  
 Its weaker brethren all around  
 Bowing, in ruin had strew'd the ground,  
 Alone it stood, while its fellows lay strew'd,  
 Like a four-bottle man in a company "screw'd,"  
 Not firm on his legs, but by no means subdued.

One night—'twas in Sixteen hundred and six—  
 I like when I can, Ned, the date to fix,—  
 The month was May,  
 Though I can't well say

At this distance of time the particular day—  
 But oh ! that night, that horrible night !  
 Folks ever afterwards said with affright  
 That they never had seen such a terrible sight.

The Sun had gone down fery red,  
 And if that evening he laid his head  
 In Thetis's lap beneath the seas,  
 He must have scalded the goddess's knees.

He left behind him a lurid track  
Of blood-red light upon clouds so black,  
That Warren and Hunt, with the whole of their crew,  
Could scarcely have given them a darker hue.

There came a shrill and a whistling sound,  
Above, beneath, beside, and around,

Yet leaf ne'er moved on tree!  
So that some people thought old Beelzebub must  
Have been lock'd out of doors, and was blowing the dust  
From the pipe of his street-door key.

And then a hollow moaning blast  
Came sounding more dismally still than the last,  
And the lightning flash'd, and the thunder growl'd,  
And louder and louder the tempest howl'd,  
And the rain came down in such sheets as would stagger a  
Bard for a simile short of Niagara.

Rob Gilpin "was a citizen;"  
But, though of some "renown,"  
Of no great "credit" in his own,  
Or any other town.

He was a wild and roving lad,  
For ever in the alehouse boozing,  
Or romping, which is quite as bad,  
With female friends of his own choosing.

And Rob this very day had made,  
Not dreaming such a storm was brewing,  
An assignation with Miss Slade,—  
Their trysting-place this same grey Ruin.

But Gertrude Slade became afraid,  
And to keep her appointment unwilling,  
When she spied the rain on her window-pane  
In drops as big as a shilling;  
She put off her hat and her mantle again,—  
"He'll never expect me in all this rain!"

But little he recked of the fears of the sex,  
Or that maiden false to her tryst could be.  
He had stood there a good half hour  
Ere yet commenced that perilous shower,  
Alone by the trysting-tree.

Robin looks east, Robin looks west,  
But he sees not her whom he loves the best;  
Robin looks up, and Robin looks down,  
But no one comes from the neighbouring town.

The storm came at last, loud roar'd the blast,  
And the shades of evening fell thick and fast;  
The tempest grew, and the straggling yew,  
His leafy umbrella, was wet through and through.  
Rob was half dead with cold and with fright,  
When he spies in the ruins a twinkling light—  
A hop, two skips, and a jump, and straight  
Rob stands within that postern gate.

And there were gossips sitting there,  
By one, by two, by three:

Two were an old, ill-favour'd pair ;  
 But the third was young, and passing fair,  
 With laughing eyes and with coal-black hair,  
 A daintie quean was she.  
 Rob would have given his ears to sip  
 But a single salute from her cherry lip.

As they sat in that old and haunted room,  
 In each one's hand was a huge birch broom,  
 On each one's head was a steeple-crown'd hat,  
 On each one's knee was a coal-black cat ;  
 Each had a kirtle of Lincoln green—  
 It was, I trow, a fearsome scene.

" Now riddle me, riddle me right, Madge Gray,  
 What foot unhallow'd wends this way ?  
 Goody Price, Goody Price, now areed me aright,  
 Who roams the old ruins this drearysome night ?"

Then up and spake that sonsie quean,  
 And she spake both loud and clear :  
 " Oh, be it for weal or be it for woe,  
 Enter friend, or enter foe,  
 Rob Gilpin is welcome here !

" Now tread we a measure ! a hall ! a hall !  
 Now tread we a measure," quoth she—

The heart of Robin  
 Beat thick and throbbing—

" Roving Rob, tread a measure with me ?"—  
 " Aye, lassie !" quoth Rob, as her hand he gripes,  
 " Though Satan himself were blowing the pipes !"

Now around they go, and around, and around,  
 With hop-skip-and-jump, and frolicsome bound,  
 Such sailing and gliding,  
 Such sinking and sliding,  
 Such lofty curvetting,  
 And grand pirouetting ;

Ned, you would swear that Monsieur Albert  
 And Miss Taglioni were capering there !

And oh ! such awful music !—ne'er  
 Fell sounds so uncanny on mortal ear,  
 There were the tones of a dying man's groans,  
 Mix'd with the rattling of dead men's bones :  
 Had you heard the shrieks, and the squeals, and the squeaks,  
 You'd not have forgotten the sound for weeks.

And around, and around, and around they go,  
 Heel to heel, and toe to toe,  
 Prance and caper, curvet and wheel,  
 Toe to toe, and heel to heel.

" 'Tis merry, 'tis merry, Cummers, I trow,  
 To dance thus beneath the nightshade bough !"—

" Goody Price, Goody Price, now riddle me right,  
 Where may we sup this frolicsome night ?"—

" Mine Host of the Dragon hath mutton and veal !  
 The Squire hath partridge, and widgeon, and teal ;  
 But old Sir Thopas hath daintier cheer,  
 A pasty made of the good red deer,

A huge grouse pie, and a fine Florentine,  
 A fat roast goose, and a turkey and chine."  
 "Madge Gray, Madge Gray,  
 Now tell me, I pray,  
 Where's the best wassail bowl to our roundelay?"

"—There is ale in the cellars of Tappington Hall,  
 But the Squire\* is a churl, and his drink is small;  
     Mine host of the Dragon  
     Hath many a flaggon  
 Of double ale, lamb's-wool, and *eau de vie*,  
     But Sir Thopas, the Vicar,  
     Hath costlier liquor,—  
 A butt of the choicest *Malvoisie*.  
     He doth not lack  
     Canary or Sack;  
 And a good pint stoup of Clary wine  
 Smacks merrily off with a Turkey and Chine!"

"Now away! and away! without delay,  
 Hey *Cockalorum!* my Broomstick gay,  
 We must be back ere the dawn of the day:  
 Hey up the chimney! away! away!"  
     Old Goody Price  
     Mounts in a trice,  
 In showing her legs she is not over nice;  
     Old Goody Jones,  
     All skin and bones,  
 Follows "like winking." Away go the crones,  
 Knees and nose in a line with the toes,  
 Sitting their brooms like so many Ducrows;  
     Latest and last  
     The damsel past,  
 One glance of her coal-black eye she cast;  
 She laugh'd with glee loud laughter three,  
 "Dost fear, Rob Gilpin, to ride with me!"  
 Oh, never might man unscath'd espy  
 One single glance from that coal-black eye.  
     —Away she flew!—  
     Without more ado

Rob seizes and mounts on a broomstick too,  
 "Hey! up the chimney, lass! Hey after you!"

It's a very fine thing on a fine day in June  
 To ride through the air in a Nassau Balloon;  
 But you'll find very soon, if you aim at the Moon  
 In a carriage like that you're a bit of a "Spoon,"  
     For the largest can't fly  
     Above twenty miles high,  
 And you're not half way then on your journey, nor nigh;  
     While no man alive  
     Could ever contrive,  
 Mr. Green said last month, to get higher than five.  
 And the soundest Philosophers hold that, perhaps,  
 If you reach'd twenty miles your balloon would collapse,

\* Stephen Ingoldsby, surnamed "The Niggard," second cousin and successor to "The Bad Sir Giles." (Visitation of Kent, 1666.) For an account of his murder by burglars, and their subsequent execution, see Dodsley's "Remarkable Trials, &c." Lond. 1776, vol. ii. p. 264, and Bentley's Miscellany, vol. iii. page 299, Art. "Hand of Glory."

Or pass by such action

The sphere of attraction,

Getting into the track of some comet—Good-lack !

'T is a thousand to one that you'd never come back ;  
And the boldest of mortals a danger like that must fear,  
And be cautious of getting beyond our own atmosphere.

No, no ; when I try

A trip to the sky,

I shan't go in that thing of yours, Mr. Gye,  
Though Messieurs Monk Mason, and Spencer, and Beazly,  
All join in saying it travels so easily.

No, there's nothing so good

As a pony of wood—

Not like that which of late they stuck up on the gate  
At the end of the Park, which caus'd so much debate,  
And gave so much trouble to make it stand straight,  
But a regular Broomstick—you'll find that the favourite  
Above all, when, like Robin, you haven't to pay for it.

—Stay—really I dread

I am losing the thread

Of my tale ; and it's time you should be in your bed,  
So lithe now, and listen, my little boy Ned !

\* \* \* \* \*

The Vicarage walls are lofty and thick,  
And the copings are stone, and the sides are brick,  
The casements are narrow, and bolted and barr'd,  
And the stout oak door is heavy and hard ;  
Moreover, by way of additional guard,  
A great big dog runs loose in the yard,  
And a horse-shoe is nail'd on the threshold sill,  
To keep out aught that savours of ill,—  
But, alack ! the chimney-pot's open still !

That great big dog begins to quail,  
Between his hind-legs he drops his tail,  
Crouch'd on the ground, the terrified hound  
Gives vent to a very odd sort of a sound ;  
It is not a bark, loud, open, and free,  
As an honest old watch-dog's bark should be ;  
It is not a yelp, it is not a growl,  
But a something between a whine and a howl ;  
And, hark ! a sound from the window high  
Responds to the watch-dog's pitiful cry :

It is not a moan,

It is not a groan ;

It comes from a nose ; but is not what a nose  
Produces in healthy and sound repose.  
Yet Sir Thopas the Vicar is fast asleep,  
And his respirations are heavy and deep.

He snores, 'tis true, but he snores no more  
As he's aye been accusom'd to snore before,  
And as men of his kidney are wont to snore ;—  
(Sir Thopas's weight is sixteen stone four ;)  
He draws his breath like a man distressed  
By pain or grief, or like one oppress  
By some ugly old Incubus perch'd on his breast.

A something seems

To disturb his dreams,



And thrice on his ear, distinct and clear,  
 Falls a voice as of somebody whispering near  
 In still small accents, faint and few,  
 "Hey down the chimney-pot! Hey after you!"  
 Throughout the Vicarage, near and far,  
 There is no lack of bolt or of bar,  
     Plenty of locks  
     To closet and box,  
 Yet the pantry wicket is standing ajar!  
 And the little low door, through which you must go,  
 Down some half-dozen steps, to the cellar below,  
 Is also unfasten'd, though no one may know,  
 By so much as a guess, how it comes to be so,  
     For wicket and door,  
     The evening before,  
 Were both of them lock'd, and the key safely placed  
 On the bunch that hangs down from the Housekeeper's waist.

Oh! 'twas a jovial sight to view  
 In that snug little cellar that frolicsome crew:  
     Old Goody Price  
     Had got something nice,  
 A turkey-poult larded with bacon and spice;  
     Old Goody Jones  
     Would touch nought that had bones,—  
 She might just as well mumble a parcel of stones.  
 Goody Jones in sooth hath got never a tooth,  
 And a New-College pudding of marrow and plums  
 Is the dish of all others that suiteth her gums.

Madge Gray was picking  
 The breast of a chicken,  
 Her coal-black eye, with its glance so sly,  
 Was fix'd on Rob Gilpin himself, sitting by  
 With his heart full of love, and his mouth full of pie;  
     Grouse pie, with hare  
     In the middle, is fare  
 Which, duly concocted with science and care,  
 Doctor Kitchener says, is beyond all compare;  
     And a tenderer leveret  
     Robin had never ate;  
 So, in after times, oft he was wont to asseverate.  
 "Now pledge we the wine-cup!—a health! a health!  
 Sweet are the pleasures obtain'd by stealth!  
 Fill up! fill up!—the brim of the cup  
 Is the part that aye holdeth the toothsomest sup!  
 Here's to thee, Goody Price! Goody Jones, to thee!  
 To thee, Roving Rob! and again to me!  
 Many a sip, never a slip  
 Come to us four 'twixt the cup and the lip!"

The cups pass quick,  
 The toasts fly thick,  
 Rob tries in vain out their meaning to pick,  
 But hears the words "Scratch," and "Old Bogey," and "Nick."  
 More familiar grown,  
 Now he stands up alone,  
 Volunteering to give them a toast of his own.  
 "A bumper of wine!  
 Fill thine! Fill mine!  
 Here's a health to old Noah who planted the Vine!"

Oh then what sneezing,  
 What coughing and wheezing,  
 Ensued in a way that was not over pleasing !  
 Goody Price, Goody Jones, and the pretty Madge Gray,  
 All seem'd as their liquor had gone the wrong way.

But the best of the joke was, the moment he spoke  
 Those words which the party seem'd almost to choke,  
 As by mentioning Noah some spell had been broke,  
 Every soul in the house at that instant awoke !  
 And, hearing the din from barrel and bin,  
 Drew at once the conclusion that thieves had got in.

Up jump'd the Cook and caught hold of her spit ;  
 Up jump'd the Groom and took bridle and bit ;  
 Up jump'd the Gardener and shoulder'd his spade ;  
 Up jump'd the Scullion, the Footman, the Maid ;  
 (The two last, by the way, occasion'd some scandal,  
 By appearing together with only one candle,  
 Which gave for unpleasant surmises some handle ;)  
 Up jump'd the Swineherd, and up jump'd the big boy,  
 A nondescript under him acting as pig boy ;  
 Butler, Housekeeper, Coachman—from bottom to top  
 Everybody jump'd up without parley or stop,  
 With the weapon which first in their way chanced to drop,—  
 Whip, warning-pan, wig-block, mug, musket, and mop.

Last of all doth appear,  
 With some symptoms of fear,  
 Sir Thopas in person to bring up the rear,  
 In a mix'd kind of costume, half *Pontificalibus*,  
 Half what scholars denominate Pure *Naturalibus*,  
 Nay, the truth to express,  
 As you'll easily guess,  
 They have none of them time to attend much to dress ;  
 But He or She,  
 As the case may be,  
 He or She seizes what He or She pleases,  
 Trunk-hosen or kirtles, and shirts or chemises.  
 And thus one and all, great and small, short and tall,  
 Muster at once in the Vicarage hall,  
 With upstanding locks, starting eyes, shorten'd breath,  
 Like the folks in the Gallery Scene in Macbeth,  
 When Macduff is announcing their Sovereign's death.

And hark ! what accents clear and strong,  
 To the listening throng come floating along !  
 'Tis Robin encoring himself in a song—  
 " Very good song ! very well sung !  
 Jolly companions every one !"

On, on to the cellar ! away ! away !  
 On, on, to the cellar without more delay !  
 The whole *posse* rush onwards in battle array.  
 Conceive the dismay of the party so gay,  
 Old Goody Jones, Goody Price, and Madge Gray,  
 When the door bursting wide, they descried the allied  
 Troops, prepared for the onslaught, roll in like a tide,  
 And the spits, and the tongs, and the pokers beside !—  
 " Boot and saddle's the word ! mount, Cummers, and ride !"  
 Alarm was ne'er caused more strong and indigenuous  
 By cats among rats, or a hawk in a pigeon-house,

Quick from the view  
 Away they all flew,  
 With a yell, and a screech, and a halliballoo,  
 "Hey up the chimney! Hey after you!"  
 The Volscians themselves made an exit less speedy  
 From Corioli, "flutter'd like doves" by Macready.  
 They are gone, save one,  
 Robin alone!  
 Robin, whose high state of civilization  
 Precludes all idea of aërostation,  
 And who now has no notion  
 Of more locomotion  
 Than suffices to kick with much zeal and devotion  
 Right and left at the party who pounc'd on their victim,  
 And maul'd him, and kick'd him, and lick'd him, and prick'd him,  
 As they bore him away scarce aware what was done,  
 And believing it all but a part of the fun,  
 Hic—hiccougging out the same strain he'd begun,  
 "Jol—jolly companions, every one!"

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Morning grey  
 Scarce bursts into day  
 Ere at Tappington Hall there 's the deuce to pay,  
 The tables and chairs are all placed in array  
 In the old oak-parlour, and in and out  
 Domestics and neighbours, a motley rout,  
 Are walking, and whispering, and standing about,  
 And the Squire is there  
 In his large arm-chair,  
 Leaning back with a grave magisterial air;  
 In the front of his seat a  
 Huge volume, called *Fleta*,  
 And Bracton, both tomes of an old-fashion'd look,  
 And Coke upon Lyttleton, then a new book;  
 And he moistens his lips  
 With occasional sips  
 From a luscious sack-posset that smiles in a tankard  
 Close by on a side-table—not that he drank hard,  
 But because at that day  
 I hardly need say  
 The Hong Merchants had not yet invented *How Qua*,  
 Nor as yet would you see *Souchong* or *Bohea*  
 At the tables of persons of any degree:  
 How our ancestors managed to do without tea  
 I must fairly confess is a myst'ry to me;  
 Yet your *Lydgates* and *Chaucers*  
 Had no cups and saucers;  
 Their breakfast, in fact, and the best they could get,  
 Was a sort of a *dejeuner a la fourchette*.  
 Instead of our slops  
 They had cutlets and chops,  
 And sack-possets and ale in stoups, tankards, and pots,  
 And they wound up the meal with rumpsteaks and schalots.  
 Now the Squire lifts his hand  
 With an air of command,  
 And gives them a sign which they all understand,  
 To bring in the culprit; and straightway the carter  
 And huntsman drag in that unfortunate martyr,  
 Still kicking and crying, "Come,—what are you arter?"

The charge is prepared, and the evidence clear,  
 "He was caught in the cellar a-drinking the beer!  
 And came there, there's very great reason to fear,  
 With companions, to say but the least of them, queer;  
 Such as Witches, and creatures  
 With horrible features,  
 And horrible grins,  
 And hook'd noses and chins,  
 Who'd been playing the deuce with his Rev'rence's binns."

The face of his worship grows graver and graver,  
 As the parties detail Robin's shameful behaviour;  
 Mister Buzzard, the clerk, while the tale is reciting,  
 Sits down to reduce the affair into writing,

With all proper diction,  
 And due "legal fiction;"

Viz: "That he, the said prisoner, as clearly was shown,  
 Conspiring with folks to deponents unknown,  
 With divers, that is to say, two thousand, people,  
 In two thousand hats, each hat peak'd like a steeple,

With force and with arms,  
 And with sorcery and charms,  
 Upon two thousand brooms  
 Enter'd four thousand rooms;

To wit, two thousand pantries and two thousand cellars,  
 Put in bodily fear twenty thousand indwellers,  
 And with sundry, that is to say, two thousand, forks,  
 Drew divers, that is to say, ten thousand, corks,  
 And, with malice prepense, down their two thousand throattles,  
 Emptied various, that is to say, ten thousand, bottles;  
 All in breach of the peace, moved by Satan's malignity,  
 And in spite of King James, and his Crown and his Dignity."

At words so profound

Rob gazes around,

But no glance sympathetic to cheer him is found.

No glance, did I say?

Yes, one!—Madge Gray!—

She is there in the midst of the crowd standing by,  
 And she gives him one glance from her coal-black eye,  
 One touch to his hand, and one word to his ear;—

(That's a line which I've stolen from Sir Walter, I fear,)—

While nobody near

Seems to see her or hear;

As his worship takes up, and surveys with a strict eye

The broom now produced as the *corpus delicti*,

Ere his fingers can clasp,

It is snatch'd from his grasp,

The end poked in his chest with a force makes him gasp,

And, despite the decorum so due to the *Quorum*,

His worship's upset, and so too is his jorum;

And Madge is astride on the broomstick before 'em.

"*Hocus Pocus! Quick, Presto! and Hey Cockalorum!*

Mount, mount for your life, Rob!—Sir Justice, adieu!—

Hey up the chimney-pot! hey after you!"

Through the mystified group,

With a halloo and whoop,

Madge on the pommel, and Robin *en croupe*,

The pair through the air ride as if in a chair,

While the party below stand mouth open and stare,

“Clean bumbaized” and amazed, and fix’d, all in the room stick,  
 “Oh! what’s gone with Robin, and Madge, and the broomstick?”  
 Ay, “what’s gone” indeed, Ned?—of what befell  
 Madge Gray and the broomstick I never heard tell;  
 But Robin was found that morn, on the ground,  
 In yon old grey ruin again, safe and sound;  
 Except that at first he complain’d much of thirst,  
 And a shocking bad head-ache, of all ills the worst,  
 And close by his knee  
 A flask you might see,  
 But an empty one smelling of *eau de vie*.

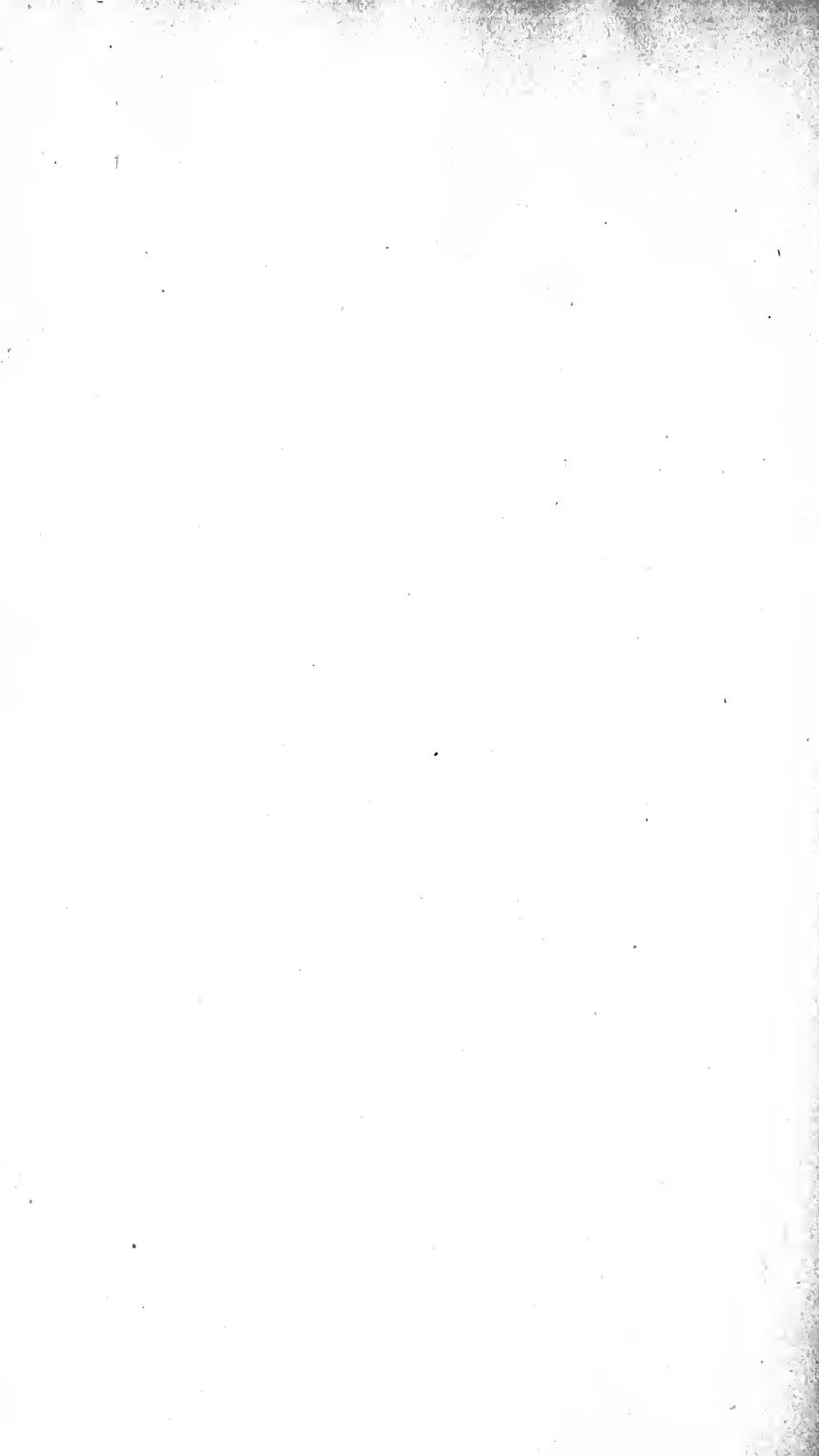
Rob from this hour is an alter’d man;  
 He runs home to his lodgings as fast as he can,  
 Sticks to his trade,  
 Marries Miss Slade,  
 Becomes a Te-totaller—that is the same  
 As Te-totallers now, one in all but the name;  
 Grows fond of Small-beer, which is always a steady sign,  
 Never drinks spirits except as a medicine;  
 Learns to despise  
 Coal-black eyes,  
 Minds pretty girls no more than so many Guys;  
 Has a family, lives to be sixty, and dies!

Now my little boy Ned,  
 Brush off to your bed,  
 Tie your night-cap on safe, or a napkin instead,  
 Or these November nights you’ll catch cold in your head;  
 And remember my tale, and the moral it teaches,  
 Which you’ll find much the same as what Solomon preaches.  
 Don’t flirt with young ladies! don’t practise soft speeches;  
 Avoid waltzes, quadrilles, pumps, silk hose, and knee-breeches;  
 Frequent not grey ruins, shun riot and revelry,  
 Hocus Pocus, and Conj’ring, and all sorts of devilry;  
 Don’t meddle with broomsticks,—they’re Beelzebub’s switches;  
 Of cellars keep clear,—they’re the devil’s own ditches;  
 And beware of balls, banquettings, brandy, and—witches!  
 Don’t run after black eyes, above all!—if you do,  
 Depend on’t you’ll find what I say will come true,  
 Old Nick, some fine morning, will “hey after you!”

THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

### WILL-ING MOURNERS.

’Tis rich old Hunks’s burial day,  
 And friends have round him swarm’d—  
 How joyfully his heirs will play  
 At “Funerals perform’d!”  
 For they’ve no fears of fond hearts breaking  
 At such “a pleasant UNDERTAKING!”



## THE GOLDEN LEGEND. — No. II.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

## A LAY OF ST. GENGULPHUS.

“Non multò post, Gengulphus, in domo suâ dormiens, occisus est à quodam clerico qui cum uxore suâ adulterare solebat. Cujus corpus dum in feretro in sepulturam portaretur, multi infirmi de tactu sanati sunt.” \* \* \* \* \*

“Cum hoc illius uxori referretur ab ancillâ suâ, scilicet dominum suum tanquam martyrem sanctum miracula facere, irridens illa, et subsurrans, ait “Ita Gengulphus miracula facit ut pulvinarium meum cantat,” &c. &c.

WOLFFI MEMORAB:

GENGULPHUS comes from the Holy Land,  
With his scrip, and his bottle, and sandal shoon ;  
Full many a day has he been away,  
Yet his Lady deems him return'd full soon.

Full many a day has he been away,  
Yet scarce had he crossed ayont the sea,  
Ere a spruce young spark of a Learned Clerk  
Had called on his Lady and stopp'd to tea.

This spruce young guest, so trimly drest,  
Staid with that Lady, her revels to crown ;  
They laugh'd ; and they ate, and they drank of the best,  
And they turn'd the old Castle quite upside down.

They would walk in the park, that spruce young Clerk,  
With that frolicsome Lady so frank and free,  
Trying balls and plays, and all mannner of ways,  
To get rid of what French people call *Ennuï*.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now the festive board, with viands is stored,  
Savoury dishes be there, I ween,  
Rich puddings and big, and a barbecu'd pig,  
And oxtail soup in a China tureen.

There 's a flaggon of ale as large as a pail —  
When, cockle on hat, and staff in hand,  
While on nought they are thinking save eating and drinking,  
Gengulphus walks in from the Holy Land !

“You must be pretty deep to catch weazels asleep,”  
Says the proverb ; that is, “take the Fair unawares ;”  
A maid, o'er the bannisters chancing to peep,  
Whispers, “Ma'am, here 's Gengu phus a-coming up-stairs.”

Pig, pudding, and soup, the electrified group,  
With the flaggon, pop under the sofa in haste,  
And contrive to deposit the Clerk in the closet,  
As the dish least of all to Gengulphus's taste.

Then oh ! what rapture, what joy was exprest,  
 When "poor dear Gengulphus" at last appeared !  
 She kiss'd, and she press'd "the dear man" to her breast,  
 In spite of his great, long, frizzly beard.

Such hugging and squeezing ! 'twas almost displeasing,  
 A smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye ;\*  
 She was so very glad, that she seemed half mad,  
 And did not know whether to laugh or to cry.

Then she calls up the maid, and the tablecloth's laid,  
 And she sends for a pint of the best Brown Stout ;  
 On the fire, too, she pops some nice mutton chops,  
 And she mixes a stiff glass of "Cold Without."

Then again she began at the "poor dear" man ;  
 She press'd him to drink, and she press'd him to eat,  
 And she brought a foot-pan with hot water and bran,  
 To comfort his "poor dear" travel-worn feet.

"Nor night nor day since he'd been away,  
 Had she had any rest" she "vowed and declared."  
 She "never could eat one morsel of meat,  
 For thinking how 'poor dear' Gengulphus fared."

She "really did think she had not slept a wink  
 Since he left her, although he'd been absent so long."  
 He here shook his head,—right little he said ;  
 But he thought she was "coming it rather too strong."

Now his palate she tickles with the chops and the pickles,  
 Till, so great the effect of that stiff gin grog,  
 His weakened body, subdued by the toddy,  
 Falls out of the chair, and he lies like a log.

Then out comes the Clerk from his secret lair ;  
 He lifts up the legs, and she raises the head,  
 And between them, this most reprehensible pair  
 Undress poor Gengulphus, and put him to bed.

Then the bolster they place athwart his face,  
 And his night-cap into his mouth they cram ;  
 And she pinches his nose underneath the clothes,  
 Till the "poor dear soul" went off like a lamb.

\* \* \* \* \*

And now they tried the deed to hide ;  
 For a little bird whisper'd, "Perchance you may swing ;  
 Here's a corpse in the case with a sad swell'd face,  
 And a 'Crowners Quest' is a queer sort of thing !"

So the Clerk and the Wife, they each took a knife,  
 And the nippers that nipp'd the loaf-sugar for tea ;  
 With the edges and points they sever'd the joints  
 At the clavicle, elbow, hip, ankle, and knee.

\* *Ενι δακρυσι γελασασα.*—HOM:



Thus, limb from limb, they dismember'd him  
 So entirely, that e'en when they came to his wrists,  
 With those great sugar nippers they nipp'd off his "flippers,"  
 As the Clerk, very flippantly, term'd his fists.

When they 'd cut off his head, entertaining a dread  
 Lest folks should remember Gengulphus's face,  
 They determin'd to throw it, where no one could know it,  
 Down the well, and the limbs in some different place.

But first the long beard from the chin they shear'd,  
 And managed to stuff that sanctified hair,  
 With a good deal of pushing, all into the cushion,  
 That filled up the seat of a large arm-chair.

They contrived to pack up the trunk in a sack,  
 Which they hid in an osier-bed outside the town,  
 The Clerk bearing arms, legs, and all on his back,  
 As the late Mr. Greenacre served Mrs. Brown.

But to see now how strangely things sometimes turn out,  
 And that in a manner the least expected !  
 Who could surmise a man ever could rise  
 Who 'd been thus carbonado'd, cut up, and dissected ?

No doubt 'twould surprise the pupils at Guy's ;  
 I am no unbeliever—no man can say that o' me—  
 But St. Thomas himself would scarce trust his own eyes,  
 If he saw such a thing in his School of Anatomy.

You may deal as you please with Hindoos or Chinese,  
 Or a Mussulman making his heathen salaam, or  
 A Jew or a Turk, but it's other guess work  
 When a man has to do with a Pilgrim or Palmer.

\* \* \* \* \*

By chance the Prince Bishop, a Royal Divine,  
 Sends his cards round the neighbourhood next day, and urges his  
 Wish to receive a snug party to dine  
 Of the resident clergy, the gentry, and burgesses.

At a quarter past five they are all alive  
 At the palace, for coaches are fast rolling in ;  
 And to every guest his card had expressed  
 "Half past" as the hour for "a greasy chin."

Some thirty are seated, and handsomely treated  
 With the choicest Rhine wines in his Highness's stock ;  
 When a Count of the Empire, who felt himself heated,  
 Requested some water to mix with his Hock.

The Butler, who saw it, sent a maid out to draw it,  
 But scarce had she given the windlass a twirl,  
 Ere Gengulphus's head from the well's bottom said  
 In mild accents, "Do help us out, that's a good girl!"

Only fancy her dread when she saw a great head  
In her bucket ; with fright she was ready to drop :  
Conceive, if you can, how she roared and she ran,  
With the head rolling after her bawling out "Stop !"

She ran and she roar'd till she came to the board  
Where the Prince Bishop sat with his party around,  
When Gengulphus's poll, which continued to roll  
At her heels, on the table bounc'd up with a bound.

Never touching the cates, or the dishes or plates,  
The decanters or glasses, the sweetmeats or fruits,  
The head smiles, and begs them to bring him his legs,  
As a well-spoken gentleman asks for his boots.

Kicking open the casement, to each one's amazement,  
Straight a right Leg steps in, all impediment scorns,  
And near the head stopping, a left follows hopping  
Behind, for the left Leg was troubled with corns.

Next, before the beholders, two great brawny shoulders,  
And arms on their bent elbows dance through the throng,  
While two hands assist, though nipped off at the wrist,  
The said shoulders in bearing a body along.

They march up to the head, not one syllable said,  
For the thirty guests all stare in wonder and doubt,  
As the limbs in their sight arrange and unite,  
Till Gengulphus, though dead, looks as sound as a trout.

I will venture to say, from that hour to this day,  
Ne'er did such an assembly behold such a scene ;  
Or a table divide fifteen guests of a side  
With a dead body placed in the centre between.

Yes, they stared—well they might at so novel a sight :  
No one uttered a whisper, a sneeze, or a hem,  
But sat all bolt upright, and pale with affright ;  
And they gazed at the dead man, the dead man at them.

The Prince Bishop's Jester, on punning intent,  
As he view'd the whole thirty, in jocular terms  
Said, "They put him in mind of a Council of *Trente*  
Engaged in reviewing the Diet of Worms."

But what should they do ?—Oh ! nobody knew  
What was best to be done, either stranger or resident.  
The Chancellor's self read his Puffendorf through  
In vain, for his books could not furnish a precedent.

The Prince Bishop muttered a curse and a prayer,  
Which his double capacity hit to a nicety ;  
His Princely, or Lay half induced him to swear,  
His Episcopal moiety said "*Benedicite !*"

The Coroner sat on the body that night,  
 And the jury agreed,—not a doubt could they harbour,—  
 “That the chin of the corpse—the sole thing brought to light—  
 Had been recently shaved by a very bad barber.”

They sent out Von Taünsend, Von Bürnie, Von Roe,  
 Von Maine, and Von Rowantz—through chalets and chateaux,  
 Towns, villages, hamlets, they told them to go,  
 And they stuck up placards on the walls of the Stadthaus.

### “MURDER ! !”

“WHEREAS, a dead Gentleman, surname unknown,  
 Has been recently found at his Highness’s banquet,  
 Rather shabbily drest in an Amice, or gown  
 In appearance resembling a second-hand blanket ;

“And WHEREAS, there’s great reason indeed to suspect  
 That some ill-dispos’d person or persons, with malice  
 Aforethought, have kill’d and begun to dissect  
 The said Gentleman, not very far from the palace ;

“THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE !—Whoever shall seize,  
 And such person or persons to justice surrender,  
 Shall receive—such REWARD as his Highness shall please—  
 On conviction of him, the aforesaid offender.

“And, in order the matter more clearly to trace  
 To the bottom, his Highness, the Prince Bishop, further,  
 Of his clemency, offers free PARDON and Grace  
 To all such as have *not* been concern’d in the murder.

“Done this day, at our palace,—July twenty-five,—  
 By Command,

(Signed)

Johann Von Rüssel.

N.B.

Deceas’d rather in years — had a squint when alive ;  
 And smells slightly of gin—linen mark’d with a G.”

The Newspapers, too, made no little ado,  
 Though a different version each managed to dish up ;  
 Some said “the Prince Bishop had run a man through,”  
 Others said “an assassin had kill’d the Prince Bishop.”

The “Ghent Herald” fell foul of the “Bruxelles Gazette,”  
 The “Bruxelles Gazette,” with much sneering ironical,  
 Scorn’d to remain in the “Ghent Herald’s” debt,  
 And the “Amsterdam Times” quizzed the “Nuremberg Chronicle.”

In one thing, indeed, all the journals agreed,  
 Spite of “politics,” “bias,” or “party collision ;”  
 Viz : to “give,” when they’d “further accounts” of the deed,  
 “Full particulars” soon, in “a later Edition.”

But now, while on all sides they rode and they ran,  
 Trying all sorts of means to discover the caitiffs,  
 Losing patience, the holy Gengulphus began  
 To think it high time to "astonish the natives."

First, a Rittmeister's Frau, who was weak in both eyes,  
 And suppos'd the most short-sighted woman in Holland,  
 Found greater relief, to her joy and surprize,  
 From one glimpse of his "squint" than from glasses by Dollond.

By the slightest approach to the tip of his Nose  
 Meagrim, head-ache, and vapours were put to the rout;  
 And one single touch of his precious Great Toes  
 Was a certain specific for chilblains and gout.

Rheumatics, sciatica, tic-douloureux!  
 Apply to his shin-bones — not one of them lingers;—  
 All bilious complaints in an instant withdrew,  
 If the patient was tickled with one of his fingers.

Much virtue was found to reside in his Thumbs;  
 When applied to the chest, they cured scantness of breathing,  
 Sea-sickness, and colick; or, rubbed on the gums,  
 Were remarkably soothing to infants in teething.

Whoever saluted the nape of his Neck,  
 Where the mark remained visible still of the knife,  
 However east winds perspiration might check,  
 Was safe from sore-throat for the rest of his life.

Thus, while each acute, and each chronic complaint,  
 Giving way, proved an influence clearly divine,  
 They perceived the dead Gentleman must be a Saint,  
 So they locked him up, body and bones, in a shrine.

Through country and town his new Saintship's renown,  
 As a first rate physician, kept daily increasing,  
 Till, as Alderman Curtis told Alderman Brown,  
 It seemed as if "wonders had never *done ceasing*."

The Three Kings of Cologne began, it was known,  
 A sad falling off in their off'rings to find;  
 His feats were so many—still the greatest of any,—  
 In every sense of the word,—was behind;

For the German Police were beginning to cease  
 From exertions which each day more fruitless appear'd,  
 When Gengulphus himself, his fame still to increase,  
 Unravell'd the whole by the help of his beard!"

If you look back you'll see the aforesaid *barbe gris*,  
 When divorced from the chin of its murder'd proprietor,  
 Had been stuffed in the seat of a kind of settee,  
 Or double-armed chair, to keep the thing quieter.

It may seem rather strange, that it did not arrange  
 Itself in its place when the limbs joined together ;  
 P'rhaps it could not get out, for the cushion was stout,  
 And constructed of good, strong, maroon-coloured leather.

Or, what is more likely, Gengulphus might choose,  
 For Saints, e'en when dead, still retain their volition,  
 It should rest there to aid some particular views,  
 Produced by his very peculiar position.

Be that as it may, the very first day  
 That the widow Gengulphus sat down on that settee,  
 What occur'd almost frightened her senses away,  
 Besides scaring her hand-maidens, Gertrude and Betty.

They were telling their mistress the wonderful deeds  
 Of the new Saint to whom all the Town said their orisons ;  
 And especially how, as regards invalids,  
 His miraculous cures far outrivall'd Von Morison's.

"The cripples," said they, "fling their crutches away,  
 And people born blind now can easily see us !"—  
 But she, we presume, a disciple of Hume,  
 Shook her head, and said angrily, "*Credat Judæus !*

"Those rascally liars, the Monks and the Friars,  
 To bring grist to their mill, these devices have hit on.  
 He work miracles ! pooh ! I'd believe it of you  
 Just as soon, you great Geese, or the Chair that I sit on !"

The Chair !—at that word—it seems really absurd,  
 But the truth must be told,—what contortions and grins  
 Distorted her face !—She sprang up from the place  
 Just as though she'd been sitting on needles and pins !

For, as if the Saint's beard the rash challenge had heard  
 Which she utter'd of what was beneath her forgetful,  
 Each particular hair stood on end in the chair,  
 Like a porcupine's quills when the animal's fretful.

That stout maroon leather, they pierc'd all together,  
 Like tenter-hooks holding when clenched from within,  
 And the maids cried "Good gracious ! how very tenacious !"—  
 They as well might endeavour to pull off her skin !

She shriek'd with the pain, but all efforts were vain ;  
 In vain did they strain every sinew and muscle,—  
 The cushion stuck fast !—From that hour to her last  
 She could never get rid of that comfortless "Bustle !"

And e'en as Macbeth, when devising the death  
 Of his King, heard "the very stones prate of his whereabouts ;"  
 So this shocking bad wife heard a voice all her life  
 Crying "Murder !" resound from the cushion, or thereabouts.

With regard to the Clerk, we are left in the dark,  
 As to what his fate was ; but I cannot imagine he  
 Got off scot-free, though unnoticed it be  
 Both by Ribadaneira and Jaques de Voragine ;

For cut-throats, we 're sure, can be never secure,  
 And "History's Muse" still to prove it her pen holds,  
 As you 'll see, if you look, in a rather scarce book,  
 "*God's Revenge against Murder*," by one Mr. Reynolds.

Now, you grave married Pilgrims, who wander away,  
 Like Ulysses of old,\* (*vide* Homer and Naso,)   
 Don't lengthen your stay to three years and a day,  
 And when you *are* coming home, just write and say so !

And you, learned Clerks, who 're *not* given to roam,  
 Stick close to your books, nor lose sight of decorum ;  
 Don't visit a house when the master 's from home,  
 Shun drinking, and study the "*Vitæ Sanctorum*."

Above all, you gay Ladies, who fancy neglect  
 In your spouses, allow not your patience to fail ;  
 But remember Gengulphus's wife ! and reflect  
 On the moral enforc'd by her terrible tale.

\* Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.

## A POET'S DREAM.

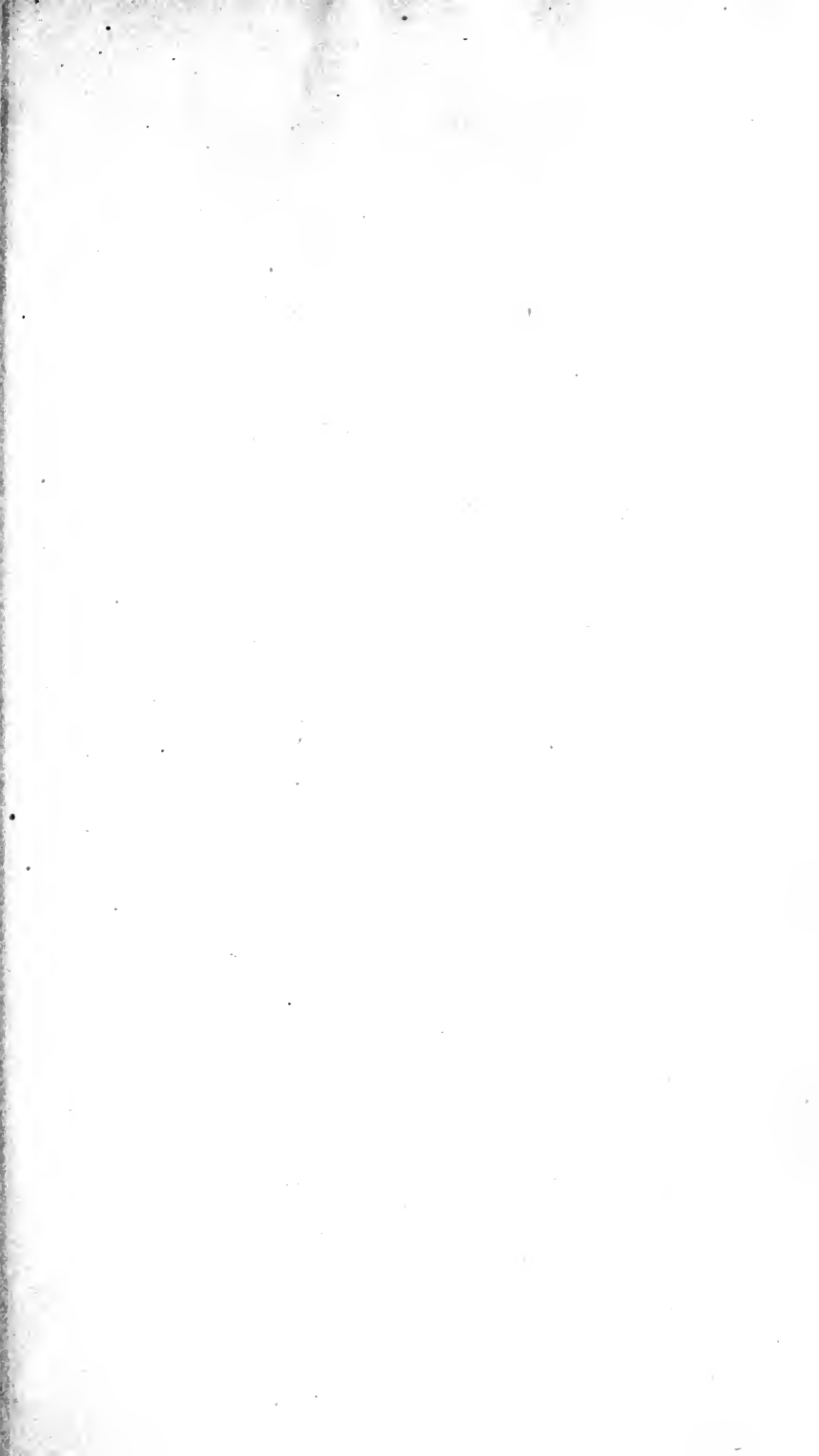
BY MOTLEY.

ONCE in heavenly musings deep,  
 Culling Fancy's choicest flowers,  
 Young Alphonso sank to sleep,  
 Dreaming of sweet Paphian bowers.

Visions of rare beauty charm'd him,  
 Fleeting shadows glitter'd round ;  
 Nought dismay'd him, nought alarm'd him,  
 Fast in Morphean fetters bound.

Lo ! a form of dazzling brightness  
 Softly flitted through the air ;  
 Deck'd in robes of purest whiteness,  
 Blue her eyes, and gold her hair.

While Alphonso lies enchanted,  
 Hark ! the nymph celestial cries,—  
 " Mr. Smith ! get up, you're wanted ;  
 You han't paid for them mutton pies."



## THE GOLDEN LEGEND.—No. III.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

## A LAY OF ST. DUNSTAN.

"This holy childe Dunston was borne in ye yere of our Worde ix hondred  
 & xxv. that tyme regnyng in this londe Kinge Athelston. \* \* \* \*

"When it so was that Saynt Dunston was wery of praper than used he  
 to werke in goldsmythes werke with his own handes for to eschewe ydelnes."

Fytte K.

ST. DUNSTAN stood in his ivy'd tower,  
 Alembic, crucible, all were there;  
 When in came Nick to play him a trick,  
 In guise of a damsel passing fair.

Every one knows

How the story goes:

He took up the tongs and caught hold of his nose.  
 But I beg that you won't for a moment suppose  
 That I mean to go through in detail to you  
 A story at least as trite as it's true;

Nor do I intend

An instant to spend

On the tale, how he treated his monarch and friend,  
 When, bolting away to a chamber remote,  
 Inconceivably bored by his Witen-gemote,

Edwy left them all joking,

And drinking, and smoking,

So tipsily grand, they'd stand nonsense from no King,

But sent the Archbishop

Their Sovereign to fish up,

With a hint that perchance on his crown he might feel taps,  
 Unless he came back straight and took off his heel-taps.

You don't want to be plagued with the same story twice,

And may see this one, painted by W. DYCE,

Exhibited now, at a moderate price,

In the Royal Academy, very well done,

And mark'd in the catalogue Four, seven, one.

You may there view the Saint, who in sable array'd is,

Coercing the Monarch away from the Ladies;

His right hand has hold of his Majesty's jerkin,

The left points to the door, and he seems to say, "Sir King,

Your most faithful Commons won't hear of your shirking;

Quit your tea, and return to your Barclai and Perkyn,

Or, by Jingo,\* ere morning no longer alive, a

Sad victim you'll lie to your love for Elgiva!"

No farther to treat

Of this ungallant feat,

What I mean to do now is succinctly to paint

A particular fact in the life of the Saint,

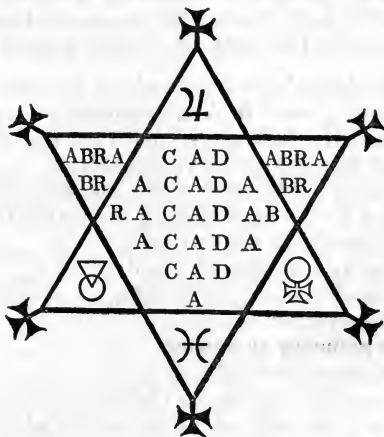
\* St. Jingo, or Gengo (Gengulphus), sometimes styled "The Living Jingo," from the great tenaciousness of vitality exhibited by his severed members. For his Legend, see BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY for March last.



Which somehow, for want of due care, I presume,  
Has escaped the researches of Rapin and Hume,  
In recounting a miracle, both of them men who a  
Great deal fall short of Jaques Bishop of Genoa,  
An historian who likes deeds like these to record—  
See his *Aurea Legenda*, by *Willelmus de Vorde*.

St. Dunstan stood again in his tower,  
Alembic, crucible, all complete;  
He had been standing a good half hour,  
And now he utter'd the words of power,  
And call'd to his Broomstick to bring him a seat.

The words of power!—and what be they  
To which e'en Broomsticks bow and obey?  
Why, 'twere uncommonly hard to say,  
As the prelate I named has recorded none of them,  
What they may be,  
But I know they are three,  
And ABRACADABRA, I take it, is one of them:  
For I'm told that most Cabalists use that identical  
Word, written thus, in what they call "a Pentacle:"



However that be,  
You'll doubtless agree  
It signifies little to you or to me,  
As not being dabblers in Grammarie;  
Still, it must be confess'd, for a Saint to repeat  
Such language aloud is scarcely discreet;  
For, as Solomon hints to folks given to chatter,  
"A Bird of the air may carry the matter;"  
And, in sooth,  
From my youth  
I remember a truth  
Insisted on much in my earlier years,  
To wit, "Little Pitchers have very long ears!"  
Now, just such a "Pitcher" as those I allude to  
Was outside the door, which his "cars" appeared glued to.

Peter, the Lay-brother, meagre and thin,  
 Five feet one in his sandal-shoon,  
 While the Saint thought him sleeping,  
 Was listening and peeping,  
 And watching his master the whole afternoon.

This Peter the Saint had pick'd out from his fellows,  
 To look to his fire, and to blow with the bellows,  
 To put on the Wall's-Ends and Lambton's whenever he  
 Chose to indulge in a little *orfeverie*;

For, of course, you have read

That St. Dunstan was bred

A Goldsmith, and never quite gave up the trade ;  
 The Company—richest in London, 'tis said—

Acknowledge him still as their Patron and Head ;

Nor is it so long

Since a capital song

In his praise—now recorded their archives among—

Delighted the noble and dignified throng

Of their guests, who, the newspapers told the whole town,

With cheers "pledged the wine-cup to Dunstan's renown,"

When Lord Lyndhurst, THE DUKE, and Sir Robert, were dining

Last year at the Hall with the Prime Warden Twining.

I am sadly digressing—a fault which sometimes  
 One can hardly avoid in these gossiping rhymes—

A slight deviation's forgiven ; but then this is

Too long, I fear, for a decent parenthesis,

So I'll rein up my Pegasus sharp, and retreat, or

You'll think I've forgotten the Lay-brother Peter,

Whom the Saint, as I said,

Kept to turn down his bed,

Dress his palfreys and cobs,

And do other odd jobs,—

As reducing to writing

Whatever he might, in

The course of the day or the night, be inditing,

And cleaning the plate of his mitre with whiting ;

Performing, in short, all those duties and offices

Abbots exact from Lay-brothers and Novices.

It occurs to me here

You'll perhaps think it queer

That St. Dunstan should have such a personage near,

When he'd only to say

Those words,—be what they may,—

And his Broomstick at once his commands would obey.—

That's true—but the fact is

'Twas rarely his practice

Such aid to resort to, or such means apply,

Unless he'd some "dignified knot" to untie,

Adopting, though sometimes, as now, he'd reverse it,

Old Horace's maxim, "*Nec Broomstick intersit.*"

Peter, the Lay-brother, meagre and thin,  
 Heard all the Saint was saying within;  
 Peter, the Lay-brother, sallow and spare,  
 Peep'd through the key-hole, and—what saw he there?—  
 Why,—A BROOMSTICK BRINGING A RUSH-BOTTOM'D CHAIR!

*Pyttc H.*

What Shakspeare observes, in his play of King John,  
 Is undoubtedly right,  
 That "ofttimes the sight  
 Of means to do ill deeds will make ill deeds done."

Here's Peter the Lay-brother, pale-faced and meagre,  
 A good sort of man, only rather too eager  
 To listen to what other people are saying,  
 When he ought to be minding his business, or praying,  
 Gets into a scrape,—and an awkward one too,  
 As you'll find, if you've patience enough to go through,  
 The whole of the story  
 I'm laying before ye,  
 Entirely from having "the means" in his view  
 Of doing a thing which he ought not to do!

Still rings in his ear  
 Distinct and clear  
 Abracadabra! that word of fear!  
 And the two which I never yet happen'd to hear.  
 Still doth he spy  
 With Fancy's eye  
 The Broomstick at work, and the Saint standing by;  
 And he chuckles, and says to himself with glee,  
 "Aha! that Broomstick shall work for me!"

Hark!—that swell  
 O'er flood and o'er fell,  
 Mountain, and dingle, and moss-cover'd dell!  
 List!—'tis the sound of the Compline bell,  
 And St. Dunstan is quitting his ivy'd cell;  
 Peter, I wot,  
 Is off like a shot,  
 Or a little dog scalded by something that's hot,  
 For he hears his Master approaching the spot  
 Where he'd listen'd so long, though he knew he ought not.  
 Peter remember'd his Master's frown—  
 He trembled—he'd not have been caught for a crown;  
 Howe'er you may laugh,  
 He had rather, by half,  
 Have run up to the top of the tower and jump'd down.

\* \* \* \*

The Compline hour is past and gone,  
 Evening service is over and done;

The monks repair  
 To their frugal fare,  
 A snug little supper of something light  
 And digestible, ere they retire for the night.  
 For, in Saxon times, in respect to their cheer,  
 St. Austin's Rule was by no means severe,  
 But allowed, from the Beverley Roll 'twould appear,  
 Bread and cheese, and spring onions, and sound table beer,  
 And even green peas, when they were not too dear ;  
 Not like the Rule of La Trappe, whose chief merit is  
 Said to consist in its greater austerities ;  
 And whose monks, if I rightly remember their laws,  
     Ne'er are suffer'd to speak,  
     Think only in Greek,  
 And subsist, as the Bears do, by sucking their paws.  
 Hence, a monk of La Trappe is as thin as a rat,  
 While an Austin Friar was jolly and fat ;  
 Though, of course, the fare to which I allude,  
 With as good table-beer as ever was brew'd,  
 Was all "caviare to the multitude,"  
 Extending alone to the clergy, together in  
 Hall assembled, and not to Lay-brethren.

St. Dunstan himself sits there at his post,  
     On what they say is  
     Called a Dais,  
 O'erlooking the whole of his clerical host,  
 And eating poached eggs with spinach and toast ;  
 Five Lay-brothers stand behind his chair,  
 But where is the sixth ? Where's Peter ?—Aye, WHERE ?

'Tis an evening in June,  
     And a little half moon,  
 A brighter no fond lover ever set eyes on,  
     Gleaming, and beaming,  
     And dancing the stream in,  
 Has made her appearance above the horizon ;  
 Just such a half moon as you see, in a play,  
 On the turban of Mustapha Muley Bey,  
 Or the fair Turk who weds with the "Noble Lord Bateman ;"  
 —*Vide* plate in George Cruickshank's memoirs of that great man.

She shines on a turret remote and lone,  
 A turret with ivy and moss overgrown,  
 And lichens that thrive on the cold dank stone ;  
 Such a tower as a Poet of no mean *calibre*  
 I once knew and loved, poor, dear Reginald Heber,  
 Assigns to Oblivion\*—a den for a She bear ;  
     Within it are found,  
     Strew'd above and around,

\* And cold Oblivion, midst the ruin laid,  
 Folds her dank wing beneath the ivy shade.

On the hearth, on the table, the shelves, and the ground,  
 All sorts of instruments, all sorts of tools,  
 To name which and their uses would puzzle the Schools,  
 And make very wise people look very like fools ;  
     Pincers, and hooks,  
     And black-letter books,  
 All sorts of pokers, and all sorts of tongs,  
 And all sorts of hammers, and all that belongs  
 To Goldsmiths' work, chemistry, alchymy,—all,  
     In short, that a Sage  
     In that erudite age  
 Could require, was at hand, or at least within call.  
 In the midst of the room lies a Broomstick!—and there  
 A Lay-brother sits in a rush-bottom'd chair !

### Fytte III.

Abracadabra, that fearful word,  
 And the two which, I said, I have never yet heard,  
     Are utter'd.—'Tis done !  
     Peter, full of his fun,  
 Cries “Broomstick ! you lubberly Son of a gun !  
 Bring ale ! bring a flagon,—a hogshead,—a tun !  
     'Tis the same thing to you ;  
     I have nothing to do ;  
 And, 'fore George, I'll sit here, and I'll drink till all 's blue !”

No doubt you 've remark'd how uncommonly quick  
 A Newfoundland puppy runs after a stick,  
 Brings it back to his master, and gives it him—Well,  
     So potent the spell,  
 The Broomstick perceived it was vain to rebel,  
 So ran off like that puppy ;—some cellar was near,  
 For, in less than ten seconds 'twas back with the beer.

Peter seizes the flagon ; but ere he can suck  
 Its contents, or enjoy what he thinks his good luck,  
 The Broomstick comes in with a tub in a truck ;  
     Continues to run  
     At the rate it begun,  
 And, *au pied de lettre*, next brings in a tun !  
 A fresh one succeeds, then a third, then another,  
 Discomfiting much the astounded Lay-brother ;  
 Who, had he possess'd fifty pitchers or stoups,  
 They had all been too few, for, arranging in groups  
 The barrels, the Broomstick next started the hoops ;  
     The ale deluged the floor,  
     But, still, through the door,  
 Said Broomstick kept bolting, and bringing in more.  
     E'en Macbeth to Macduff  
     Would have cried “ Hold ! enough ! ”  
 If half as well drench'd with such “ perilous stuff,”

And Peter, who did not expect such a rough visit,  
Cried lustily, "Stop! That will do, Broomstick!—*Sufficit!*"

But ah, well-a-day!  
The devil, they say,  
'Tis easier at all times to raise than to lay.  
Again and again  
Peter roar'd out in vain  
His Abracadabra, and t' other words twain;—  
As well might one try  
A pack in full cry  
To check, and call off from their headlong career,  
By bawling out "Yoicks!" with one's hand at one's ear.  
The longer he roar'd, and the louder and quicker,  
The faster the Broomstick was bringing in liquor.

The poor Lay-brother knew  
Not on earth what to do—  
He caught hold of the Broomstick and snapt it in two,—  
Worse and worse!—Like a dart  
Each part made a start,  
And he found he'd been adding more fuel to fire,  
For *both* now came loaded with Meux's Entire;  
Combe's, Delafield's, Hanbury's, Truman's—no stopping—  
Goding's, Charenton's, Whitbread's continued to drop in,  
With Hodson's pale ale, from the Sun Brewhouse, Wapping.  
The firms differ'd then, but I can't put a tax on  
My memory to say what their names were in Saxon.  
To be sure the best beer  
Of all did not appear;  
For I've said 'twas in June, and so late in the year  
The "Trinity Audit Ale" is not come-at-able,  
As I found to my great grief last month when at that table.

Now extremely alarm'd, Peter scream'd without ceasing,  
For a flood of Brown-stout he was up to his knees in,  
Which, thanks to the Broomsticks, continued increasing;  
He fear'd he'd be drown'd,  
And he yell'd till the sound  
Of his voice, wing'd by terror, at last reach'd the ear  
Of St. Dunstan himself, who had finish'd *his* beer,  
And had put off his mitre, dalmatic, and shoes,  
And was just stepping into his bed for a snooze.

His Holiness paused when he heard such a clatter;  
He could not conceive what on earth was the matter.  
Slipping on a few things, for the sake of decorum,  
He issued forthwith from his *sanctum sanctorum*,  
And calling a few of the lay-brothers near him,  
Who were not yet in bed, and who happen'd to hear him,  
At once led the way,  
Without farther delay,  
To the tower where he'd been in the course of the day.

Poor Peter!—alas! though St. Dunstan was quick,  
 There were two there before him—Grim Death and Old Nick!—  
 When they opened the door out the malt-liquor flow'd,  
 Just as when the great Vat burst in Tot'nam Court Road;  
 The Lay-brothers nearest were up to their necks  
 In an instant, and swimming in strong double X;  
 While Peter, who, spite of himself, now had drank hard,  
 After floating awhile, like a toast in a tankard,

To the bottom had sunk,  
 And was spied by a monk,  
 Stone dead, like poor Clarence, half drown'd and half drunk.

In vain did St. Dunstan exclaim "*Vade retro  
 Strongbeerum! discede a Lay-fratre Petro!*"—

Queer Latin, you'll say  
 That præfix of "*Lay,*"

And *Strongbeerum!*—I own they'd have call'd me a blockhead if  
 At school I had ventured to use such a Votive,  
 'Tis a barbarous word, and to me it's a query  
 If you'll find it in Patrick, Morell, or Moreri;  
 But, the fact is, the Saint was uncommonly flurried,  
 And apt to be loose in his Latin when hurried;  
 At a time, too, like this, you can well understand,  
 That he had not, like Bentley, an Ainsworth at hand.  
 The Brown-stout, however, obeys to the letter,  
 Quite as well as if talk'd to, in Latin much better,

By a grave Cambridge Johnian,  
 Or graver Oxonian,  
 Whose language, we all know, is quite Ciceronian.  
 It retires from the corpse, which is left high and dry;  
 But, in vain do they snuff and hot towels apply,  
 And other means used by the faculty try.

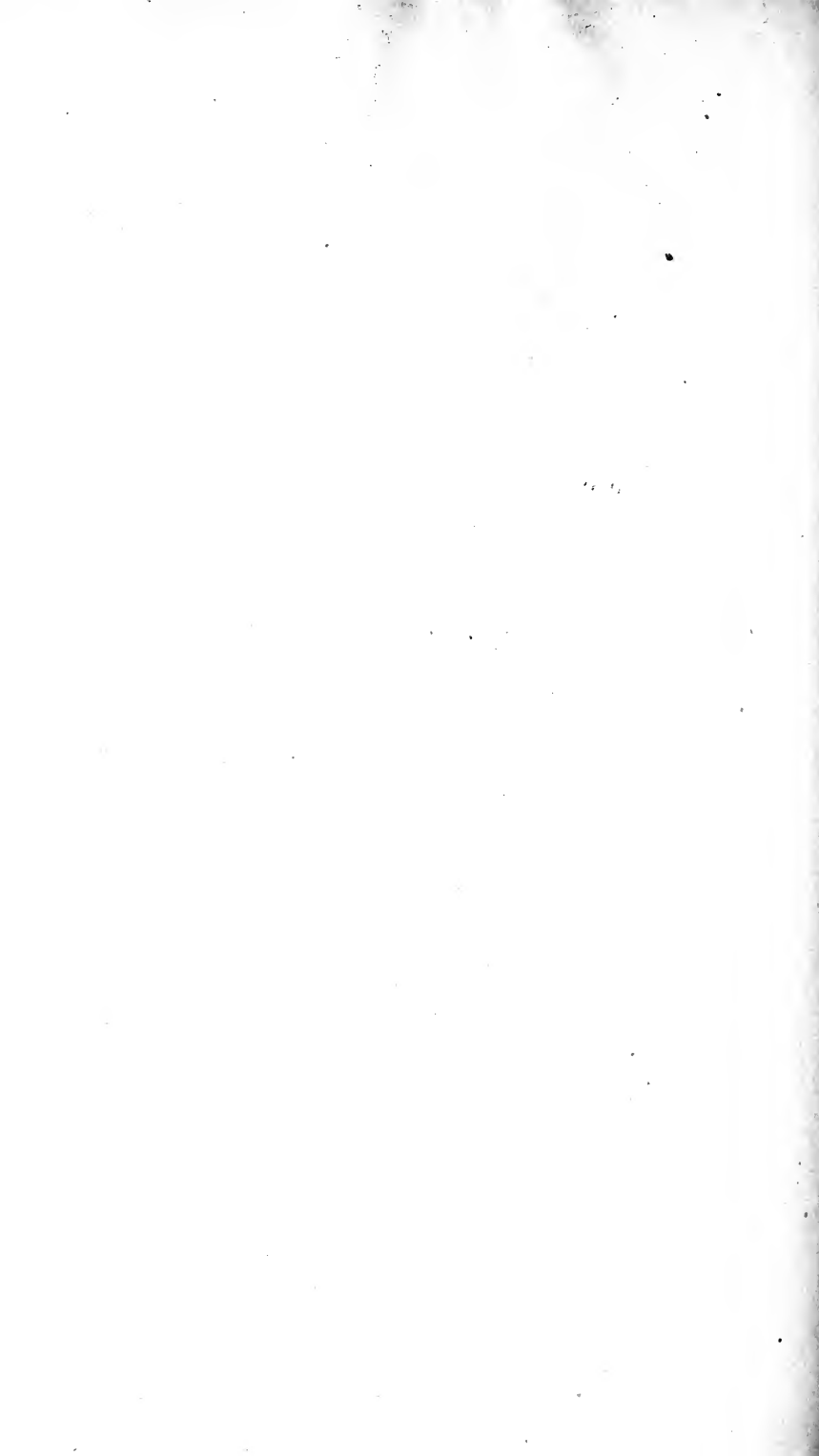
When once a man's dead  
 There's no more to be said,  
 Peter's "Beer with an e" was his "Bier with an i!!"

### Moral.

By way of a moral, permit me to pop in  
 The following maxims:—Beware of eaves-dropping!—  
 Don't make use of language that isn't well scann'd!—  
 Don't meddle with matters you don't understand!—  
 Above all, what I'd wish to impress on both sexes  
 Is,—Keep clear of Broomsticks, Old Nick, and three XXXs.

### L'Enboye.

In Goldsmith's Hall there's a handsome glass case,  
 And in it a stone figure found on the place,  
 When, thinking the old Hall no longer a pleasant one,  
 They pull'd it all down, and erected the present one.  
 If you look, you'll perceive that this stone figure twists  
 A thing like a broomstick in one of its fists.  
 It's so injured by time, you can't make out a feature;  
 But it is not St. Dunstan,—so no doubt it's Peter.





## CŒLEBS IN SEARCH OF A CENOTAPH.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

*Poor Tray de mon Ami!**Dog-bury, and Vergers.*

OH! where shall I bury my poor dog Tray,  
 Now his fleeting breath has pass'd away?  
 Seventeen years, I can venture to say,  
 Have I seen him gambol, and frolic, and play,  
 Evermore happy, and frisky, and gay,  
 As though every one of his months was May,  
 And the whole of his life one long holiday—  
 Now he's a lifeless lump of clay,  
 Oh! where shall I bury my faithful Tray?

I am almost tempted to think it hard  
 That it may not be there, in yon sunny churchyard,  
     Where the green willows wave  
     O'er the peaceful grave,  
 Which holds all that once was honest and brave,  
 Kind, and courteous, and faithful, and true;  
 Qualities, Tray, that were found in you.  
 But it may not be—yon sacred ground,  
 By holiest feelings fenced around,  
 May ne'er within its hallow'd bound  
 Receive the dust of a soul-less hound.

I would not place him in yonder fane,  
 Where the mid-day sun through the storied pane  
 Throws on the pavement a crimson stain;  
 Where the banners of chivalry heavily swing  
 O'er the pinnacled tomb of the Warrior King,  
 With helmet and shield, and all that sort of thing.  
     No!—come what may,  
     My gentle Tray  
 Shan't be an intruder on bluff Harry Tudor,  
 Or panoplied monarchs yet earlier and ruder,  
     Whom you see on their backs,  
     In stone or in wax,  
 Though the sacristans now are "forbidden to ax"  
 For what Mister Hume calls "a scandalous tax;"  
 While the Chartists insist they've a right to go snacks.  
 No!—Tray's humble tomb would look but shabby  
 'Mid the sculptured shrines of that gorgeous Abbey.  
     Besides, in the place  
     They say there's not space  
 To bury what wet-nurses call "a Babby."  
 Even "Rare Ben Jonson," that famous wight,  
 I am told, is interr'd there bolt upright,

In just such a posture, beneath his bust,  
As Tray used to sit in to beg for a crust.

The epitaph, too,  
Would scarcely do ;

For what could it say, but " Here lies Tray,  
A very good sort of a Dog in his day ? "  
And satirical folks might be apt to imagine it  
Meant as a quiz on the House of Plantagenet.

No ! no !—The Abbey may do very well  
For a feudal " Nob " or poetical " Swell,"  
" Crusaders," or " Poets," or " Knights of St. John,"  
Or Knights of St. John's Wood, who last month went on  
To the ~~Castle of Good~~ *Castle of Good* ~~Lord~~ *Lord* ~~Eglintonne~~.  
Count Fiddle-fumkin, and Lord Fiddle-faddle,  
" Sir Craven," " Sir Gael," and " Sir Campbell of Saddell,"  
(Who, as Mr. Hook said, when he heard of the feat,  
" Was somehow knock'd out of his family-seat ;")

The Esquires of the body  
To my Lord Tom-noddy ;  
" Sir Fairlie," " Sir Lamb,"  
And the " Knight of the Ram,"  
The " Knight of the Rose," and the " Knight of the Dragon,"  
Who, save at the flaggon,  
And prog in the waggon,  
The Newspapers tell us did little " to brag on ;"  
And more, though the Muse knows but little concerning 'em,  
" Sir Hopkins," " Sir Popkins," " Sir Gage," and " Sir Jerningham."

All *Preux Chevaliers*, in friendly rivalry  
Who should best bring back the glory of Chi-valry.—  
(Pray be so good, for the sake of my song,  
To pronounce here the ante-penultimate long ;  
Or some hyper-critic will certainly cry,  
" Tom has fobb'd Bentley off with a " rhyme to the eye."

And I own it is clear

A fastidious ear

Will be, more or less, always annoy'd with you when you insert any rhyme that 's not perfectly genuine.

As to pleasing the " eye,"

'Tisn't worth while to try,

Since Moore and Tom Campbell themselves admit " spinach "  
Is perfectly antiphonetic to " Greenwich.")

But stay !—I say !—

Let me pause while I may—

This digression is leading me sadly astray

From my object—A grave for my poor dog Tray !

I would not place him beneath thy walls,  
And proud, o'ershadowing dome, St. Paul's !  
Though I've always consider'd Sir Christopher Wren,  
As an architect, one of the greatest of men ;

And,—talking of Epitaphs,—much I admire his

“*Circumspice, si Monumentum requiris ;*”

Which an erudite Verger translated to me,

“If you ask for his Monument, Sir-come-spy-see !”

No !—I should not know where

To place him there ;

I would not have him by surly Johnson be ;—

Or that queer-looking horse that is rolling on Ponsonby ;—

Or those ugly minxes

The sister Spynxes,

Mixed creatures, half lady, half lioness, *ergo*,

Denon says, the emblems of *Leo* and *Virgo* ;

On one of the backs of which singular jumble,

Sir Ralph Abercrombie is going to tumble,

With a thump which alone were enough to despatch him,

If that Scotchman in front shouldn't happen to catch him.

No ! I'd not have him there, nor nearer the door,

Where the Man and the Angel have got Sir John Moore,

And are quietly letting him down through the floor,

Near Gillespie, the one who escaped, at Vellore,

Alone from the row ;—

Neither he, nor Lord Howe

Would like to be plagued with a little Bow-wow.

No, Tray, we must yield,

And go farther a-field ;

To lay you by Nelson were downright effront'ry ;

We'll be off from the city, and look at the country.

It shall not be there,

In that sepulchred square,

Where folks are interr'd for the sake of the air,

(Though, pay but the dues, they could hardly refuse

To Tray what they grant to Thuggs and Hindoos,

Turks, Infidels, Heretics, Jumpers, and!Jews,)

Where the tombstones are placed

In the very best taste,

At the feet and the head

Of the elegant Dead,

And no one's received who's not “buried in lead :”

For, there lie the bones of Deputy Jones,

Whom the widow's tears and the orphan's groans

Affected as much as they do the stones

His executors laid on the Deputy's bones ;

Little rest, poor knave !

Would he have in his grave ;

Since Spirits, 'tis plain,

Are sent back again,

To roam round their bodies,—the bad ones in pain,—

Dragging after them sometimes a heavy jack-chain ;

Whenever they met, alarmed by its groans, his

Ghost all night long would be barking at Jones's.

Nor shall he be laid

By that cross Old Maid,

Miss Penelope Bird, of whom it is said  
 All the dogs in the Parish were always afraid.  
     He must not be placed  
     By one so strait-laced  
 In her temper her taste, and her morals and waist.  
 For, 'tis said, when she went up to Heaven, and St. Peter,  
     Who happened to meet her,  
     Came forward to greet her,  
 She pursed up with scorn every vinegar feature,  
 And bade him "Get out for a horrid Male Creature!"  
 So, the Saint, after looking as if he could eat her,  
 Not knowing, perhaps, very well how to treat her,  
 And not being willing, or able, to beat her,  
 Sent her back to her grave till her temper grew sweeter,  
 With an epithet—which I decline to repeat here.  
     No, if Tray were interr'd  
     By Penelope Bird,  
 No dog would be e'er so be-"whelp"ed and be-"curr"ed.  
 All the night long her cantankerous Sprite  
 Would be running about in the pale moon-light,  
 Chasing him round, and attempting to lick  
 The ghost of poor Tray with the ghost of a stick.

    Stay!—let me see!—  
     Ay—here it shall be  
 At the root of this gnarled and time-worn tree,  
     Where Tray and I  
     Would often lie,  
 And watch the light clouds as they floated by  
 In the broad expanse of the clear blue sky,  
 When the sun was bidding the world good-b'ye.  
 And the plaintive Nightingale, warbling nigh,  
 Pour'd forth her mournful melody;  
 While the tender Wood-pigeon's cooing cry  
 Has made me say to myself, with a sigh,  
 "How nice you would eat with a steak in a pie!"

Ay, here it shall be!—far, far from the view  
 Of the noisy world and its maddening crew.  
     Simple and few,  
     Tender and true  
 The lines o'er his grave.—They have some of them, too,  
 The advantage of being remarkably new.

*Epitaph.*

Affliction sore  
 Long time he bore,  
 Physicians were in vain!—  
     Grown blind, alas! he'd  
     Some Prussic Acid,  
 And that put him out of his pain!

T. I.

## THE "MONSTRE" BALLOON.

OH! the balloon, the great balloon!  
 It left Vauxhall one Monday at noon,  
 And every one said we should hear of it soon  
 With news from Aleppo or Scanderoon.  
 But very soon after, folks changed their tune:  
 "The netting had burst—the silk—the shalloon;  
 It had met with a trade-wind—a deuced monsoon—  
 It was blown-out to sea—it was blown to the moon—  
 They ought to have put off their journey till June;  
 Sure none but a donkey, a goose, or baboon,  
 Would go up, in November, in any balloon!"

Then they talk'd about Green—"Oh! where's Mister Green?  
 And where's Mister Holland, who hired the machine?  
 And where is Monk Mason, the man that has been  
 Up so often before—twelve times or thirteen—  
 And who writes such nice letters describing the scene?  
 And where's the cold fowl, and the ham, and poteen?  
 The press'd beef, with the fat cut off,—nothing but lean?  
 And the portable soup in the patent tureen?  
 Have they got to Grand Cairo? or reach'd Aberdeen?  
 Or Jerusalem—Hamburgh—or Ballyporeen?—  
 No! they have not been seen! Oh! they haven't been seen!"

Stay! here's Mister Gye—Mr. Frederick Gye.  
 "At Paris," says he, "I've been up very high,  
 A couple of hundred of toises, or nigh,  
 A cockstride the Tuileries' pantiles, to spy,  
 With Dollond's best telescope stuck at my eye,  
 And my umbrella under my arm like Paul Pry,  
 But I could see nothing at all but the sky;  
 So I thought with myself 'twas of no use to try  
 Any longer; and feeling remarkably dry  
 From sitting all day stuck up there, like a Guy,  
 I came down again, and—you see—here am I!"

But here's Mister Hughes!—What says young Mr. Hughes?  
 "Why, I'm sorry to say, we've not got any news  
 Since the letter they threw down in one of their shoes,  
 Which gave the Mayor's nose such a deuce of a bruise,  
 As he popp'd up his eye-glass to look at their cruise  
 Over Dover; and which the folks flock'd to peruse  
 At Squier's bazaar, the same evening, in crews,  
 Politicians, newsmongers, town council, and blues,

Turks, heretics, infidels, jumpers, and Jews,  
 Scorning Bachelor's papers, and Warren's reviews ;  
 But the wind was then blowing towards Helvoetsluys,  
 And my father and I are in terrible stews,  
 For so large a balloon is a sad thing to lose !"

Here's news come at last ! Here's news come at last !  
 A vessel's come in, which has sail'd very fast ;  
 And a gentleman serving before the mast,  
 Mister Nokes, has declared that " the party has past  
 Safe across to the Hague, where their grapnel they cast  
 As a fat burgomaster was staring aghast  
 To see such a monster come borne on the blast,  
 And it caught in his breeches, and there it stuck fast !"

Oh ! fie ! Mister Nokes,—for shame, Mister Nokes !  
 To be poking your fun at us plain-dealing folks—  
 Sir, this isn't a time to be cracking your jokes,  
 And such jesting, your malice but scurvily cloaks ;  
 Such a trumpery tale every one of us smokes,  
 And we know very well your whole story's a hoax !

" Oh ! what shall we do ? Oh ! where will it end ?  
 Can nobody go ? Can nobody send  
 To Calais—or Bergen-op-zoom—or Ostend ?  
 Can't you go there yourself ? Can't you write to a friend,  
 For news upon which we may safely depend ?"

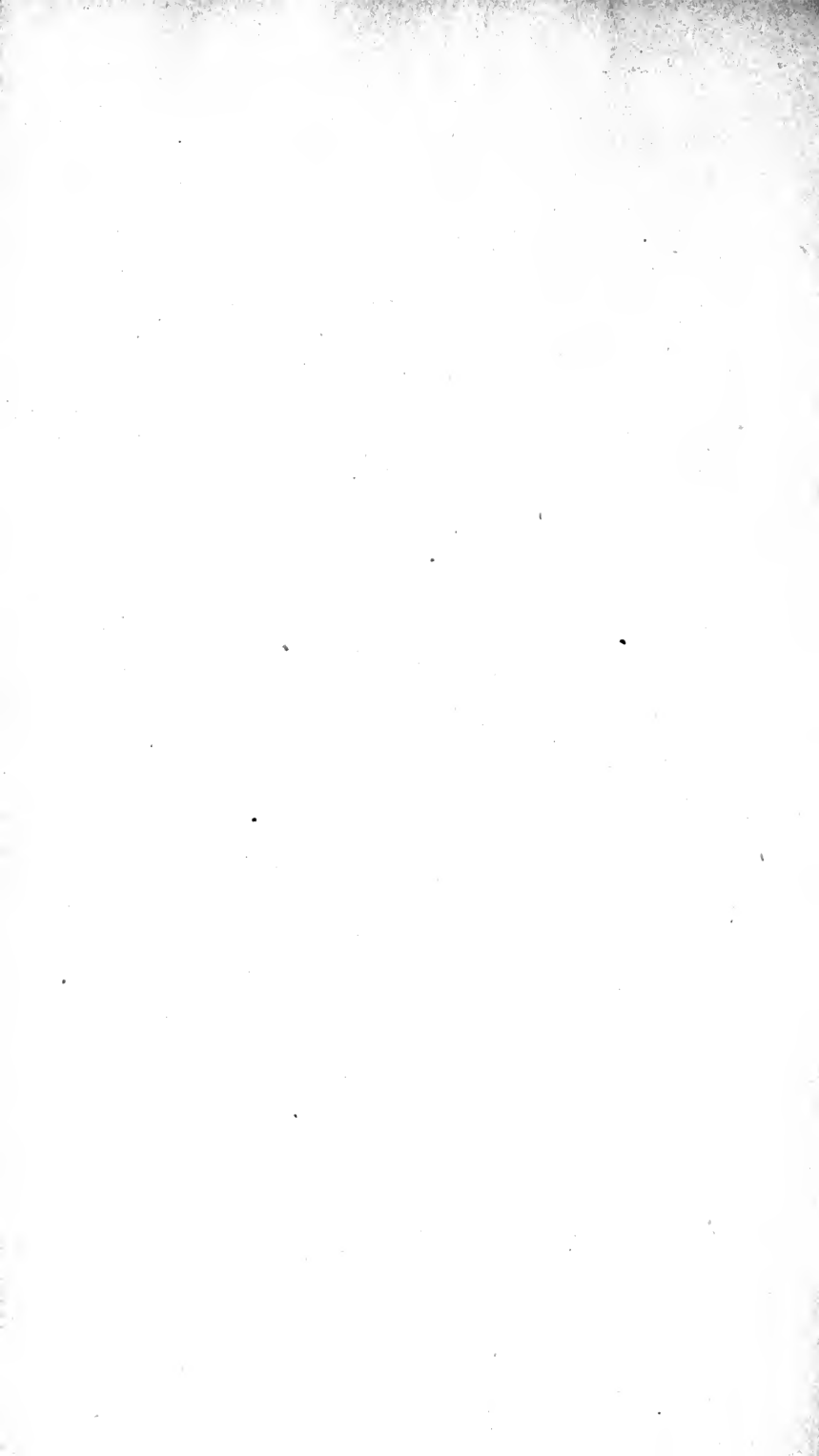
Huzzah ! huzzah ! one and eight-pence to pay  
 For a letter from Hamborough, just come to say  
 They descended at Weilburg about break of day ;  
 And they've lent them the palace there, during their stay,  
 And the town is becoming uncommonly gay,  
 And they're feasting the party, and soaking their clay  
 With Johannisberg, Rudesheim, Moselle, and Tokay ;  
 And the landgraves, and margraves, and counts beg and pray  
 That they won't think as yet about going away ;  
 Notwithstanding, they don't mean to make much delay,  
 But pack up the balloon in a waggon or dray,  
 And pop themselves into a German "*po-shay*,"  
 And get on to Paris by Lisle and Tournay ;  
 Where, they boldly declare, any wager they'll lay,  
 If the gas people there do not ask them to pay  
 Such a sum as must force them at once to say " Nay,"  
 They'll inflate the balloon in the Champs Elysées,  
 And be back again here, the beginning of May.

Dear me ! what a treat for a juvenile *fête* !  
What thousands will flock their arrival to greet !  
There 'll be hardly a soul to be seen in the street,  
For at Vauxhall the whole population will meet,  
And you 'll scarcely get standing-room, much less a seat,  
For this all preceding attraction must beat :

Since, there they 'll unfold, what we want to be told,  
How they cough'd, how they sneezed, how they shiver'd with cold  
How they tipped the " cordial," as racy and old  
As Hodges, or Deady, or Smith ever sold,  
And how they all then felt remarkably bold ;  
How they thought the boil'd beef worth its own weight in gold ;  
And how Mister Green was beginning to scold  
Because Mister Holland would try to lay hold  
Of the moon, and had very near overboard roll'd.

And there they 'll be seen—they 'll be all to be seen !  
The great-coats, the coffee-pot, mugs, and tureen !  
With the tight-rope, and fire-works, and dancing between,  
If the weather should only prove fair and serene.  
And there, on a beautiful transparent screen,  
In the middle you 'll see a large picture of Green,  
With Holland on one side, who hired the machine,  
And Monk Mason on t' other, describing the scene ;  
And Fame on one leg in the air, like a queen,  
With three wreaths and a trumpet, will over them lean ;  
While Envy, in serpents and black bombazine,  
Looks on from below with an air of chagrin.

Then they 'll play up a tune in the Royal Saloon,  
And the people will dance by the light of the moon,  
And keep up the ball till the next day at noon ;  
And the peer and the peasant, the lord and the loon,  
The haughty grandee, and the low picaroon,  
The six-foot life-guardsmen, and little gossoon,  
Will all join in three cheers for the "monstre" balloon.





## SOME ACCOUNT OF A NEW PLAY,

IN A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW,  
LIEUT. SEAFORTH, H.P. LATE OF THE HON. E.I.C.'S 2D REGT. OF  
BOMBAY FENCIBLES.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

“ The play ’s the thing ! ”—HAMLET.

Tavistock Hotel, Nov. 1839.

DEAR CHARLES,

—In reply to your letter and Fanny’s,  
Lord Brougham, it appears, isn’t dead,—though Queen Anne is ;  
’Twas “ a plot ” and a “ farce ”—you hate farces, you say—  
Take another “ plot,” then, viz. the plot of a Play.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Countess of Arundel, high in degree,  
As a lady possess’d of an earldom in fee,  
Was imprudent enough at fifteen years of age,  
A period of life when we ’re not over sage,  
To form a *liaison*—in fact, to engage  
Her hand to a Hop-o’-my-thumb of a Page.

This put her Papa—

She had no Mamma—

As may well be supposed, in a deuce of a rage.

Mr. Benjamin Franklin was won’t to repeat,  
In his budget of proverbs, “ Stolen Kisses are sweet ; ”  
But they have their alloy—

Fate assumed, to annoy

Miss Arundel’s peace, and embitter her joy,  
The equivocal shape of a fine little Boy.

When, through “ the young Stranger,” her secret took wind,  
The Old Lord was neither “ to haud nor to bind.”

He bounced up and down,

And so fearful a frown

Contracted his brow, you ’d have thought he’d been blind.

The young lady, they say,

Having fainted away,

Was confined to her room for the whole of the day ;

While her beau—no rare thing in the old feudal system—

Disappear’d the next morning, and nobody miss’d him.

The fact is, his Lordship, who hadn’t, it seems,  
Form’d the slightest idea, not ev’n in his dreams,  
That the pair had been wedded according to law,  
Conceived that his daughter had made a *faux pas*;

So he bribed at a high rate

A sort of a Pirate

To knock out the poor dear young Gentleman’s brains ;  
Which done, he ’d a handsome *douceur* for his pains.

The Page thus disposed of, his Lordship now turns  
His attention at once to the Lady's concerns,

And, alarm'd for the future,

Looks out for a suitor,

One not fond of raking; nor given to "the pewter,"

But adapted to act both the husband and tutor;

Finds a highly respectable middle-aged widower,

Marries her off, and thanks Heaven that he's rid o' her.

Relieved from his cares,

The old Peer now prepares

To arrange in good earnest his worldly affairs;

Has his will made anew by a Special Attorney,

Sickens, takes to his bed, and sets out on his journey.

Which way he travell'd

Has not been unravell'd;

To speculate much on the point were too curious,

If the climate he reach'd were serene or sulphureous.

To be sure in his balance-sheet all must declare

One item—The Page—was an awkward affair;

But, *per contra*, he'd lately endow'd a new Chantry

For Priests, with ten marks and the run of the pantry.

Be that as it may,

It's sufficient to say

That his tomb in the chancel stands there to this day,

Built of Bethersden marble, a dark blueish grey.

The figure, a fine one of pure alabaster,

Some cleanly churchwarden has cover'd with plaster;

While a Vandal or Jew,

With a taste for *virtù*,

Has knock'd off his toes, to place, I suppose,

In some Pickwick Museum, with part of his nose;

From his belt and his sword

And his *misericorde*

The enamel's been chipp'd out, and never restored;

His *ci-gît* in old French is inscribed all around,

And his head's in his helm, and his heel's on his hound,

The palms of his hands, as if going to pray,

Are join'd and upraised o'er his bosom—But stay!

I forgot that his tomb's not described in the Play.

\* \* \* \*

Lady Arundel, now in her own right a Peeress,  
Perplexes her noddle with no such nice queries,  
But produces in time, to her husband's great joy,  
Another remarkably "fine little boy."

As novel connections

Oft change the affections,

And turn all one's love into different directions,

Now to young "Johnny Newcome" she seems to confine hers,

Neglecting the poor little dear out at dry-nurse;

Nay, far worse than that,

She considers "the brat"

As a bore—fears her husband may smell out a rat.

As her legal adviser  
 She takes an old Miser,  
 A sort of "poor cousin." She might have been wiser;  
 For this arrant deceiver,  
 By name Maurice Beevor,  
 A shocking old scamp, should her own issue fail,  
 By the law of the land stands the next in entail.  
 So, as soon as she ask'd him to hit on some plan  
 To provide for her eldest, away the rogue ran  
 To that self-same unprincipled sea-faring man;  
 In his ear whisper'd low\*\*\*—"Bully Gausson" said "Done!—  
 I Burked the papa, now I'll Bishop the son!"  
 'Twas agreed; and, with speed  
 To accomplish the deed,  
 He adopted a scheme he was sure would succeed.  
 By long cock-and-bull stories  
 Of Candish, and Noreys,  
 Of Drake, and bold Raleigh, then fresh in his glories,  
 Acquired 'mongst the Indians and Rapparee Tories,  
 He so work'd on the lad,  
 That he left, which was bad,  
 The only true friend in the world that he had,  
 Father Onslow, a priest, though to quit him most loth,  
 Who in childhood had furnish'd his pap and his broth,  
 At no small risk of scandal, indeed, to his cloth.

The kidnapping crimp  
 Took the foolish young imp  
 On board of his cutter so trim and so jimp,  
 Then seizing him just as you'd handle a shrimp;  
 Twirl'd him thrice in the air with a whirligig motion,  
 And soused him at once neck and heels in the ocean.  
 This was off Plymouth Sound,  
 And he must have been drown'd,  
 For 'twas nonsense to think he could swim to dry ground,  
 If "A very great Warman,  
 Call'd Billy the Norman,"  
 Had not just at that moment sail'd by, outward bound.  
 A shark of great size,  
 With his great glassy eyes,  
 Sheer'd off as he came, and relinquish'd the prize;  
 So he pick'd up the lad,\* swabb'd, and dry-rubb'd, and mopp'd  
 him,  
 And, having no children, resolved to adopt him.

\* An incident very like one in Jack Sheppard,  
 A work some have lauded and others have pepper'd,  
 When a Dutch pirate kidnaps and tosses Thames Darrell  
 Just so in the sea, and he's saved by a barrel,—  
 On the coast, if I recollect rightly, it's flung whole,  
 And the hero, half-drown'd, scrambles out of the bung-hole,

[It aint no sich thing! — the hero aint bung'd in a barrel at all. He's picked  
 up by a Captain, jest as Norman was arterwards.—PRINT. DEV.]

Full many a year  
 Did he hand, reef, and steer,  
 And by no means consider'd himself as small beer,  
 When old Norman at length died and left him his frigate,  
 With lots of pistoles in his coffers to rig it.  
 A sailor ne'er moans ;  
 So, consigning the bones  
 Of his friend to the locker of one Mr. Jones,  
 For England he steers.  
 On the voyage it appears  
 That he rescued a maid from the Dey of Algiers ;  
 And at length reach'd the Sussex coast, where in a bay,  
 Not a great way from Brighton, most cosey-ly lay  
 His vessel at anchor, the very same day  
 That the Poet begins,—thus commencing his play.

## ACT I.

Giles Gaussen accosts old Sir Maurice de Beevor,  
 And puts the poor Knight in a deuce of a fever,  
 By saying the boy whom he took out to please him  
 Is come back a Captain, on purpose to tease him.  
 Sir Maurice, who gladly would see Mr. Gaussen  
 Breaking stones on the highway, or sweeping a crossing,  
 Dissembles—observes, It's of no use to fret,  
 And hints he may find some more work for him yet ;  
 Then calls at the castle, and tells Lady A.  
 That the boy they had ten years ago sent away  
 Is return'd a grown man, and, to come to the point,  
 Will put her son Percy's nose clean out of joint ;  
 But adds, that herself she no longer need vex,  
 If she'll buy him (Sir Maurice) a farm near the Ex.  
 "Take, take it," she cries ; "but secure every document."—  
 "A bargain," says Maurice,—“including the stock you meant ?”  
 The Captain, meanwhile,  
 With a lover-like smile  
 And a fine cambric handkerchief wipes off the tears  
 From Miss Violet's eyelash, and hushes her fears.  
 (That's the Lady he saved from the Dey of Algiers.)  
 Now arises a delicate point, and this is it—  
 The young lady herself is but down on a visit.  
 She's perplexed, and, in fact,  
 Does not know how to act.  
 It's her very first visit—and then to begin  
 By asking a stranger—a gentleman, in—  
 One with mustaches too—and a tuft on his chin—  
 She “really don't know—  
 He had much better go.”  
 Here the Countess steps in from behind, and says “No !—  
 Fair sir, you are welcome. Do, pray, stop and dine—  
 You will take our pot-luck—and we've decentish wine.”  
 He bows, looks at Violet, and does not decline.

## ACT II.

After dinner the Captain recounts with much glee  
 All he's heard, seen and done, since he first went to sea,  
     All his perils, and scrapes,  
     And his hair-breadth escapes,  
 Talks of boa-constrictors, and lions, and apes,  
 And fierce "Bengal Tigers," like that which you know,  
 If you've ever seen any respectable "Show,"  
 "Carried off the unfortunate Mr. Munro."  
 Then diverging a while, he adverts to the mystery  
 Which hangs like a cloud on his own private history—  
 How he ran off to sea—how they set him afloat  
 (Not a word, though, of barrel or bung-hole—See Note)  
     How he happen'd to meet  
     With the Algerine fleet,  
 And forced them by sheer dint of arms to retreat,  
 Thus saving his Violet—(One of his feet  
 Here just touch'd her toe, and she moved on her seat,)—  
     How his vessel was batter'd—  
     In short, he so chatter'd,  
 Now lively, now serious, so ogled and flatter'd,  
 That the ladies much marvell'd a person should be able,  
 To "make himself," both said, "so very agreeable."

Captain Norman's adventures were not yet half done,  
 When Percy, Lord Ashdale, her ladyship's son,  
     In a terrible fume,  
     Bounces into the room,  
 And talks to his guest as you'd talk to a groom,  
 Claps his hand on his rapier, and swears he'll be through him—  
 The Captain does nothing at all but "pooh! pooh!" him.  
     Unable to smother  
     His hate of his brother,  
 He rails at his cousin, and blows up his mother.  
 "Fie! fie!" says the first. Says the latter, "In sooth,  
 This is sharper by far than the keen serpent's tooth!"  
 A remark, by the way, which King Lear had made years ago,  
 (When he ask'd for his Knights, and his Daughter said "Here's a go!")  
     This made Ashdale ashamed;  
     But he must not be blamed  
 Too much for his warmth, for, like many young fellows, he  
 Was apt to lose temper when tortured by jealousy.  
     Still, speaking quite gruff  
     He goes off in a huff;  
 Lady A., who is now what some call "up to snuff,"  
     Straight determines to patch  
     Up a clandestine match  
 Between the Sea-Captain she dreads like Old Scratch,  
 And Miss, whom she does not think any great catch  
 For Ashdale; besides, he won't kick up such shindies  
 Were she once fairly married, and off to the Indies.

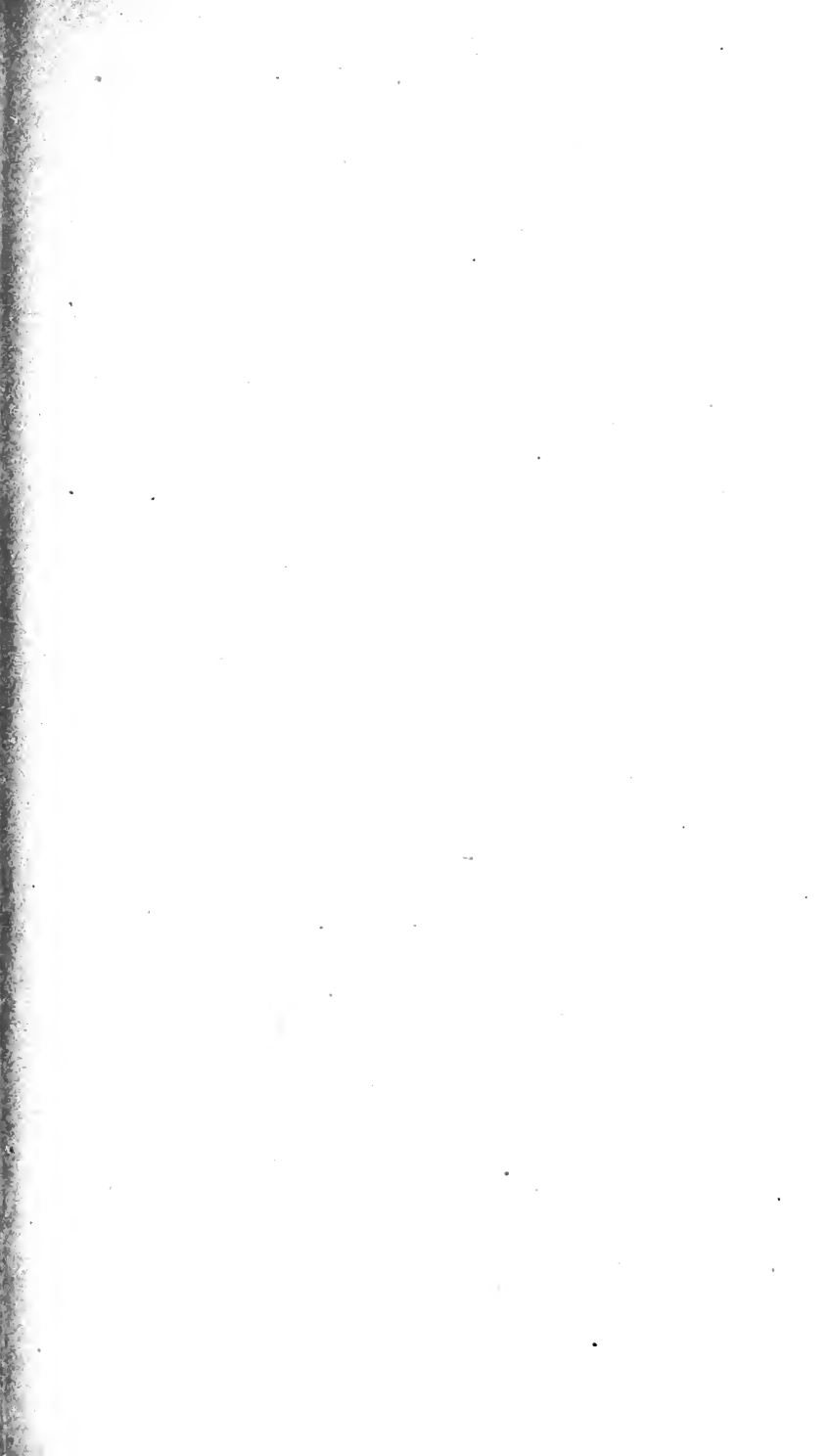
## ACT III.

Miss Violet takes from the Countess her tone ;  
 She agrees to meet Norman "by moonlight alone,"  
     And slip off to his bark,  
     " The night being dark,"  
 Though "the moon," the Sea-Captain says, rises in Heaven  
 "One hour before midnight,"—*i. e.* at eleven.  
     From which speech I infer,  
     —Though perhaps I may err,—  
 That, though weatherwise, doubtless, midst surges and surf, he  
 When "capering on shore," was by no means a Murphy.

He starts off, however, at sunset to reach  
 An old chapel in ruins, that stands on the beach,  
 Where the Priest is to bring, as he's promised by letter, a  
 Paper to prove his name, "birthright," &c.  
     Being rather too late,  
     Gaussen, lying in wait,  
 Has just given Father Onslow a knock on the pate,  
 But bolts, seeing Norman, before he has wrested  
 From the hand of the Priest, as Sir Maurice requested,  
 The marriage certificate duly attested.  
 Norman kneels by the clergyman fainting and gory,  
 And begs he won't die till he's told him his story ;  
     The Father complies,  
     Re-opens his eyes.  
 And tells him all how and about it—and dies !

## ACT IV.

Norman, *alias* Le Mesnil, instructed of all,  
 Goes back, though it's getting quite late for a call,  
 Hangs his hat and his cloak on a peg in the hall,  
 And tells the proud Countess it's useless to smother  
 The fact any longer—he knows she's his mother,  
     His Pa's wedded Spouse.  
     She questions his *vows*,  
 And threatens to have him turn'd out of the house.  
     He still perseveres,  
     Till, in spite of her fears,  
 She admits he's the son she had cast off for years,  
 And he gives her the papers "all blister'd with tears,"  
 When Ashdale, who chances his nose in to poke,  
     Takes his hat and his cloak  
     Just as if in a joke,  
 Determined to put in his wheel a new spoke,  
 And slips off thus disguised, when he sees by the dial it  
 's time for the rendezvous fix'd with Miss Violet.  
 —Captain Norman, who, after all, feels rather sore  
 At his mother's reserve, vows to see her no more,  
 Rings the bell for the servant to open the door,  
 And leaves his Mamma in a fit on the floor.



## THE LAY OF ST. ODILLE.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

ODILLE was a maid of a dignified race ;  
 Her father, Count Otto, was lord of Alsace ;  
     Such an air, such a grace,  
     Such a form, such a face,  
 All agreed 'twere a fruitless endeavour to trace  
 In the Court, or within fifty miles of the place.  
 Many ladies in Strasburg were beautiful, still  
 They were beat all to sticks by the lovely Odille.  
 But Odille was devout, and, before she was nine,  
 Had " experienced a call " she consider'd divine,  
 To put on the veil at St. Ermengarde's shrine.  
 Lords, Dukes, and Electors, and Counts Palatine,  
 Come to seek her in marriage from both sides the Rhine ;  
     But vain their design,  
     They are all left to pine,  
 Their oglings and smiles are all useless ; in fine,  
 Not one of these gentlefolks, try as they will,  
 Can draw " Ask my papa " from the cruel Odille.  
 At length one of her suitors, a certain Count Herman,  
 A highly-respectable man as a German,  
 Who smoked like a chimney, and drank like a merman,  
 Paid his court to her father, conceiving his firman  
     Would soon make her bend,  
     And induce her to lend  
 An ear to a love-tale in lieu of a sermon.  
 He gained the old Count, who said, " Come, Mynheer, fill !  
 Here 's luck to yourself and my daughter Odille ! "  
 The lady Odille was quite nervous with fear  
 When a little bird whispered that toast in her ear ;  
     She murmur'd " Oh, dear !  
     My papa has got queer,  
 I am sadly afraid, with that nasty strong beer !  
 He 's so very austere, and severe, that it 's clear  
 If he gets in his ' tantrums, ' I can't remain here ;  
 But St. Ermengarde's convent is luckily near ;  
     It were folly to stay,  
     *Pour prendre congé,*  
 I shall put on my bonnet, and e'en run away ! "  
 She unlock'd the back-door, and descended the hill,  
 On whose crest stood the towers of the sire of Odille.  
 When he found she 'd levanted, the Count of Alsace  
 At first turn'd remarkably red in the face ;  
 He anathematized, with much unction and grace,  
 Every soul who came near, and consigned the whole race  
 Of runaway girls to a v'ry warm place.  
     With a frightful grimace  
     He gave orders for chase.  
 His vassals set off at a deuce of a pace,



And of all whom they met, high or low, Jack or Jill,  
Ask'd, "Pray, have you seen anything of Odille?"

Now I think I've been told,—for I'm no sporting man,—  
That the "knowing-ones" call this by far the best plan,  
"Take the lead and then keep it!"—that is if you can.  
Odille thought so too, so she set off and ran;

Put her best leg before,

Starting at score,

As I said some lines since, from that little back door,  
And not being missed until half after four,  
Had what hunters call "law" for a good hour and more;

Doing her best,

Without stopping to rest,

Like "young Lochinvar who came out of the West,"  
"Tis done! I am gone!—over brier, brook, and rill!  
They'll be sharp lads who catch me!" said young Miss Odille.

But you've all read in Æsop, or Phœdrus, or Gay,  
How a tortoise and hare ran together one day,

How the hare, "making play,

Progress'd right slick away,"

As "them tarnation chaps" the Americans say;  
While the tortoise, whose figure is rather *outré*  
For racing, crawled straight on, without let or stay,  
Having no post-horse duty, or turnpikes to pay,

Till ere noon's ruddy ray

Chang'd to eve's sober grey,

Though her form and obesity caused some delay,  
Perseverance and patience brought up her lee-way,  
And she chased her fleet-footed "praycursor," until  
She o'ertook her at last;—so it fared with Odille.

For although, as I said, she ran gaily at first,  
And show'd no inclination to pause, if she durst;  
She at length felt opprest with the heat, and with thirst  
Its usual attendant; nor was that the worst,  
Her shoes went down at heel; at last one of them burst.

Now a gentleman smiles

At a trot of ten miles;

But not so the Fair; then consider the stiles,  
And as then ladies seldom wore things with a frill  
Round the ancle, these stiles sadly bother'd Odille.

Still, despite all the obstacles placed in her track,  
She kept steadily on, though the terrible crack  
In her shoe made of course her progression more slack,  
Till she reached the Swartz Forest (in English The Black),

Though I cannot divine

How the boundary line

Was passed which is somewhere there formed by the Rhine.

Perhaps she'd the nack

To float o'er on her back,

Or perhaps crossed the old bridge of boats at Brisach  
(Which Vauban some years after secured from attack,

By a bastion of stone, which the Germans call "Wacke").  
 All I know is, she took not so much as a snack,  
 Till hungry and worn, feeling wretchedly ill,  
 On a mountain's brow sank down the weary Odille.

I said on "its brow," but I should have said "crown,"  
 For 'twas quite on the summit, bleak, barren, and brown,  
 And so high that 'twas frightful indeed to look down  
 Upon Friburg, a place of some little renown,  
 That lay at its foot; but imagine the frown  
 That contracted her brow, when full many a clown  
 She perceived coming up from that horrid post town.

They had followed her trail,

And now thought without fail,

As little boys say, to "lay salt on her tail;"  
 While the Count, who knew no other law but his will,  
 Swore that Herman that evening should marry Odille.

Alas, for Odille; poor dear! what could she do?  
 Her father's retainers now had her in view,  
 As she found from their raising a joyous halloo;  
 While the Count, riding on at the head of his crew,  
 In their snuff-coloured doublets and breeches of blue,  
 Was huzzaing and urging them on to pursue.

What indeed, *could* she do?

She very well knew

If they caught her how much she should have to go through;  
 But then—she'd so shocking a hole in her shoe!

And to go further on was impossible;—true  
 She might jump o'er the precipice; still there are few  
 In her place who could manage their courage to screw  
 Up to bidding the world such a sudden adieu:  
 Alack! how she envied the birds as they flew;  
 No Nassau balloon with its wicker canoe  
 Came to bear her from him she loathed worse than a Jew!  
 So she fell on her knees in a terrible stew,

Crying "Holy St. Ermengarde!

Oh, from these vermin guard

Her whose last hope rests entirely on you!  
 Don't let papa catch me, dear Saint!—rather kill  
 At once, *sur le champ*, your devoted Odille!"

It's delightful to see those who strive to oppress  
 Get baulk'd when they think themselves sure of success.  
 The Saint came to the rescue! I fairly confess  
 I don't see, as a Saint, how she well could do less  
 Than to get such a votary out of her mess.  
 Odille had scarce closed her pathetic address  
 When the rock, gaping wide as the Thames at Sheerness,  
 Closed again, and secured her within its recess,

In a natural grotto,

Which puzzled Count Otto,

Who could not conceive where the deuce she had got to.  
 'Twas her voice!—but 'twas *Vox et præterea Nil!*  
 Nor could any one guess what was gone with Odille.

Then burst from the mountain a splendour that quite  
 Eclipsed in its brilliance the finest Bude light,  
 And there stood St. Ermengarde drest all in white,  
 A palm-branch in her left hand, her beads in her right;  
 While with faces fresh gilt, and with wings burnish'd bright,  
 A great many little boys' heads took their flight  
 Above and around to a very great height,  
 And seem'd pretty lively considering their plight,

Since every one saw,

With amazement and awe,

They could never sit down, for they hadn't *de quoi*.

All at the sight,

From the knave to the knight,

Felt a very unpleasant sensation call'd fright;

While the Saint, looking down,

With a terrible frown,

Said, "My Lords, you are done most remarkably brown!—

I am really ashamed of you both; my nerves thrill

At your scandalous conduct to poor dear Odille!

Come, make yourselves scarce! it is useless to stay,

You will gain nothing here by a longer delay.

'Quick! Presto! Begone!' as the conjurors say;

For as to the lady, I've stow'd her away

In this hill, in a stratum of London blue clay;

And I shan't, I assure you, restore her to-day

Till you faithfully promise no more to say Nay,

But declare, 'If she will be a nun, why she may.'

For this you've my word, and I never yet broke it,

So put that in your pipe, my Lord Otto, and smoke it!—

One hint to your vassals,—a month at 'the Mill'

Shall be nuts to what they'll get who worry Odille!"

The Saint disappear'd as she ended, and so

Did the little boys' heads, which, above and below,

As I told you a very few stanzas ago,

Had been flying about her, and jumping Jem Crow;

Though, without any body, or leg, foot, or toe,

How they managed such antics, I really don't know;

Be that as it may, they all "melted like snow

Off a dyke," as the Scotch say in sweet Edinbro',

And there stood the Count,

With his men on the mount,

Just like "twenty-four jackasses all in a row."

What was best to be done?—'twas a sad bitter pill;

But gulp it he must, or else lose his Odille.

The lord of Alsace therefore alter'd his plan,

And said to himself, like a sensible man,

"I can't do as I would,—I must do as I can;"

It will not do to lie under any Saint's ban,

For your hide, when you do, they all manage to tan;

So Count Herman must pick up some Betsey or Nan,

Instead of my girl,—some Sue, Polly, or Fan;—

If he can't get the corn he must do with the bran,

And make shift with the pot if he can't have the pan.

After words such as these  
 He went down on his knees,  
 And said, "Blessed St. Ermengarde, just as you please—  
 They shall build a new convent,—I'll pay the whole bill,  
 (Taking discount,) its Abbess shall be my Odille!"

There are some of my readers, I'll venture to say,  
 Who have never seen Friburg, though some of them may,  
 And others 'tis likely may go there some day.  
 Now if ever you happen to travel that way,  
 I do beg and pray,—'twill your pains well repay,—  
 That you'll take what the Cockney folks call a 'po-shay'  
 (Though in Germany these things are more like a dray);  
 You may reach this same hill with a single relay,—

And do look how the rock,  
 Through the whole of its block,  
 Is split open as though by some violent shock  
 From an earthquake, or lightning, or horrid hard knock  
 From the club-bearing fist of some jolly old cock  
 Of a Germanized giant, Thor, Woden, or Lok;

And see how it rears  
 Its two monstrous great ears,  
 For when once you're between them such each side appears;  
 And list to the sound of the water one hears  
 Drip, drip from the fissures, like rain-drops or tears:  
 —Odille's, I believe,—which have flowed all these years;  
 —I think they account for them so;—but the rill  
 I'm sure is connected some way with Odille.

#### MORAL.

Now then for a moral, which always arrives  
 At the end, like the honey-bees take to their hives,  
 And the more one observes it the better one thrives.—  
 We have all heard it said in the course of our lives,  
 "Needs must when a certain old gentleman drives,"  
 'Tis the same with a lady,—if once she contrives  
 To get hold of the ribands, how vainly one strives  
 To escape from her lash, or to shake off her gyves.  
 Then let's act like Count Otto, and while one survives  
 Succumb to *our* She-Saints—videlicet wives.

(*Aside.*)

That is if one has not a "good bunch of fives."—  
 (I can't think how that last line escaped from my quill,  
 For I am sure it has nothing to do with Odille.)

Now young ladies to you!—

Don't put on the shrew!

And don't be surprised if your father looks blue  
 When you're pert, and won't act as he wants you to do!  
 Be sure that you never elope;—there are few,—  
 Believe me you'll find what I say to be true,—  
 Who run restive, but find as they bake they must brew,  
 And come off at the last with "a hole in their shoe;"  
 Since not even Clapham, that sanctified ville,  
 Can produce enough Saints to save *every* Odille.

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## MR. PETERS'S STORY.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

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### THE BAGMAN'S DOG.

Stant littore puppies.—VIRGIL.

It was a litter, a litter of five,  
Four are drown'd and one left alive,  
He was thought worthy alone to survive ;  
And the Bagman resolved upon bringing him up,  
To eat of his bread, and to drink of his cup,  
He was such a dear little cock-tail'd pup.

The Bagman taught him many a trick ;  
He would carry and fetch, and run after a stick,  
    Could well understand  
    The word of command,  
    And appear to doze  
    With a crust on his nose,  
Till the Bagman permissively waved his hand ;  
Then to throw up and catch it he never would fail,  
As he sat up on end, on his little cock-tail.  
Never was puppy so *bein instruit*,  
Or possess'd of such natural talent as he ;  
    And as he grew older,  
    Every beholder  
Agreed he grew handsomer, sleeker, and bolder.—

Time, however his wheels we may clog,  
 Wends steadily still with onward jog,  
 And the cock-tail'd puppy's a curly-tail'd dog!  
     When just at the time  
     He was reaching his prime,  
 And all thought he'd be turning out something sublime,  
     One unlucky day,  
     How, no one could say,  
 Whether some soft *liaison* induced him to stray,  
 Or some kidnapping vagabond coax'd him away,  
     He was lost to the view  
     Like the morning dew;  
 He had been, and was not—that's all that they knew;  
 And the Bagman storm'd, and the Bagman swore,  
 As never a Bagman had sworn before;  
 But storming or swearing but little avails  
 To recover lost dogs with great curly tails.—

In a large paved court, close by Billiter Square,  
 Stands a mansion old, but in thorough repair,  
 The only strange thing, from the general air  
 Of its size and appearance, is, how it got there;  
 In front is a short semicircular stair  
     Of stone steps,—some half score,—  
     Then you reach the ground floor,  
 With a shell-pattern'd architrave over the door.  
 It is spacious, and seems to be built on the plan  
 Of a Gentleman's house in the reign of Queen Anne;  
     Which is odd, for although,  
     As we very well know,  
 Under Tudors and Stuarts the City could show  
 Many Noblemen's seats above Bridge and below,  
 Yet that fashion soon after induced them to go  
 From St. Michael Cornhill, and St. Mary le Bow,  
 To St. James, and St. George, and St. Anne in Soho.  
 Be this as it may, at the date I assign  
 To my tale,—that's about Seventeen Sixty Nine,—  
 This mansion, now rather upon the decline,  
 Had less dignified owners, belonging in fine,  
 To Turner, Dry, Weipersyde, Rogers, and Pyne,  
 A respectable House in the Manchester line.

There were a score  
     Of Bagmen and more,  
 Who had travell'd full oft for the firm before;  
 But just at this period they wanted to send  
 Some person on whom they could safely depend,  
 A trustworthy body, half agent, half friend,  
 On some mercantile matter as far as Ostend;  
 And the person they pitch'd on, was Anthony Blogg,  
 A grave steady man not addicted to grog,—  
 The Bagman, in short, who had lost this great dog.

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"The Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!—

That is the place where we all wish to be,  
Rolling about on it merrily!"

So all sing and say,

By night and by day,

In the *boudoir*, the street, at the concert, and play,

In a sort of coxcombical roundelay;

You may roam through the City, transversely or straight,

From Whitechapel turnpike to Cumberland gate,

And every young Lady who thrums a guitar,

Ev'ry mustachio'd Shopman who smokes a cigar,

With affected devotion,

Promulgates his notion,

Of being a "Rover" and "child of the Ocean"—

Whate'er their age, sex, or condition may be,

They all of them long for the "Wide, Wide Sea."

But, however they dote,

Only set them afloat

In any craft bigger at all than a boat,

Take them down to the Nore,

And you'll see that before

The "Wessel" they "Woyage" in has half made her way

Between Shell-Ness Point and the pier at Herne Bay,

Let the wind meet the tide in the slightest degree,

They'll be all of them heartily sick of "the Sea."

\* \* \* \* \*

I've stood in Margate, on a bridge of size

Inferior far to that described by Byron,

Where "palaces and pris'ns on each hand rise,"—

That too's a stone one, this is made of iron—

And little donkey-boys your steps environ,

Each proffering for your choice his tiny hack,

Vaunting its excellence; and should you hire one,

For sixpence, will he urge, with frequent thwack,

The much-enduring beast to Buenos Ayres and back.

And there, on many a raw and gusty day,

I've stood and turn'd my gaze upon the pier,

And seen the crews, that did embark so gay

That self-same morn, now disembark so queer;

Then to myself I've sigh'd and said, "Oh dear!

Who would believe yon sickly-looking man's a  
London Jack Tar,—a Cheapside Buccaneer!—"

But hold, my Muse! for this terrific stanza,

Is all too stiffly grand for our Extravaganza.

\* \* \* \* \*

"So now we'll go up, up, up,

And now we'll go down, down, down,

And now we'll go backwards and forwards,

And now we'll go roun', roun', roun'."

I hope you've sufficient discernment to see,

Gentle Reader, that here the discarding the *d*,

Is a fault which you must not attribute to me ;  
 Thus my Nurse cut it off when, "with counterfeit glee,"  
 She sung, as she danced me about on her knee,  
 In the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and three :  
 All I mean to say is that the Muse is now free  
 From the self-imposed trammels put on by her betters,  
 And no longer, like Filch, midst the felons and debtors  
 At Drury Lane, dances her hornpipe in fetters.

Resuming her track,  
 At once she goes back,  
 To our hero, the Bagman—Alas ! and Alack !

Poor Anthony Blogg  
 Is as sick as a dog,  
 Spite of sundry unwonted potations of grog,  
 By the time the Dutch packet is fairly at sea,  
 With the sands called the Goodwin's a league on her lee.

And now, my good friends, I've a fine opportunity  
 To obfuscate you all by sea terms with impunity,

And talking of "caulking"  
 And "quarter-deck walking,"  
 "Fore and aft,"  
 And "abaft"

"Hookers," "barkeys," and "craft,"  
 (At which Mr. Poole has so wickedly laught,)  
 Of binnacles,—bilboes,—the boom called the spanker,  
 The best bower cable,—the jib,—and sheet anchor ;  
 Of lower-deck guns,—and of broadsides and chases,  
 Of taffrails and topsails, and splicing main-braces,  
 And "Shiver my timbers !" and other odd phrases  
 Employ'd by old pilots with hard-featured faces ;  
 Of the expletives sea-faring Gentlemen use,  
 The allusions they make to the eyes of their crews,

How the Sailors, too, swear,  
 How they cherish their hair,

And what very long pig-tails a great many wear.—  
 But, Reader, I scorn it—the fact is, I fear,  
 To be candid, I can't make these matters so clear  
 As Marryat, or Cooper, or Captain Chamier,  
 Or Sir E. Lytton Bulwer, who brought up the rear  
 Of the "Nauticals," just at the end of last year,  
 With a well-written preface, to make it appear  
 That his play, the Sea-Captain, 's by no means Small beer ;—  
 There !—"brought up the rear"—you see there's a mistake  
 Which not one of the authors I've mention'd would make,  
 I ought to have said, that he "sail'd in their wake."—  
 So I'll merely observe, as the water grew rougher  
 The more my poor hero continued to suffer,  
 Till the Sailors themselves cried in pity, "Poor Buffer !"

Still rougher it grew,  
 And still harder it blew,  
 And the thunder kick'd up such a halliballoo,



That even the Skipper began to look blue ;  
 While the crew, who were few,  
 Look'd very queer, too,  
 And seem'd not to know what exactly to do,  
 And they who 'd the charge of them wrote in the logs,  
 " Wind N. E.—blows a hurricane,—rains cats and dogs."  
 In short, it soon grew to a tempest as rude as  
 That Shakspeare describes near the " still vext Bermudas,"

When the winds, in their sport,  
 Drove aside from its port  
 The King's ship, with the whole Neapolitan Court,  
 And swamp'd it to give " the King's Son, Ferdinand," a  
 Soft moment or two with the Lady Miranda,  
 While her Pa met the rest, and severely rebuked 'em  
 For unhandsomely doing him out of his Dukedom.  
 You don't want me, however, to paint you a Storm,  
 As so many have done, and in colours so warm ;  
 Lord Byron, for instance, in manner facetious,  
 Mr. Ainsworth more gravely,—see also Lucretius,  
 A writer who gave me no trifling vexation  
 When a youngster at school on Dean Colet's foundation.

Suffice it to say  
 That the whole of that day,  
 And the next, and the next, they were scudding away  
 Quite out of their course,  
 Propelled by the force  
 Of those flatulent folks known in Classical story as  
 Aquilo, Libs, Notus, Auster, and Boreas ;  
 Driven quite at their mercy  
 Twixt Guernsey and Jersey,  
 Till at length they came bump on the rocks and the shallows,  
 In West longitude, one, fifty-seven, near St. Maloes ;  
 There you 'll not be surprized  
 That the vessel capsized,  
 Or that Blogg, who had made, from intestine commotions,  
 His specifical gravity less than the Ocean's,  
 Should go floating away,  
 Midst the surges and spray,  
 Like a cork in a gutter, which, swoln by a shower,  
 Runs down Holborn hill about nine knots an hour.

You 've seen, I 've no doubt, at Bartholomew fair,  
 Gentle Reader,—that is, if you 've ever been there,—  
 With their hands tied behind them, some two or three pair  
 Of boys round a bucket set up on a chair,  
 Skipping, and dipping  
 Eyes, nose, chin, and lip in,  
 Their faces and hair with the water all dripping,  
 In an anxious attempt to catch hold of a pippin,  
 That bobs up and down in the water whenever  
 They touch it, as mocking the fruitless endeavour ;  
 Exactly as Poets say,—how, though they can't tell us,—  
 Old Nick's Nonpareils play at bob with poor Tantalus.

—Stay—I 'm not clear,  
 But I 'm rather out here ;  
 'Twas the water itself that slipp'd from him, I fear ;  
 Faith, I can't recollect—and I haven't Lempriere.  
 No matter,—poor Blogg went on ducking and bobbing,  
 Sneezing out the salt water, and gulping and sobbing,  
 Just as Clarence, in Shakspeare, describes all the qualms he  
 Experienced while dreaming they 'd drown'd him in Malmsey.

“O Lord,” he thought, “what pain it was to drown !”  
 And saw great fishes, with great goggling eyes  
 Glaring, as he was bobbing up and down,  
 And looking as they thought him quite a prize,  
 When, as he sank, and all was growing dark,  
 A something seized him with its jaws !—A Shark ?

No such thing, Reader :—most opportunely for Blogg,  
 'Twas a very large web-footed curly-tail'd Dog !

\* \* \* \* \*

I 'm not much of a trav'ler, and really can't boast  
 That I know a great deal of the Brittany coast,  
 But I 've often heard say  
 That, e'en to this day,  
 The people of Granville, St. Maloes, and thereabout  
 Are a class that Society doesn't much care about,  
 Men who gain their subsistence by contraband dealing,  
 And a mode of abstraction strict people call “stealing ;”  
 Notwithstanding all which, they are civil of speech,  
 Above all to a Stranger who comes within reach ;  
 And they were so to Blogg,  
 When the curly-tail'd Dog  
 At last dragg'd him out, high and dry on the beach.  
 But we all have been told  
 By the proverb of old,  
 By no means to think “all that glitters is gold ;”  
 And, in fact, some advance  
 That most people in France  
 Join the manners and air of a *Maître de Danse*,  
 To the morals—(as Johnson of Chesterfield said)—  
 Of an elderly Lady, in Babylon bred,  
 Much addicted to flirting and dressing in red.—  
 Be this as it might,  
 It embarrass'd Blogg quite  
 To find those about him so very polite.

A suspicious observer, perhaps, might have traced  
 The *petites soins*, tender'd with so much good taste,  
 To the sight of an old-fashioned pocket-book, placed  
 In a black leather belt well secured round his waist,  
 And a ring set with diamonds, his finger that graced,  
 So brilliant, no one could have guess'd they were paste.

The group on the shore  
 Consisted of four ;  
 You will wonder, perhaps, there were not a few more ;  
 But, the fact is, they 've not, in that part of the nation,  
 What Malthus would term, a "too dense population,"  
 Indeed the sole sign there of man's habitation  
     Was merely a single  
     Rude hut, in a dingle  
 That led away inland direct from the shingle,  
 Its sides cloth'd with underwood, gloomy and dark,  
 Some two hundred yards above high-water mark ;  
     And thither the party,  
     So cordial and hearty,  
 Viz. an old man, his wife, and two lads, make a start, he,  
     The Bagman, proceeding,  
     With equal good breeding,  
 To express, in indifferent French, all he feels,  
 The great curly-tail'd Dog keeping close to his heels.  
 They soon reach'd the hut, which seem'd partly in ruin,  
 All the way bowing, chattering, shrugging, *Mon-Dieu*-ing,  
 Grimacing, and what Sailors call *parley-voing*.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

Is it Paris or Kitchener, Reader, exhorts  
 You, whenever your stomach's at all out of sorts,  
 To try, if you find richer viands won't stop in it,  
 A basin of good mutton broth with a chop in it ?  
 (Such a basin and chop as I once heard a witty one  
 Call, at the Garrick "a c—d Committee one,"  
 An expression, I own, I do not think a pretty one.)  
     However, it's clear  
     That, with sound table beer,  
 Such a mess as I speak of is very good cheer ;  
     Especially too  
     When a person's wet through,  
 And is hungry, and tired, and don't know what to do.  
 Now just such a mess of delicious hot pottage  
 Was smoking away when they enter'd the cottage,  
 And casting a truly delicious perfume  
 Through the whole of an ugly, old, ill-furnish'd room ;  
     "Hot, smoking hot,"  
     On the fire was a pot  
 Well replenish'd, but really I can't say with what ;  
 For, famed as the French always are for ragouts,  
 No creature can tell what they put in their stews,  
 Whether bull-frogs, old gloves, or old wigs, or old shoes ;  
 Notwithstanding, when offer'd I rarely refuse,  
 Any more than poor Blogg did, when, seeing the reeky  
 Repast placed before him, scarce able to speak, he  
 In ecstasy mutter'd "By Jove, Cocky-leeky !"  
     In an instant, as soon  
     As they gave him a spoon,  
 Every feeling and faculty bent on the gruel, he

No more blamed Fortune for treating him cruelly,  
But fell tooth and nail on the soup and the *bouilli*.

\* \* \* \*

Meanwhile that old man standing by,  
Subducted his long coat tails on high,  
With his back to the fire, as if to dry  
A part of his dress which the watery sky  
Had visited rather inclemently.  
Blandly he smiled, but still he look'd sly,  
And a something sinister lurk'd in his eye.  
Indeed, had you seen him, his maritime dress in,  
You'd have own'd his appearance was not prepossessing,  
He'd a "dreadnought" coat, and heavy *sabots*  
With thick wooden soles turn'd up at the toes,  
His nether man cased in a striped *quelque chose*,  
And a hump on his back, and a great hook'd nose,  
So that nine out of ten would be led to suppose  
That the person before them was Punch in plain clothes.

Yet still, as I told you, he smiled on all present,  
And did all that lay in his power to look pleasant.

The old woman, too,

Made a mighty ado,

Helping her guest to a deal of the stew;  
She fish'd up the meat, and she help'd him to that,  
She help'd him to lean, and she help'd him to fat,  
And it look'd like Hare—but it might have been Cat.  
The little *garçons* too strove to express  
Their sympathy towards the "Child of distress"  
With a great deal of juvenile French *politesse*;

But the Bagman bluff

Continued to "stuff"

Of the fat and the lean, and the tender and tough,  
Till they thought he would never cry "Hold, enough!"  
And the old woman's tones became far less agreeable,  
Sounding like *peste*! and *sacre*! and *diable*!

I've seen an old saw which is well worth repeating,

That says,

"Goode Eatynge

Deserbyth goode Drynkynge."

You'll find it so printed by Carton, or Wynkyn,  
And a very good proverb it is to my thinking.

Blogg thought so too;—

As he finish'd his stew,

His ear caught the sound of the word "*Morbleu*!"  
Pronounced by the old woman under her breath.  
Now, not knowing what she could mean by "Blue Death!"  
He conceived she referr'd to a delicate brewing  
Which is almost synonymous,—namely "Blue Ruin."  
So he purs'd up his lip to a smile, and with glee,  
In his cockneyfy'd accent, responded "Oh, *Vee*!"

Which made her understand he  
 Was asking for brandy ;  
 So she turn'd to the cupboard, and, having some handy,  
 Produced, rightly deeming he would not object to it,  
 An orbicular bulb with a very long neck to it ;  
 In fact, you perceive her mistake was the same as his,  
 Each of them " reasoning right from wrong premises ;"  
 And here, by the way,  
 Allow me to say  
 —Kind Reader, you sometimes permit me to stray—  
 'Tis strange the French prove, when they take to aspersing,  
 So inferior to us in the science of cursing :  
 Kick a Frenchman down stairs,  
 How absurdly he swears !  
 And how odd 'tis to hear him, when beat to a jelly,  
 Roar out in a passion, " Blue Death ! " and " Blue Belly ! "

" To return to our sheep " from this little digression :—  
 Blogg's features assumed a complacent expression  
 As he emptied his glass, and she gave him a fresh one ;  
 Too little he heeded  
 How fast they succeeded.  
 Perhaps you or I might have done, though, as he did ;  
 For when once Madame Fortune deals out her hard raps,  
 It 's amazing to think  
 How one " cottons " to drink !  
 At such times, of all things in nature, perhaps,  
 There 's not one that 's half so seducing as *Schnaps*.

Mr. Blogg, beside being uncommonly dry,  
 Was, like most other Bagmen, remarkably shy,  
 —" Did not like to deny"—  
 —" Felt obliged to comply"—  
 Every time that she ask'd him to " wet t'other eye ;"  
 For 'twas worthy remark that she spared not the stoup,  
 Though before she had seem'd so to grudge him the soup.  
 At length the fumes rose  
 To his brain ; and his nose  
 Gave hints of a strong disposition to doze,  
 And a yearning to seek " horizontal repose."  
 His queer-looking host,  
 Who, firm at his post,  
 During all the long meal had continued to toast  
 That garment 'twere rude to  
 Do more than allude to,  
 Perceived, from his breathing and nodding, the views  
 Of his guest were directed to " taking a snooze :"  
 So he caught up a lamp in his huge dirty paw,  
 With (as Blogg used to tell it) "*Mounseer, swivvy mau !*"  
 And " marshalled " him so  
 " The way he should go,"  
 Upstairs to an attic, large, gloomy, and low,

Without table or chair,  
 Or a moveable there,  
 Save an old-fashion'd bedstead, much out of repair,  
 That stood at the end most removed from the stair.—  
 With a grin and a shrug  
 The host points to the rug,  
 Just as much as to say, "There!—I think you'll be snug!"  
 Puts the light on the floor,  
 Walks to the door,  
 Makes a formal *Salaam*, and is then seen no more;  
 When, just as the ear lost the sound of his tread,  
 To the Bagman's surprise, and, at first, to his dread,  
 The great curly-tail'd Dog crept from under the bed!

It's a very nice thing when a man's in a fright,  
 And thinks matters all wrong, to find matters all right;  
 As, for instance, when going home late-ish at night  
 Through a Churchyard, and seeing a thing all in white,  
 Which, of course, one is led to consider a Sprite,  
 To find that the Ghost  
 Is merely a post,  
 Or a miller, or chalky-faced donkey at most;  
 Or, when taking a walk as the evenings begin  
 To close, or, as some people call it, "draw in,"  
 And some undefined form, "looming large" through the haze,  
 Presents itself, right in your path, to your gaze,  
 Inducing a dread  
 Of a knock on the head,  
 Or a sever'd carotid, to find that, instead  
 Of one of those ruffians who murder and fleece men,  
 It's your Uncle, or one of the "Rural Policemen;"  
 Then the blood flows again  
 Through artery and vein;  
 You're delighted with what just before gave you pain;  
 You laugh at your fears—and your friend in the fog  
 Meets a welcome as cordial as Anthony Blogg  
 Now bestow'd on *his* friend—the great curly-tail'd Dog.

For the Dog leap'd up, and his paws found a place  
 On each side his neck in a canine embrace,  
 And he lick'd Blogg's hands, and he lick'd his face,  
 And he wagged his tail, as much as to say,  
 "Mr. Blogg, we've foregather'd before to-day!"  
 And the Bagman saw, as he now sprang up,  
 What beyond all doubt  
 He might have found out  
 Before, had he not been so eager to sup,  
 'Twas Sancho!—the Dog he had rear'd from a pup!  
 The Dog who, when sinking, had seized his hair,—  
 The Dog who had saved, and conducted him there,—  
 The Dog he had lost out of Billiter Square!!

It's passing sweet,  
 An absolute treat,  
 When friends, long sever'd by distance, meet,—  
 With what warmth and affection each other they greet !  
 Especially, too, as we very well know,  
 If there seems any chance of a little *cadeau*,  
 A "Present from Brighton," or "Token," to show,  
 In the shape of a work-box, ring, bracelet, or so,  
 That our friends don't forget us, although they may go  
 To Ramsgate, or Rome, or Fernando Po.  
 If some little advantage seems likely to start,  
 From a fifty-pound note to a two-penny tart,  
 It's surprising to see how it softens the heart,  
 And you'll find those whose hopes from the other are strongest,  
 Use, in common, endearments the thickest and longest.

But it was not so here ;  
 For although it is clear,  
 When abroad, and we have not a single friend near,  
 E'en a cur that will love us becomes very dear,  
 And the balance of interest 'twixt him and the Dog  
 Of course was inclining to Anthony Blogg,  
 Yet he, first of all, ceased  
 To encourage the beast,  
 Perhaps thinking "Enough is as good as a feast ;"  
 And besides, as we've said, being sleepy and mellow,  
 He grew tired of patting, and crying "Poor fellow !"  
 So his smile by degrees harden'd into a frown.  
 And his "That's a good dog !" into "Down, Sancho, down !"

But nothing could stop his mute fav'rite's caressing,  
 Who, in fact, seem'd resolved to prevent his undressing,  
 Using paws, tail, and head,  
 As if he had said,  
 "Most beloved of masters, pray, don't go to bed ;  
 You had much better sit up and pat me instead !"  
 Nay, at last, when, determined to take some repose,  
 Blogg threw himself down on the outside the clothes,  
 Spite of all he could do,  
 The Dog jump'd up too,  
 And kept him awake with his very cold nose ;  
 Scratching and whining,  
 And moaning and pining,  
 Till Blogg really believed he must have some design in  
 Thus breaking his rest ; above all, when at length  
 The Dog scratch'd him off from the bed by sheer strength.

Extremely annoy'd by the "tarnation whop," as it  
 's call'd in Kentuck, on his head and its opposite,  
 Blogg show'd fight ;  
 When he saw, by the light  
 Of the flickering candle, that had not yet quite  
 Burnt down in the socket, though not over bright,

Certain dark-colour'd stains, as of blood newly spilt,  
 Reveal'd by the dog's having scratch'd off the quilt,  
 Which hinted a story of horror and guilt !

'Twas "no mistake,"—

He was "wide awake"

In an instant ; for, when only decently drunk,  
 Nothing sobers a man so completely as "funk."

And hark !—what 's that ?—

They have got into chat

In the kitchen below—what the deuce are they at ?—

There 's the ugly old Fisherman scolding his wife—

And she !—by the Pope ! she 's whetting a knife !—

At each twist

Of her wrist,

And her great mutton fist,

The edge of the weapon sounds shriller and louder !—

The fierce kitchen fire

Had not made Blogg perspire

Half so much, or a dose of the best James's powder.—

It ceases—all 's silent !—and now, I declare

There 's somebody crawls up that rickety stair !

\* \* \* \* \*

The horrid old ruffian comes, cat-like creeping ;

He opens the door just sufficient to peep in,

And sees, as he fancies, the Bagman sleeping !

For Blogg, when he 'd once ascertain'd that there was some  
 "Precious mischief" on foot, had resolved to "play 'Possum :"—

Down he went, legs and head,

Flat on the bed,

Apparently sleeping as sound as the dead ;

While, though none who look'd at him would think such a thing,

Every nerve in his frame was braced up for a spring.

Then, just as the villain

Crept, stealthily still, in,

And you 'd not have insured his guest's life for a shilling,

As the knife gleam'd on high, bright and sharp as a razor,

Blogg, starting upright, "tipped" the fellow a "facer :"

Down went man and weapon.—Of all sorts of blows,

From what Mr. Jackson reports, I suppose

There are few that surpass a flush hit on the nose.

Now, had I the pen of old Ossian or Homer,

(Though each of these names some pronounce a misnomer,

And say the first person

Was call'd James M'Pherson,

While, as to the second, they stoutly declare

He was no one knows who, and born no one knows where,)

Or had I the quill of Pierce Egan, a writer

Acknowledged the best theoretical fighter

For the last twenty years,

By the lively young Peers,



Who, doffing their coronets, collars, and ermines, treat  
Boxers to "Max," at the One Tun in Jermyn Street;—  
—I say, could I borrow these Gentlemen's Muses,  
More skill'd than my meek one in "fibblings" and bruises,

I'd describe now to you

As "prime a Set-to,"

And "regular turn-up," as ever you knew;  
Not inferior in "bottom" to aught you have read of  
Since Cribb, years ago, half knock'd Molyneux' head off.  
But my dainty Urania says, "Such things are shocking!"

Lace mittens She loves,

Detesting "The Gloves;"

And, turning, with air most disdainfully mocking,  
From Melpomene's buskin, adopts the silk stocking.

So, as far as I can see,

I must leave you to "fancy"

The thumps and the bumps, and the ups and the downs,  
And the taps, and the slaps, and the raps on the crowns,  
That pass'd 'twixt the Husband, Wife, Bagman, and Dog,  
As Blogg roll'd over them, and they roll'd over Blogg;

While what's called "The Claret"

Flew over the garret:

Merely stating the fact,

As each other they whack'd,

The Dog his old master most gallantly back'd;

Making both the *garçons*, who came running in, sheer off,  
With "Hippolyte's" thumb, and "Alphonse's" left ear off;

Next, making a stoop on

The buffeting group on

The floor, rent in tatters the old woman's *jupon*;

Then the old man turn'd up, and a fresh bite of Sancho's  
Tore out the whole seat of his striped Callimancoes.

Really, which way

This desperate fray

Might have ended at last, I'm not able to say,

The dog keeping thus the assassins at bay:

But a few fresh arrivals decided the day;

For bounce went the door,

In came half a score

Of the passengers, sailors, and one or two more

Who had aided the party in gaining the shore!

It's a great many years ago—mine then were few—  
Since I spent a short time in the old *Courageux*;

I think that they say

She had been, in her day,

A First-rate, but was then what they term a *Rasée*,—

And they took me on board in the Downs, where she lay.

(Captain Wilkinson held the command, by the way.)

In her I pick'd up, on that single occasion,

The little I know that concerns Navigation,

And obtain'd, *inter alia*, some vague information

Of a practice which often, in cases of robbing,  
 Was adopted on shipboard—I think 'twas call'd "Cobbing."  
 How 'twas managed exactly I really can't say,  
 But I think that a Boot-jack was brought into play—  
 That is, if I'm right :—it exceeds my ability

To tell how 'tis done ;

But the system is one

Of which Sancho's exploit would increase the facility.  
 And, from all I could learn, I'd much rather be robb'd  
 Of the little I have in my purse, than be "cobb'd ;"—

That's mere matter of taste :

But the Frenchman was placed—

I mean the old scoundrel whose actions we've traced—  
 In such a position, that, on his unmasking,  
 His consent was the last thing the men thought of asking.

The old woman, too,

Was obliged to go through,

With her boys, the rough discipline used by the crew,  
 Who, before they let one of the set see the back of them,  
 "Cobb'd" the whole party,—ay, "every man Jack of them."

### *Moral.*

And now, Gentle Reader, before that I say  
 Farewell for the present, and wish you good day,  
 Attend to the moral I draw from my lay !—

If ever you travel, like Anthony Blogg,  
 Be wary of strangers !—don't take too much grog !—  
 And don't fall asleep, if you should, like a hog :  
 Above all, carry with you a curly-tail'd Dog !

Lastly, don't act like Blogg, who, I say it with blushing,  
 Sold Sancho next month for two guineas at Flushing,  
 But still on these words of the Bard keep a fixt eye,

INGRATUM SI DIXERIS, OMNIA DIXTI !!!

### *L'Envoye.*

I felt so disgusted with Blogg, from sheer shame of him,  
 I never once thought to inquire what became of him ;  
 If *you* want to know, Reader, the way, I opine,

To achieve your design,—

Mind, it's no wish of mine,—

Is,—(a penny will do 't,)—by addressing a line  
 To Turner, Dry, Weipersyde, Rogers, and Pyne.

### APPENDIX.

Since penning this stanza, a learned Antiquary  
 Has put my poor Muse in no trifling quandary,  
 By writing an essay to prove that he knows a  
 Spot which, in truth, is  
 The *real* "Bermoothes,"

In the Mediterranean,—now call'd Lampedosa ;  
For proofs having made, as he farther alleges, stir,  
An entry was found in the old Parish Register,  
The which at his instance the excellent Vicar ex-  
-tracted : viz. " Caliban, base son of Sycorax."—

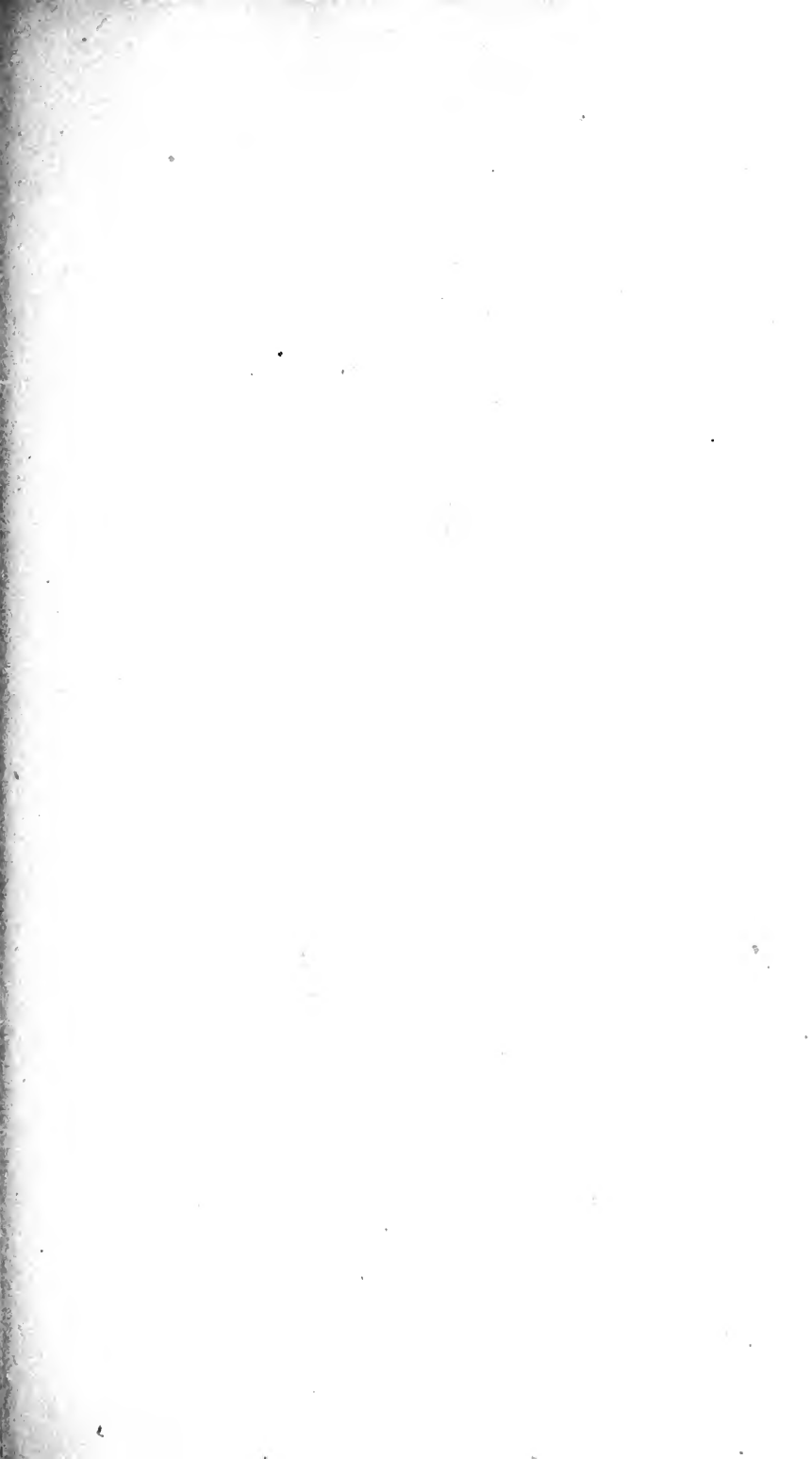
—He had rather by half

Have found Prospero's " Staff ;"

But 'twas useless to dig, for the want of a pick or axe.—  
Colonel Paisley, however, 'tis everywhere said,  
When he 's blown up the whole Royal George at Spit-head,  
Takes his new apparatus, and goes out to look  
And see if he can't try and blow up " the Book."—  
—Gentle Reader, farewell !—If I add one more line,  
He 'll be, in all likelihood, blowing up mine !

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## AUNT FANNY.

A TALE OF A SHIRT.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

Virginibus, Puerisque canto.—HOR.

Old Maids and Bachelors I chaunt to!—T. I.

I SING of a Shirt that never was new ! !—  
In the course of the year eighteen hundred and two,  
Aunt Fanny began,  
Upon Grandmamma's plan,  
To make it for me, then her "dear little man."—  
At the epoch I speak about, I was between  
A man and a boy,  
A hobble-de-hoy,  
A fat little punchy concern of sixteen,

Just beginning to flirt  
 And ogle,—so pert,  
 I'd been whipt every day had I had my desert,  
 —And Aunt Fan volunteer'd to make me a Shirt.

I've said she *began* it,—  
 Some unlucky planet  
 No doubt interfered,—for, before she and Janet,  
 Completed the “cutting-out,” “hemming,” and “stitching,”  
 A tall Irish footman appear'd in the kitchen ;—  
 This took off the maid,  
 And, I'm sadly afraid,  
 My respected Aunt Fanny's attention, too, stray'd ;  
 For, about the same period, a gay son of Mars,  
 Cornet Jones of the Tenth, (then the Prince's) Hussars,  
 With his fine dark eyelashes,  
 And finer moustaches,  
 And the ostrich plume work'd on the corps' sabre-taches.  
 (I say nought of the gold-and-red cord of the sashes,  
 Or the boots, far above the Guards' vile spatterdashes,)—  
 So eyed, and so sigh'd, and so lovingly tried  
 To engage her whole ear as he lounged by her side,  
 Looking down on the rest with such dignified pride,  
 That she made up her mind  
 She should certainly find  
 Cornet Jones at her feet, whisp'ring, “Fan, be my bride !”  
 She had even resolved to say “Yes” should he ask it,  
 —And I and my Shirt were both left in the basket.

To her grief and dismay  
 She discovered one day  
 Cornet Jones of the Tenth was a little too gay ;  
 For, besides that she saw him—he could not say nay—  
 Wink at one of the actresses capering away  
 In a Spanish *bolero*, one night at the play,  
 She found he'd already a wife at Cambray ;  
 One at Paris, a nymph of the *corps de ballet* ;  
 And a third down in Kent, at a place called Foots'-Cray.  
 He was “viler than dirt.”—  
 Fanny vow'd to exert  
 All her powers to forget him,—and finish my Shirt.

But, oh ! lack-a-day !  
 How time slips away !—  
 Who'd have thought that while Cupid was playing these tricks,  
 Ten years had elapsed, and I'd turn'd twenty-six ?—  
 “I care not a whit,  
 —He's not grown a bit,”  
 Says my Aunt, “it will still be a very good fit.”  
 So Janet and she,  
 Now about thirty-three,

(The maid had been jilted by Mr. Magee,)
 Each taking one end of the Shirt on her knee,  
 Again began working with hearty good will,  
 "Felling the Seams," and "whipping the Frill,"—  
 For, twenty years since, though the Ruffle had vanish'd,  
 A Frill like a fan had by no means been banish'd;  
 People wore them at playhouses, parties, and churches,  
 Like overgrown fins of overgrown perches.—

Now, then, by these two thus laying their caps  
 Together, my Shirt had been finish'd perhaps,  
 But for one of those queer little three-corner'd straps,  
 Which the ladies call "Side-bits," that sever the "Flaps;"  
     Here unlucky Janet  
     Took her needle, and ran it  
 Right into her thumb, and cried loudly, "Ads cuss it!  
 I've spoil'd myself now by that 'ere nasty Gusset!"

For a month to come  
 Poor dear Janet's thumb  
 Was in that sort of state vulgar people call "rum."  
     At the end of that time,  
     A youth still in his prime,  
 The Doctor's fat Errand-boy, just such a dolt as is  
 Kept to mix draughts, and spread plaisters and poultices,  
 Who a bread cataplasm each morning had carried her,  
 Sigh'd, ogled, proposed, was accepted, and married her!

Much did Aunt Fan  
 Disapprove of the plan;  
 She turn'd up her dear little snub at the man.  
     She "could not believe it"—  
     "Could scarcely conceive it  
 Was possible—What! *such* a place!—and then leave it!  
 And all for a shrimp not as high as my hat—  
 A little contemptible shaver like that!!  
 With a broad pancake face, and eyes buried in fat!!"  
     For her part, "she was sure  
     She could never endure  
 A lad with a lisp, and a leg like a skewer.—  
 Such a name, too!—('twas Potts!)—and so nasty a trade—  
 No, no,—she would much rather die an old maid.  
 He a husband, indeed!—Well—mine, come what may come,  
 Shan't look like a blister, or smell of Guaiacum!"  
     But there!  
     She'd "declare,  
 It was Janet's affair—  
     *Chacun à son goût*—  
     As she baked she might brew—  
 She could not prevent her—'twas no use in trying it—  
 Oh, no—she had made her own bed, and must lie in it.—



They 'repent at leisure who marry at random,'  
No matter—*De gustibus non disputandum !*"

Consoling herself with this choice bit of Latin,  
Aunt Fanny resignedly bought some white satin,  
And, as the Soubrette  
Was a very great pet  
After all,—she resolved to forgive and forget,  
And sat down to make her a bridal rosette,  
With magnificent bits of some white-looking metal  
Stuck in here and there, each forming a petal.  
—On such an occasion one couldn't feel hurt,  
Of course, that she ceased to remember—my Shirt !

Ten years, or nigh,  
Had again gone by,  
When Fan, accidentally casting her eye  
On a dirty old work-basket, hung up on high  
In the store-closet where herbs were put by to dry,  
Took it down to explore it—she didn't know why.—  
Within a pea-soup colour'd fragment she spied,  
Of the hue of a November fog in Cheapside,  
Or a bad piece of gingerbread spoilt in the baking.—  
—I still hear her cry,  
"I wish I may die  
If here isn't Tom's Shirt, that's been so long a-making !—  
My gracious me !  
Well,—only to see !  
I declare it's as yellow as yellow can be !  
Why, it looks just as though 't had been soak'd in green tea !"  
Dear me !—Did you ever ?—  
But come—'t will be clever  
To bring matters round ; so I'll do my endeavour—  
'Better Late,' says an excellent proverb, 'than Never !'  
It is stain'd, to be sure ; but 'grass-bleaching' will bring it  
To rights 'in a jiffy.' We'll wash it, and wring it ;  
Or, stay, 'Hudson's Liquor'  
Will do it still quicker,  
And——" Here the new maid chimed in, "Ma'am, Salt of Lemon  
Will make it in no time quite fit for the gemman."—  
So they "set in the gathers,"—the large round the collar,  
While those at the wrist-bands of course were much smaller,—  
The button-holes now were at length "overcast ;"  
Then a button itself was sewn on,—'twas the last !

All's done !  
All's won !  
Never under the sun  
Was Shirt so late finish'd—so early begun !—  
The work would defy  
The most critical eye.

It was "bleach'd,"—it was wash'd,—it was hung out to dry,—  
It was mark'd on the tail with a T, and an I!

On the back of a chair it  
Was placed, just to air it,  
In front of the fire. "Tom to-morrow shall wear it!"  
*O cæca mens hominum!* Fanny, good soul,  
Left her charge for one moment—but one—a vile coal  
Bounced out from the grate, and set fire to the whole!

\* \* \* \* \*

Had it been Doctor Arnott's new stove—not a grate;  
Had the coal been a "Lord Mayor's coal,"—viz: a slate;  
What a diff'rent tale I had had to relate!

And Aunt Fan and my Shirt been superior to fate!—

One moment—no more!—

Fan open'd the door!

The draught made the blaze ten times worse than before;  
And Aunt Fanny sank down—in despair—on the floor!

You may fancy perhaps Agrippina's amazement,  
When, looking one fine moonlight night from her casement,  
She saw, while thus gazing  
All Rome a-blazing,

And, losing at once all restraint on her temper, or  
Feelings, exclaimed, "Hang that Scamp of an Emperor,  
Although he's my son!—  
He thinks it prime fun,

No doubt!—While the flames are demolishing Rome  
There's my Nero a-fiddling, and singing "Sweet Home!"  
—Stay—I'm really not sure 'twas that lady who said  
The words I've put down, as she stepp'd into bed,—  
On reflection I rather believe *She* was dead;—

But e'en when at College, I

Fairly acknowledge, I

Never was very precise in chronology;  
So, if there's an error, pray set down as mine a  
Mistake of no very great moment—in fine, a  
Mere slip—'twas some Pleb's wife, if not Agrippina.

You may fancy that warrior so stern and so stony,  
Whom thirty years since we all used to call BONEY,  
When, engaged in what he styled "fulfilling his destinies,"  
He had led his rapsallions across the Borysthenes,  
And had made up his mind

Snug quarters to find

In Moscow, against the catarrhs and the coughs  
Which are apt to prevail 'mongst the "Owskis" and "Offs,"  
At a time of the year

When your nose and your ear

Are by no means so safe there as people's are here,  
Inasmuch as Jack Frost, that most fearful of Bogles,  
Makes folks leave their cartilage oft in their "fogles."

You may fancy, I say,  
 That same BONEY's dismay,  
 When Count Rostopchin  
 At once made him drop chin,  
 And turn up his eyes, as his rappee he took,  
 With a sort of a *mort-de-ma-vie* kind of look,  
 On perceiving that "Swing,"  
 And "all that sort of thing,"  
 Was at work,—that he'd just lost the game without knowing it—  
 That the Kremlin was blazing—the Russians "a-going it,"—  
 Every plug in the place frozen hard as the ground,  
 And the deuce of a turn-cock at all to be found !

You may Fancy King Charles at some Court Fancy-Ball,  
 (The date we may fix  
 In Sixteen sixty-six,)  
 In the room built by Inigo Jones at Whitehall,  
 Whence his father, the Martyr,—(as such mourn'd by all  
 Who in his wept the Law's and the Monarchy's fall,)—  
 Stept out to exchange regal robes for a pall—  
 You may fancy King Charles, I say, stopping the brawl,\*  
 As bursts on his sight the old church of St. Paul,  
 By the light of its flames now beginning to crawl  
 From basement to buttress, and topping its wall—  
 You may fancy old Clarendon making a call,  
 And stating, in cold, slow, monotonous drawl,  
 "Sire, from Pudding Lane's end, close by Fishmonger's Hall,  
 To Pye Corner, in Smithfield, there is not a stall  
 There, in market, or street, not a house great or small,  
 In which Knight wields his faulchion or Cobbler his awl,  
 But 's on fire !"—You may fancy the general squall,  
 And bawl as they all call for wimple and shawl !—  
 —You may fancy all this—but I boldly assert  
 You *can't* fancy Aunt Fan as she look'd on MY SHIRT !!!

Was't Apelles? or Zeuxis?—I think 'twas Apelles,  
 That artist of old—I declare I can't tell his  
 Exact patronymic—I write and pronounce ill  
 These Classical names—whom some Grecian Town-Council  
 Employ'd,—I believe, by command of the Oracle,—  
 To produce them a splendid piece, purely historical,  
 For adorning the wall  
 Of some fane, or Guildhall,  
 And who for his subject determined to try a  
 Large painting in oils of Miss Iphigenia  
 At the moment her Sire,  
 By especial desire  
 Of "that spalpeen O'Dysseus" (see Barney Maguire)

\* Not a "row," but a dance—

"The grave Lord Keeper led the *brawls*,  
 The seals and maces danced before him."—GRAY.

—And truly Sir Christopher danced to some tune.

Has resolved to devote  
 Her beautiful throat  
 To old Chalcas's knife, and her limbs to the fire;  
 An act which we moderns by no means admire,—  
 An off'ring, 'tis true, to Jove, Mars, or Apollo cost  
 No trifling sum in those days, if a holocaust,—  
 Still, although for economy we should condemn none,  
 In an *αυαξ ανδρων* like the great Agamemnon,  
     To give up to slaughter  
     An elegant daughter,  
 After all the French, Music, and Dancing they'd taught her,  
 And Singing, at Heaven knows how much a quarter,  
     In lieu of a Calf!—  
     It was too bad by half!  
 At a "nigger"\* so pitiful who would not laugh,  
 And turn up their noses at one who could find  
 No decenter method of "Raising the Wind?"  
     No doubt but he might,  
     Without any great *Flight*,  
 Have obtain'd it by what we call "flying a kite."  
 Or on mortgage—or sure, if he couldn't so do it, he  
 Must have succeeded "by way of annuity."  
     But there—it appears,  
     His crocodile tears,  
 "His "Oh! s" and his "Ah! s" his "Oh Law! s" and "Oh dear! s"  
 Were all taken for Gospel,—in painting his Victim  
 The Artist was splendid—but could not depict *Him*.  
     His features and phiz awry  
     Show'd so much misery,  
     And so like a dragon he  
     Look'd in his agony,  
 That the foil'd Painter buried—despairing to gain a  
 Good likeness—his face in a printed Bandana.  
 —Such a veil is best thrown o'er one's face when one's hurt  
 By some grief which no power can repair or avert!—  
 Such a veil I shall throw o'er Aunt Fan—and My Shirt!

## MORAL.

And now for some practical hints from the story  
 Of Aunt Fan's mishap, which I've thus laid before ye;  
     For, if rather too gay,  
     I can venture to say  
 A fine vein of morality is, in each lay  
 Of my primitive Muse, the distinguishing *trait*!  
 First of all—Don't put off till to-morrow what may  
 Without inconvenience be managed to-day!  
 That golden occasion we call "Opportunity"  
 Rarely 's neglected by man with impunity!  
 And the "Future," how brightly soe'er by Hope's dupe  
     colour'd,

\* Hibernicé "nigger," *quasi* "niggard." Vide B. Maguire *passim*.

Ne'er may afford  
 You a lost chance restored,  
 Till both you and your shirt are grown old and pea-soup-colour'd !

I would also desire  
 You to guard your attire,  
 Young Ladies, and never go too near the fire !  
 Depend on't there 's many a dear little Soul  
 Who has found that a Spark is as bad as a coal,  
 And "in her best petticoat burnt a great hole !"

Last of all, Gentle Reader, don't be too secure !  
 Let no seeming success ever make you "cock-sure !"  
 But beware, and take care,  
 When all things look fair,  
 How you hang your shirt over the back of your chair !—  
 "There 's many a slip  
 'Twixt the cup and the lip !"

Be this excellent proverb, then, well understood,  
 And DON'T HALLOO BEFORE YOU'RE QUITE OUT OF THE WOOD!!!

## A SONG FOR THE END OF TERM.

Lætum Hilaremque diem.—JUV.

Air—*The Keel row.*

HURRAH ! for the Vacation.  
 This Term's termination ;  
 We 'll pour a full libation  
 In honour of his name,  
 To jolly old St. Hilary,  
 In punch of prime distillery,  
 And he deserves the pillory  
 Who will not do the same !

Your gloomy moralisers  
 Say mirth is "*all my eye*," sirs ;  
 But let old Horace try, sirs,—  
 He 'll floor them great and small !  
*They* preach that life is slippery,  
 All earthly joys mere frippery,  
 His "*dulce est desipere*  
*In loco*" beats them all !

He tells that Dan Apollo,\*  
 Whose cause *we* ought to follow,  
 In Delphic valleys hollow  
 His bow would oft unstring ;  
 For, when our toils are ended,  
 Our minds, like bows distended,  
 Require to be unbended,  
 Or else they lose their spring !

What time can be more fitting  
 Than at this present sitting  
 To hold a merry meeting,  
 Now that the Term is o'er ?

When past are our "*Collections*,"  
 (Most dire of all inspections !)  
 And all our hearts' affections  
 Are homeward turn'd once more ?  
 Now home in flocks, like starlings,  
 We hasten to our darlings ;  
 For, spite of Cynic snarlings,  
 We live but in their smile !  
 And then, a few weeks later,  
 "*Hark back !*" to Alma Mater,  
 With pleasure render'd greater  
 By absence for the while !

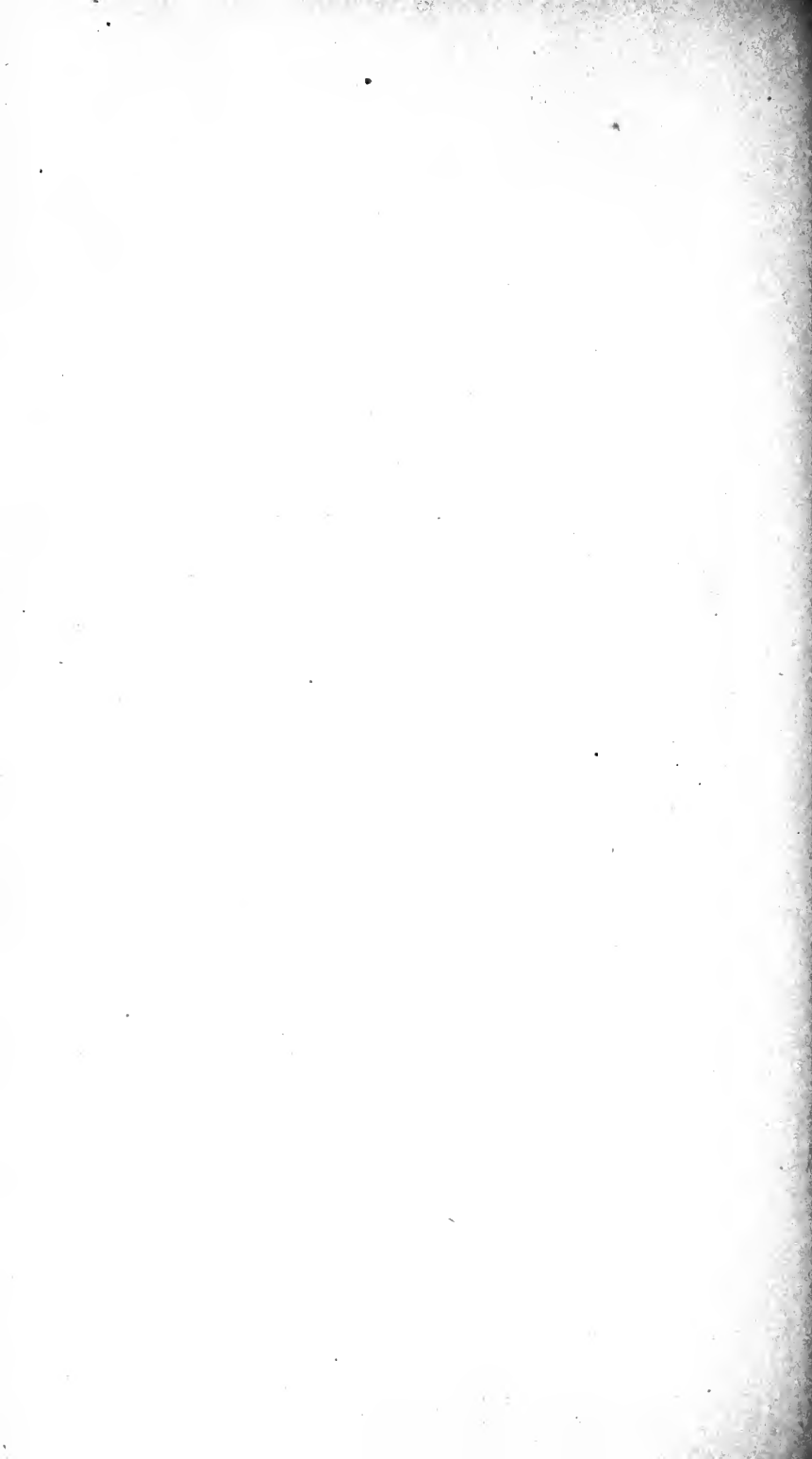
Then away with melancholy,  
 And let us all be jolly ;  
 'Tis the very height of folly  
 To *sigh* when we can *sing* !  
 With thoughts of home before us,  
 How can we be dolorous ?  
 Then in a roaring chorus  
 We 'll make the welkin ring !

*Chorus.*

For we're all right good fellows,  
 Good fellows, good fellows,  
 And we're all right good fellows,  
 And fond of mirth and glee ;  
 And this our eve of parting,  
 Of parting, of parting,  
 And this our eve of parting,  
 We 'll spend in jollity.

A. R. W.

\* Neque semper arcum  
 Tendit Apollo.—Lib. ii. Ode 10.



## TO THE EDITOR OF BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have just received the inclosed from Seaforth, in reply to an earnest supplication for news of your great City. You are aware that he has been bit by a mad Poet, and goes without his cravat. What is it all about?

Yours,

THOS. INGOLDSBY.

Tappington, May 15.

## A ROW IN AN OMNIBUS.

Omnibus hoc vitium cantoribus.—HOR.

DOL-DRUM the Manager sits in his chair,  
With a gloomy brow and dissatisfied air,  
And he says as he slaps his hand on his knee,  
"I'll have nothing to do with Fiddle-de-dee!"

—"But Fiddle-de-dee sings clear and loud,  
And his trills and his quavers astonish the crowd;  
Such a singer as he  
You'll nowhere see,  
They'll all be screaming for Fiddle-de-dee!"

—"Though Fiddle-de-dee sings loud and clear,  
And his tones are sweet, yet his terms are dear!  
The 'glove won't fit!'  
The deuce a bit.  
I shall give an engagement to Fal-de-ral-tit!"

The Prompter bow'd, and he went to his stall,  
And the green-baize rose at the Prompter's call,  
And Fal-de-ral-tit sang fol-de-rol-lol!

But, scarce had he done  
When a "row" begun,  
Such a noise was never heard under the sun.  
"Fiddle-de-dee!  
Where is he?

He's the *Artiste* whom we all want to see!—  
Dol-drum!—Dol-drum!—  
Bid the Manager come!

It's a scandalous thing to exact such a sum  
For boxes and gallery, stalls and pit,  
And then fob us off with a Fal-de-ral-tit!—  
Deuce a bit!

We'll never submit!  
*Vive* Fiddle-de-dee! *à bas* Fal-de-ral-tit!"

Dol-drum the Manager rose from his chair,  
 With a gloomy brow and dissatisfied air ;  
     But he smooth'd his brow,  
     As he well knew how,  
 And he walk'd on, and made a most elegant bow,  
 And he paused, and he smiled, and advanced to the lights,  
 In his opera-hat, and his opera-tights ;  
 "Ladies and Gentlemen," then said he,  
 "Pray what may you please to want with me?"

    " Fiddle-de-dee !—

    Fiddle-de-dee ! "

Folks of all sorts and of every degree,  
 Snob, and Snip, and haughty Grandee,  
 Duchesses, Countesses, fresh from their tea,  
 And Shopmen, who 'd only come there for a spree,  
 Halloo'd, and hooted, and roar'd with glee

    " Fiddle-de-dee !—

    None but He !—

Subscribe to his terms, whatever they be !  
 Agree, agree, or you 'll very soon see  
 In a brace of shakes we 'll get up an O. P. ! "

Dol-drum the Manager, full of care,  
 With a gloomy brow and dissatisfied air,  
     Looks distrest,  
     And he bows his best,  
 And he puts his right hand on the side of his breast,  
     And he says,—says he,  
     " We *can't* agree ;

His terms are a vast deal too costly for me.  
 There 's the rent, and the rates, and the sses, and taxes—  
 I can't afford Fiddle-de-dee what he *axes*.

    If you 'll only permit

    Fal-de-ral-tit——"

The Generous Public cried, " Deuce a bit !

    Dol-drum !—Dol-drum !—

    We 'll none of us come.

It 's ' No Go ! '—it 's ' Gammon ! '—it 's ' all a Hum ! '—

    You 're a miserly Jew !—

    ' Cock-a-doodle-do ! '—

He don't ask too much, as you know—so you do—  
 It 's a shame—it 's a sin—it 's really too bad—  
 You ought to be 'shamed of yourself—so you had ! "

Dol-drum the Manager never before  
 In his life-time had heard such a wild uproar.  
 Dol-drum the Manager turn'd to flee ;

    But he says—says he,

    " *Mort de ma vie !*

I shall *nevare* engage vid dat Fiddle-de-dee ! "



Then all the gentlefolks flew in a rage,  
 And they jump'd from the Omnibus on to the Stage,  
 Lords, Squires, and Knights, they came down to the lights,  
 In their opera-hats, and their opera-tights,

Ma'am'selle Cherrytoes

Shook to her very toes,

She couldn't hop on, so hopped off on her merry toes.  
 And the "evening concluded" with "Three times three!"  
 "Hip!—hip!—hurrah; for Fiddle-de-dee!"

Dol-drum the Manager, full of care,  
 With a troubled brow and dissatisfied air,

Saddest of men,

Sat down, and then

Took from his table a Perryan pen,

And he wrote to the "News,"

How MacFuze, and Tregooze,

Lord Tomnoddy, Sir Carnaby Jenks of the Blues,

And the whole of their tail, and the separate crews

Of the Tags, and the Rags, and the No-one-knows-whos,

Had combined Monsieur Fal-de-ral-tit to abuse,

And make Dol-drum agree

With Fiddle-de-dee,

Who was not a bit better singer than he.

Dol-drum declared "he never could see,

For the life of him, yet, why Fiddle-de-dee,

Who, in B flat, or C,

Or whatever the key,

Could never at any time get below G,

Should expect a fee the same in degree

As the great Burlibumbo who sings double D."

Then slyly he added a little N. B.

"If they'd have him in Paris he'd not come to me!"

The Manager rings,

And the Prompter springs

To his side in a jiffy, and with him he brings

A set of those odd-looking envelope things,

Where Britannia, (who seems to be crucified,) flings

To her right and her left funny people with wings

Amongst Elephants, Quakers, and Catabaw Kings;

And a taper and wax,

And small Queen's heads, in packs,

Which, when notes are too big, you're to stick on their backs.

Dol-drum the Manager sealed with care

The letter and copies he'd written so fair,

And sat himself down with a satisfied air;

Without delay

He sent them away,

In time to appear in "our columns" next day!

Dol-drum the Manager, full of care,

Walk'd on to the stage with an anxious air,

And peep'd through the curtain to see who were there.

There was MacFuze,  
 And Lieutenant Tregooze,  
 And there was Sir Carnaby Jenks of the Blues,  
 And the Tags, and the Rags, and the No-one-knows-whos;  
 And the green-baize rose at the Prompter's call,  
 And they all began to hoot, bellow, and bawl,  
 And cry "Cock-a-doodle," and scream, and squall  
     "Dol-drum!—Dol-drum!—  
     Bid the Manager come!"  
 You'd have thought, from the tones  
 Of their hisses and groans,  
 They were bent upon breaking his (Opera) bones.  
 And Dol-drum comes, and he says—says he,  
 "Pray what may you please to want with me?"—  
     "Fiddle-de-dee!  
     Fiddle-de-dee!  
 We'll have nobody give us *sol fa* but He!"  
 Manager Dol-drum says—says he—  
 (And he look'd like an Owl in "a hollow beech tree,")  
     "Well, since I see  
     The thing must be,  
 I'll sign an engagement with Fiddle-de-dee!"  
     Then MacFuze, and Tregooze,  
     And Jenks of the Blues,  
 And the Tags, and the Rags, and the No-one-knows-whos,  
 Extremely delighted to hear such good news,  
 Desist from their shrill "Cock-a-doodle-dos."  
     "Vive Fiddle-de-dee!  
     Dol-drum, and He!  
 They are jolly good fellows as ever need be!  
 And so's Burlibumbo, who sings double D!  
 And whenever they sing, why, we'll all come and see!"

So, after all  
 This terrible squall,  
 Fiddle-de-dee  
     's at the top of the tree,  
 And Dol-drum and Fal-de-ral-tit sing small.

Now Fiddle-de-dee sings loud and clear  
 At I can't tell you how many thousands a year,  
 And Fal-de-ral-tit is considered "Small Beer;"  
     And Ma'amselle Cherrytoes  
     Sports her merry toes,  
 Dancing away to the fiddles and flutes,  
 In what the folks call a "Lithuanian" in boots.

So here's an end to my one, two, and three;  
 And bless the Queen,—and long live She!  
 And grant that there never again may be  
 Such a halliballoo as we've happened to see  
 About nothing on earth but "Fiddle-de-dee."

### COUNTY LEGENDS.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

No. I.

## Bloudie Jacke of Shrewsberrie,

## THE SHROPSHIRE BLUEBEARD.

## A LEGEND OF "THE PROUD SALOPIANS."

Hisce ferè temporibus, in agro Salopiensi, Quidam, cui nomen Johannes, *Æt* Sanglaunt deinde nuncupatus, uxores quamplurimas ducit, enecat et (ita referunt) manducat; ossa solùm cani miræ magnitudinis relinquens. Tùm demùm in flagrante delicto, vel “manu rubrà,” ut dicunt Jurisconsulti, deprensus, carnifice vix opprimitur.—**RADULPHUS DE DICETO.**

OH! why doth thine eye gleam so bright,  
Bloudie Jacke?

Oh ! why doth thine eye gleam so bright?—

The Mother's at home.

The Maid may not roam,

She never will meet thee to-night!

By the light

Of the moon—it's impossible—quite !

Yet thine eye is still brilliant and bright,

Bloudie Dacke!

It gleams with a fiendish delight—

" 'Tis done—

**She is won !**

## Nothing under the sun

Can loose the charm'd ring, though it's slight!

Ho ! ho !

It fits so remarkably tight!"—

The wire is as thin as a thread.

**Bloudie Jacke!**

The wire is as thin as a thread!—

“ Though slight be the chain,

Again might and main

Cannot rend it in twain—She is wed!

She is wed !

She is mine, be she living or dead !

Haw ! haw !! ”—

Nay, laugh not, I pray thee, so loud,

Bloudie Dacke!

Oh! laugh not so loud and so clear!

Though sweet is thy smile

The heart to beguile,

Yet thy laugh is quite shocking to hear,

Oh dear !

**It makes the blood curdle with fear !**







Number 1 's full of emeralds green,  
Bloudie Jackie !

Number 2 's full of diamond and pearl ;

But what does she see

In drawer Number 3

That makes all her senses to whirl,

Poor Girl !

And each lock of her hair to uncurl ?—

Wedding Fingers are sweet pretty things,

Bloudie Jackie !

To salute them one eagerly strives,

When one kneels to "propose"—

It's another *quelque chose*

When, cut off at the knuckles with knives,

From our wives,

They are tied up in bunches of fives.

Yet there they lie, one, two, three, four !

Bloudie Jackie !

There lie they, five, six, seven, eight !

And by them, in rows,

Lie eight little Great-Toes,

To match in size, colour, and weight !

From their state,

It would seem they 'd been sever'd of late.

Beside them are eight Wedding-rings,

Bloudie Jackie !

And the gold is as thin as a thread—

"Ho ! ho !—She is mine—

This will make up the Nine !"—

Dear me ! who those shocking words said ?—

—She fled

To hide herself under the bed.

But, alas ! there 's no bed in the room,

Bloudie Jackie !

And she peeps from the window on high ;

Only fancy her fright

At the terrible sight

Down below, which at once meets her eye !

"Oh My ! !"

She half utter'd,—but stifled her cry.

For she saw it was You and your Man,

Bloudie Jackie !

And she heard your unpleasant "Haw ! haw !"

While the Maiden, stone dead,

By the hair of her head,

O'er the bridge you were trying to draw,

As she saw—

A thing quite contra-ry to law !





It's a very fine little gold ring,  
Bloudie Jackie !

Yet, though slight, it's remarkably stout;  
 But it's made a sad stain,  
 Which will always remain  
 On her frock—for Blood will not wash out ;  
I doubt  
 Salts of Lemon won't bring it about !

She has grasp'd that gold ring in her hand,  
Bloudie Jackie !

In an instant she stands on the floor,  
 She makes but one bound  
 O'er the back of the hound,  
 And a hop, skip, and jump to the door,  
And she's o'er  
 The Drawbridge she'd traversed before !

Her hair's floating loose in the breeze,  
Bloudie Jackie !

For gone is her "bonnet of blue."  
—Now the Barbican's past !—  
 Her legs "go it" as fast  
 As two drumsticks a-beating tattoo,  
As they do  
 At Réveillie, Parade, or Review !

She has run into Shrewsbury town,  
Bloudie Jackie !

She has called out the Beadle and May'r,  
 And the Justice of Peace,  
 And the Rural Police,  
 Till "Battle Field" swarms like a Fair,—  
And see there !—  
 E'en the Parson's beginning to swear !!

There's a pretty to-do in your Tower,  
Bloudie Jackie !

In your Tower there's a pretty to-do !  
 All the people of Shrewsbury  
 Playing old gooseberry  
 With your choice bits of taste and *virtù* ;  
Each bijou  
 Is upset in their search after you !

They are playing the deuce with your things,  
Bloudie Jackie !

There's your Cupid is broken in two,  
 And so too, between us, is  
 Each of your Venuses,  
 The "Antique" ones you bought of the Jew,  
And the new  
 One, George Robins swears came from St. Cloud.



They call for the Parliament Man,  
Bloudie Jacke !  
 And the Hangman, the matter to clinch,  
 And they call for the Judge,  
 But others cry " Fudge !—  
 Don't budge, Mr. Calcraft,\* an inch !  
Mr. Lynch †  
 Will do very well at a pinch !"

It is useless to scuffle and cuff,  
**Bloudie Jacke !**  
 It is useless to struggle and bite !  
 And to kick and to scratch !  
 You have met with your match,  
 And the Shrewsbury Boys hold you tight,  
 Despite  
 Your determined attempts " to shew fight."

They are pulling you all sorts of ways,  
Blondie Jacke !  
 They are twisting your right leg Nor-West,  
 And your left leg due South,  
 And your knee's in your mouth,  
 And your head is poked down on your breast,  
And it's prest,  
 I protest, almost into your chest !

They have pull'd off your arms and your legs,  
Bloudie Jacke !
As the naughty boys serve the blue flies ;  
And they've torn from their sockets,
And put in their pockets
Your fingers and thumbs for a prize !  
And your eyes
A Doctor has bottled—from Guy's.†

\* Jehan de Ketché acted as Provost Marshal to the army of William the Conqueror, and received from that monarch a grant of the dignity of Hereditary Grand Functionary of England, together with a "croft or parcel of land," known by the name of the **Old Bailie**, co. Middx. to be held by him, and the heirs general of his body, in Grand Serjeantry, by the yearly presentation of "ane hempen cravatte." After remaining for several generations in the same name, the office passed, by marriage of the heiress, into the ancient family of the Kirbys, and thence again to that of Callcraft, (1st Eliz. 1558.) — Abhorson Callcraft, Esq. of Saffron Hill, co. Middx. the present representative of the Ketches, exercised his "function" on a very recent occasion, and claimed, and was allowed the fee of 13½*d.* under the ancient grant as **Hangman's Wages**.

ARMS.—1st and 4th, Quarterly, Argent and Sable; in the first quarter a Gibbet of the second, noosed proper, *Callcraft*. 2nd, Sable, three Night-caps Argent, tufted Gules, 2 and 1, *Ketche*. 3rd, Or, a Nosegay *fleurant*, *Kirby*.

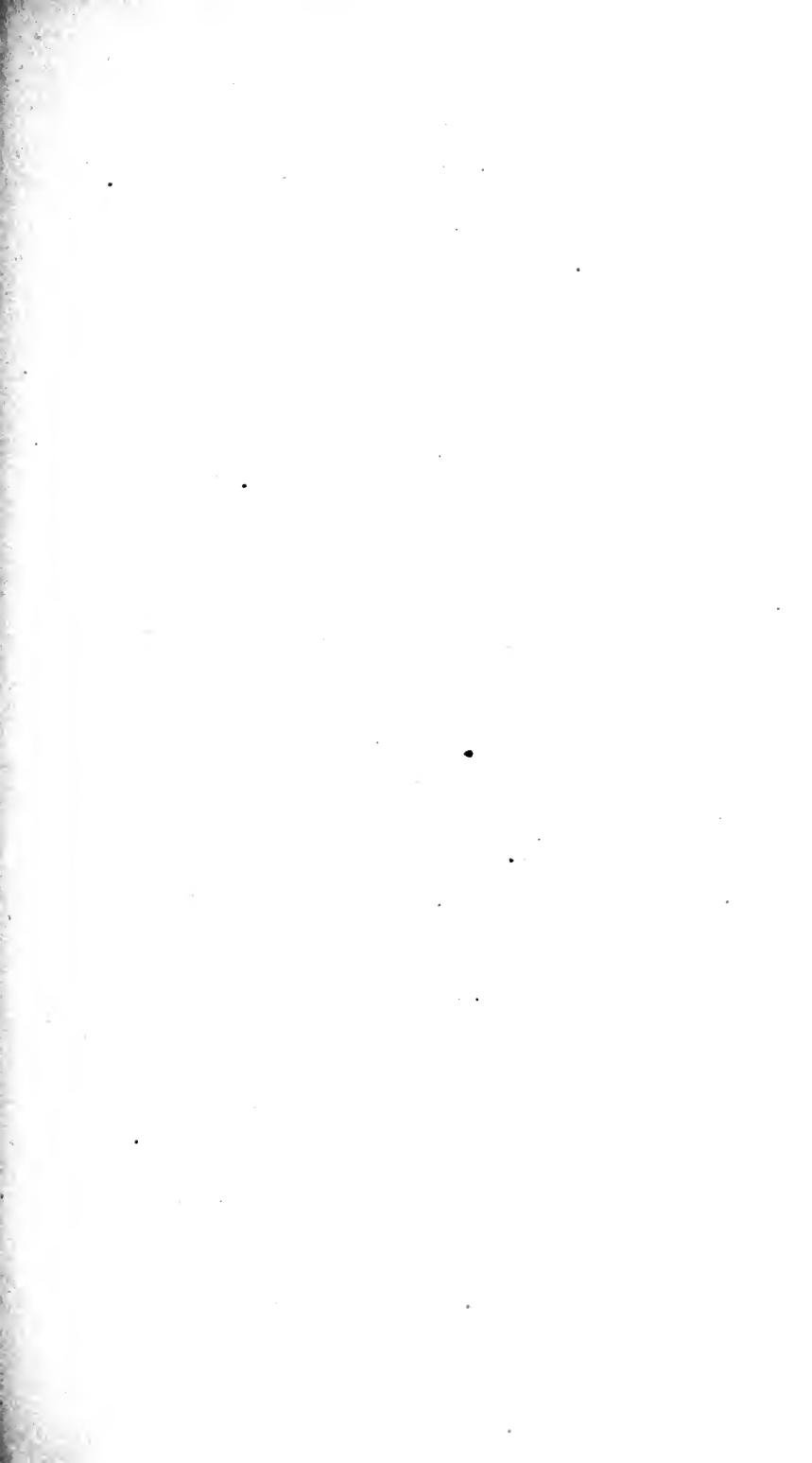
**SUPPORTERS.**—*Dexter*: A Sheriff in his pride, robed Gules, chained and colored Or. — *Sinister*: An Ordinary displayed proper, wigged and banded Argent, nosed Gules.

MOTTO.—SIC ITUR AD ASTRA !

† The American Justinian, Compiler of the "Yankee Pandects."

‡ A similar appropriation is said to have been made, by an eminent practitioner, of those of the late Monsieur Courvoisier.





## THE BLACK MOUSQUETAIRE.

A LEGEND OF FRANCE.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

FRANÇOIS XAVIER AUGUSTE was a gay Mousquetaire,  
 The Pride of the Camp, the delight of the Fair;  
 He'd a mien so *distingué*, and so *debonnaire*,  
 And shrugg'd with a grace so *recherché* and rare,  
 And he twirl'd his moustache with so charming an air,  
 —His moustaches I should say, because he'd a pair,—  
 And, in short, show'd so much of the true *savoir faire*,  
 All the Ladies in Paris were wont to declare,  
     That could any one draw  
     Them from Dian's strict law,  
 Into what Mrs. Ramsbottom calls a "Fox Paw,"  
 It would be François Xavier Auguste de St. Foix.

Now, I'm sorry to say,  
 At that time of day  
 The Court of Versailles was a little too gay;  
 The Courtiers were all much addicted to Play,  
 To Bourdeaux, Chambertin, Frontignac, St. Peray,  
     Lafitte, Chateau Margaux,  
     And Sillery, (a cargo  
 On which John Bull sensibly (?) lays an embargo)  
     While Louis Quatorze  
     Kept about him, in scores,  
 What the Noblesse, in courtesy, term'd his "Jane Shores,"  
 —They were call'd by a much coarser name out of doors.—  
     This, we all must admit, in  
     A King's not befitting!  
 For such courses, when follow'd by persons of quality,  
 Are apt to detract on the score of morality.

François Xavier Auguste acted much like the rest of them,  
 Dress'd, drank, and fought, and *chassé'd* with the best of them;  
     Took his *œil de perdrix*  
     Till he scarcely could see,  
 He would then sally out in the street for "a spree;"  
     His rapier he'd draw,  
     Pink a *Bourgeois*,  
 (A word which the English translate "Johnny Raw,")  
 For your thorough French Courtier, whenever the fit he's in,  
 Thinks it prime fun to astonish a Citizen;  
 And, perhaps it's no wonder that this kind of scrapes,  
 In a nation which Voltaire, in one of his japes,

Defines "an amalgam of Tigers and Apes,"  
 Should be merely considered as "Little Escapes,"  
     But I'm sorry to add,  
     Things are almost as bad  
 A great deal nearer home, and that similar pranks,  
 Amongst young men who move in the very first ranks,  
 Are by no means confined to the land of the Franks.

    Be this as it will  
     In the general, still,  
     Though blame him we must,  
     It is really but just  
 To our lively young friend, François Xavier Auguste,  
     To say, that howe'er  
     Well known his faults were,  
 At his Bacchanal parties he always drank fair,  
 And, when gambling his worst, always play'd on the square,  
 So that, being much more of pigeon than rook, he  
 Lost large sums at faro (a game like "Blind Hookey,")  
     And continued to lose,  
     And to give I. O. U.'s,  
 Till he lost e'en the credit he had with the Jews ;  
 And, a parallel if I may venture to draw  
 Between François Xavier Auguste de St. Foix,  
 And his namesake, a still more distinguish'd François,  
     Who wrote to his "*sœur*"\*  
     From Pavia, "*Mon Cœur*,  
 I have lost all I had in the world *fors l'honneur*,"  
     So St. Foix might have wrote  
     No dissimilar note,  
 " *Vive la bagatelle !—toujours gai—idem semper—*  
 I've lost all I had in the world but—my temper !"  
     From the very beginning,  
     Indeed, of his sinning,  
 His air was so cheerful, his manners so winning,  
 That once he prevailed—or his friends coin the tale for him—  
 On the bailiff who " nabbed " him, himself to " go bail " for him.

    Well—we know in these cases  
     Your " Crabs " and " Deuce Aces "   
 Are wont to promote frequent changes of places ;  
 Town doctors, indeed, are most apt to declare  
 That there's nothing so good as the " pure country air,"  
 Whenever exhaustion of person, or purse, in  
 An invalid cramps him, and sets him a-cursing :

\* Mrs. Ingoldsby, who is deeply read in Robertson, informs me that this is a mistake ; that the lady to whom this memorable *billet* was delivered by the hands of Pennalosa, was the unfortunate monarch's mamma, and not his sister. I would gladly rectify the error, but, then,—what am I to do for a rhyme ?—On the whole, I fear I must content myself, like Talleyrand, with admitting that " it is worse than a fault—it's a blunder ! " for which enormity, — as honest old Pepys says when he records having kissed his cookmaid, — " I humbly beg pardon of Heaven, and Mrs. Ingoldsby ! "

A habit, I'm very much grieved at divulging,  
François Xavier Auguste was too prone to indulge in.

But what could be done ?

It's as clear as the sun,

That, though nothing's more easy than say "Cut and run!"  
Yet a Guardsman can't live without some sort of fun—

E'en I or you,

If we'd nothing to do,

Should soon find ourselves looking remarkably blue.

And, since no one denies

What's so plain to all eyes

It won't, I am sure, create any surprise

That reflections like these half reduced to despair

François Xavier Auguste, the gay Black Mousquetaire.

*Patience par force !*

He considered, of course,

But in vain—he could hit on no sort of resource—

Love?—Liquor?—Law?—Loo?

They would each of them do,

There's excitement enough in all four, but in none he

Could hope to get on *sans l'argent*—i. e. money.

Love?—no;—ladies like little *cadeaux* from a suitor.

Liquor?—no,—that won't do, when reduced to "the Pewter."

Then Law?—'tis the same,

It's a very fine game,

But the fees and delays of "the Courts" are a shame,

As Lord Brougham says himself—who's a very great name,

Though the *TIMES* makes it clear that he's perfectly lost in his

Recent attempt at translating Demosthenes,

And don't know his "particules."—

Who wrote the articles,

Showing his Greek up so, is not known very well;

Many think Barnes, others Mitchell,—some Merivale;

But it's scarce worth debate,

Because from the date

Of my tale one conclusion we safely may draw,

Viz: 'twas not François Xavier Auguste de St. Foix !

Loo?—no;—that he had tried;

'Twas, in fact, his weak side,

But required more than any a purse well supplied.

"Love?—Liquor?—Law?—Loo? No! 'tis all the same story.

Stay! I have it! *Ma foi!* (that's "Odd's Bobs!") there is

GLORY!

Away with dull care!

*Vive le Roi! Vive la Guerre!*

*Peste!* I'd almost forgot I'm a Black Mousquetaire!

When a man is like me,

*Sans six sous, sans souci,*

A bankrupt in purse,

And in character worse,



With a shocking bad hat, and his credit at Zero,  
What on earth can he hope to become,—but a Hero?

What a famous thought this is!

I'll go as Ulysses

Of old did—like him I'll see manners, and know countries;\*  
Cut Paris,—and gaming,—and throats in the Low Countries."

So said, and so done—he arranged his affairs,  
And was off like a shot to his Black Mousquetaires.

Now it happen'd just then

That Field-marshal Turenne,

Was a good deal in want of "some active young men,"

To fill up the gaps

Which, through sundry mishaps,

Had been made in his ranks by a certain "Great Condé,"

A General unrivall'd—at least in his own day—

Whose valour was such,

That he did not care much

If he fought with the French,—or the Spaniards,—or Dutch,—

A fact which has stamped him a rather "Cool hand,"

Being nearly related to *Louis le Grand*.

It had been all the same had that King been his brother;

He fought sometimes with one, and sometimes with another;

For war, so exciting,

He took such delight in,

He did not care whom he fought, so he *was* fighting,

And, as I've just said, had amused himself then

By tickling the tail of Field Marshal Turenne;

Since when, the Field Marshal's most pressing concern

Was to tickle some other Chief's tail in his turn.

What a fine thing a battle is!—not one of those

Which you see at "the Surry" or Mr. Ducrow's,

Where a dozen of scene-shifters, drawn up in rows,

A dozen more scene-shifters boldly oppose,

Taking great care their blows

Do not injure their foes,

And alike, save in colour and cut of their clothes,

Which are varied, to give more effect to "*Tableaux*,"—

But a real good fight, like Pultowa, or Lützen,

(Which Gustavus the Great ended all his disputes in,)

Or that which Suwarrow engaged without boots in,

Or Dettingen, Fontenoy, Blenheim, or Minden,

Or the one Mr. Campbell describes, Hohenlinden,

Where "the sun was low,"

The ground all over snow,

And dark as mid-winter the swift Iser's flow,—

Till its colour was alter'd by General Moreau;

While the big-drum was heard in the dead of the night,

\* Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.

Who view'd men's manners, Londons, Yorks, and Derbys.

Which rattled the Bard out of bed in a fright,  
And he ran up the steeple to look at the fight.

'Twas in just such another one,

(Names only bother one—

Dutch ones, indeed, are sufficient to smother one—)

In the Netherlands somewhere—I cannot say where—

Suffice it that there

*La Fortune de guerre*

Gave a cast of her calling to our Mousquetaire.

One fine morning, in short, François Xavier Auguste,

After making some scores of his foes “bite the dust,”

Got a mouthful himself of the very same crust ;

And though, as the Bard says, “No law is more just

Than for *Necis artifices*,”—so they call'd fiery

Soldados at Rome,—“*arte sua perire*,”

Yet Fate did not draw

This poetical law

To its fullest extent in the case of St. Foix.

His Good Genius most probably found out some flaw,

And diverted the shot

From some deadlier spot

To a bone which, I think, to the best of my memory, 's

Call'd by Professional men the “*os femoris* ;”

And the ball being one of those named from its shape,

And some fancied resemblance it bears to the grape,

St. Foix went down,

With a groan and a frown,

And a hole in his small-clothes the size of a crown.—

—Stagger'd a bit

By this “palpable hit,”

He turn'd on his face, and went off in a fit !

Yes !—a Battle 's a very fine thing while you 're fighting,  
These same Ups-and-Downs are so very exciting.

But a sombre sight is a Battle-field

To the sad survivor's sorrowing eye,

Where those, who scorn'd to fly or yield,

In one promiscuous carnage lie ;

When the cannon's roar

Is heard no more,

And the thick dun smoke has roll'd away,

And the victor comes for a last survey

Of the well-fought field of yesterday !

No triumphs flush that haughty brow,—

No proud exulting look is there,—

His eagle glance is humbled now,

As, earth-ward bent, in anxious care

It seeks the form whose stalwart pride

But yester morn was by his side !

And there it lies !—on yonder bank  
 Of corses, which themselves had breath  
 But yester morn—now cold and dank,  
 With other dews than those of death !  
 Powerless as it had ne'er been born  
 The hand that clasp'd his—yester morn !

And there are widows wand'ring there,  
 That roam the blood-besprinkled plain,  
 And listen in their dumb despair  
 For sounds they ne'er may hear again !  
 One word, however faint and low,—  
 Ay, e'en a groan,—were music now !

And this is Glory !—Fame !—But, pshaw !  
 Miss Muse, you're growing sentimental ;  
 Besides, such things *we* never saw ;  
 In fact, they're merely Continental.  
 And then your Ladyship forgets  
 Some widows came for—epaulettes.

So go back to your canter ; for one, I declare,  
 Is now fumbling about our capsized Mousquetaire,  
 A beetle-brow'd hag,  
 With a knife and a bag,  
 And an old tatter'd bonnet which, thrown back, discloses  
 The ginger complexion, and one of those noses  
 Peculiar to females named Levy and Moses,  
 Such as nervous folks still when they come in their way shun,  
 Old vixen-faced tramps of the Hebrew persuasion.

You remember, I trust,  
 François Xavier Auguste,  
 Had uncommon fine limbs, and a very fine bust.  
 Now there's something—I cannot tell what it may be—  
 About good-looking gentlemen turn'd twenty-three,  
 Above all, when laid up with a wound in the knee,  
 Which affects female hearts, in no common degree,  
 With emotions in which many feelings combine,  
 Very easy to fancy, though hard to define ;  
 Ugly or pretty,  
 Stupid or witty,  
 Young or old, they experience, in country or city,  
 What is clearly not Love—yet it's warmer than Pity—  
 And some such a feeling, no doubt, 'tis that stays  
 The hand you may see that old Jezebel raise,  
 Arm'd with the blade,  
 So oft used in her trade,  
 The horrible calling e'en now she is plying,  
 Despoiling the dead, and despatching the dying !  
 For these “nimble Conveyancers,” after such battles,  
 Regarding as *treasure trouve* all goods and chattels,  
 Think nought, in “perusing and settling” the titles,  
 So safe as six inches of steel in the vitals.

Now don't make a joke of  
 That feeling I spoke of;  
 For, as sure as you 're born, that same feeling,—whate'er  
 It may be,—saves the life of the young Mousquetaire !—  
 The knife, that was levell'd, erewhile, at his throat,  
 Is employ'd now in ripping the lace from his coat,  
 And from what, I suppose, I must call his *culotte* ;  
     And his pockets, no doubt,  
     Being turn'd inside out,  
 That his *mouchoir* and gloves may be put “ up the spout,”  
 (For of coin, you may well conceive, all she can do  
 Fails to ferret out even a single *ecu* ;)   
 As a muscular Giant would handle an elf,  
 The Virago at last lifts the soldier himself,  
 And, like a She Samson, at length lays him down  
 In a hospital form'd in the neighbouring town !  
     I am not very sure,  
     But I think 'twas Namur ;  
 And there she now leaves him, expecting a cure.

There, too,—as the Frog, when he “ ask'd for a song,”  
 Said, “ Miss Mouse, give us something that is not too long !”  
     Even so, Mr. Bentley  
     Now hints to me gently,  
 With slightly elongated visage,—I must  
 Leave, myself, till next month, François Xavier Auguste.

(END OF CANTO I.)

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## THE BLACK MOUSQUETAIRE.

A LEGEND OF FRANCE.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

## CANTO II.

I ABOMINATE physic—I care not who knows  
 That there's nothing on earth I detest like "a dose"—  
 That yellowish-green-looking fluid, whose hue  
 I consider extremely unpleasant to view,  
 With its sickly appearance, that trenches so near  
 On what Homer defines the complexion of Fear;  
     Χλωρόν δειος, I mean,  
     A nasty pale green,  
 Though, for want of some word that may better avail,  
 I presume, our translators have rendered it "pale;"  
     For consider the cheeks  
     Of those "well-booted Greeks,"  
 Their Egyptian descent was a question of weeks;  
 Their complexion, of course, like a half-decayed leek's;  
 And you'll see in an instant the thing that I mean in it,  
 A Greek face in a funk had a good deal of green in it.

I repeat, I abominate physic; but then,  
 If folks *will*, go campaigning about with such men  
 As the Great Prince de Condé, and Marshal Turenne,  
     They may fairly expect  
     To be now and then check'd  
 By a bullet, or sabre-cut. Then their best solace is  
 Found, I admit, in green potions, and boluses;  
     So, of course, I don't blame  
     St. Foix, wounded and lame,  
 If he swallowed a decent *quant. suff.* of the same;  
 Though I'm told, in such cases, it's not the French plan  
 To pour in their drastics as fast as they can,  
 The practice of many an English *Savan*,  
     But to let off a man  
     With a little *ptisanne*,  
 And gently to chafe the *patella* (knee-pan).

"Oh, woman!" Sir Walter observes, "when the brow  
 's wrung with pain, what a minist'ring Angel art thou!"  
 Thou'rt a "minist'ring Angel" in no less degree,  
 I can boldly assert, when the pain's in the knee;  
     And medical friction  
     Is, past contradiction,  
 Much better performed by a She than a He.

A fact which, indeed, comes within my own knowledge,  
For I well recollect, when a youngster at College,  
And, therefore, can quote

A surgeon of note,

Mr. Grosvenor of Oxford, who not only wrote  
On the subject a very fine treatise, but, still as his  
Patients came in, certain soft-handed Phyllises  
Were at once set to work on their legs, arms, and backs,  
And rubbed out their complaints in a couple of cracks.—

Now, they say,

To this day,

When sick people can't pay

On the Continent, many of this kind of nurses  
Attend, without any demand on their purses;  
And these females, some old, others still in their teens,  
Some call "Sisters of Charity," some "Begouines."  
They don't take the vows; but, half Nun and half Lay,  
Attend you; and when you've got better, they say,  
"You're exceedingly welcome! There's nothing to pay.

Our task is now done.

You are able to run.

We never take money; we cure you for fun!"  
Then they drop you a court'sey, and wish you good day,  
And go off to cure somebody else the same way.  
—A great many of these, at the date of my tale,  
In Namur walked the hospitals, workhouse, and jail.

Among them was one,

A most sweet Demi-nun.

Her cheek pensive and pale; tresses bright as the Sun,—  
Not carrotty—no; though you'd fancy you saw burn  
Such locks as the Greeks lov'd, which moderns call auburn,  
These were partially seen through the veil which they wore all;  
Her teeth were of pearl, and her lips were of coral;  
Her eyelashes silken; her eyes, fine large blue ones,  
Were sapphires (I don't call these similes new ones;  
But, in metaphors, freely confess I've a leaning  
To such, new or old, as convey best one's meaning.)—  
Then, for figure! In faith it was downright barbarity  
To muffle a form

Might an anchorite warm,

In the fusty stuff gown of a *Sœur de la Charité*;  
And no poet could fancy, no painter could draw  
One more perfect in all points, more free from a flaw,  
Than her's who now sits by the couch of St. Foix,

Chafing there,

With such care,

And so dove-like an air,

His leg, till her delicate fingers are charr'd  
With the Steer's opodeldoc, joint-oil, and goulard;  
—Their Dutch appellations are really too hard  
To be brought into verse by a transmarine Bard.—

Now you 'll see,  
 And agree,  
 I am certain, with me,  
 When a young man's laid up with a wound in his knee ;  
 And a Lady sits there,  
 On a rush-bottom'd chair,  
 To hand him the mixtures his doctors prepare,  
 And a bit of lump-sugar to make matters square ;  
 Above all, when the Lady's remarkably fair,  
 And the wounded young man is a gay Mousquetaire,  
 It's a ticklish affair, you may swear, for the pair,  
 And may lead on to mischief before they 're aware.

I really don't think, spite of what friends would call his  
 "*Penchant for liaisons*," and graver men "*follies*,"  
 (For my own part, I think planting thorns on their pillows,  
 And leaving poor maidens to weep and wear willows,  
 Is not to be classed among mere peccadillos,)  
 His *faults*, I should say—I don't think François Xavier  
 Entertain'd any thoughts of improper behaviour  
 Tow'rd's his nurse, or that once to induce her to sin he meant  
 While superintending his draughts and his liniment.

But, as he grew stout,  
 And was getting about,  
 Thoughts came into his head that had better been out ;  
 While Cupid's an urchin  
 We know deserves birching,  
 He's so prone to delude folks, and leave them the lurch in.  
 'Twas doubtless his doing  
 That absolute ruin

Was the end of all poor dear Therese's shampooing.—  
 'Tis a subject I don't like to dwell on ; but such  
 Things will happen—ay, e'en 'mongst the phlegmatic Dutch.

"When Woman," as Goldsmith declares, "stoops to folly,  
 And finds out too late that false man can betray,"  
 She is apt to look dismal, and grow melan-choly,  
 And, in short, to be anything rather than gay.

He goes on to remark that "to punish her lover,  
 Wring his bosom, and draw the tear into his eye,  
 There is but one method" which he can discover  
 That's likely to answer—that one is "to die !"

He's wrong—the wan and withering cheek ;  
 The thin lips, pale, and drawn apart ;  
 The dim, yet tearless eyes, that speak  
 The misery of the breaking heart ;

The wasted form, th' enfeebled tone  
 That whispering mocks the pitying ear :  
 Th' imploring glances heaven-ward thrown,  
 As heedless, helpless, hopeless here ;

These wring the false one's heart enough,  
If "made of penetrable stuff."

And poor Therese  
Thus pines and decays,  
Till, stung with remorse, St. Foix takes a post-chaise,  
With, for "wheelers," two bays,  
And, for "leaders," two greys,  
And soon reaches France, by the help of relays,  
Flying shabbily off from the sight of his victim,  
And driving as fast as if Old Nick had kick'd him.

She, poor sinner,  
Grows thinner and thinner,  
Leaves off eating breakfast, and luncheon, and dinner,  
Till you 'd really suppose she could have nothing in her.—  
One evening—'twas just as the clock struck eleven—  
They perceiv'd she 'd been sinking fast ever since seven,—  
She breath'd one deep sigh, threw a look up to Heaven,  
And all was o'er !—  
Poor Therese was no more—  
She was gone !—the last breath that she managed to draw  
Escaped in one half-utter'd word—'twas St. Foix ! "

\* \* \* \* \*

Who can fly from himself? Bitter cares, when you feel 'em.  
Are not cured by travel—as Horace says, "*Cælum  
Non animum mutant qui currunt trans mare !*"  
It's climate, not mind, that by wand'ring men vary—  
Remorse for temptation to which you have yielded, is  
A shadow you can't sell as Peter Schlemil did his;  
It haunts you for ever—in bed and at board,—

Ay, e'en in your dreams,  
And you can't find, it seems,  
Any proof that a guilty man ever yet snored !  
It is much if he slumbers at all, which but few,  
—François Xavier Auguste was an instance—can do.

Indeed, from the time  
He committed the crime  
Which cut off poor Sister Therese in her prime,  
He was not the same man that he had been—his plan  
Was quite changed—in wild freaks he no more led the van.  
He 'd scarce sleep a wink in  
A week; but sit thinking,  
From company shrinking—  
He quite gave up drinking.

At the mess-table, too, where now seldom he came,  
Fish, *fricassee*, *fricandeau*, *potage*, or game,  
*Dindon aux truffes*, or *turbot à la crème*,  
No !—he still shook his head,—it was always the same,  
Still he never complained that the cook was to blame !  
'Twas his appetite fail'd him—no matter how rare  
And *recherché* the dish, how delicious the fare,—  
What he used to like best he no longer could bear ;



But he'd there sit and stare  
 With an air of despair :  
 Took no care, but would wear  
 Boots that wanted repair.  
 Such a shirt too ! you'd think he'd no linen to spare.  
 He omitted to shave ;—he neglected his hair,  
 And look'd more like a Guy than a gay Mousquetaire.

One thing, above all, most excited remark ;  
 In the evening he seldom sat long after dark.  
 Not that then, as of yore, he'd go out for "a lark"  
     With his friends ; but when they,  
     After taking *café*,  
 Would have broiled bones and kidneys brought in on a tray,  
 —Which I own I consider a very good way,  
 If a man's not dyspeptic, to wind up the day,—  
 No persuasion on earth could induce him to stay ;  
 But he'd take up his candlestick, just nod his head  
 By way of "Good evening !" and walk off to bed.  
 Yet even when there he seem'd no better off,  
 For he'd wheeze, and he'd sneeze, and he'd hem ! and he'd  
     cough ;  
     And they'd hear him all night,  
     Sometimes, sobbing outright,  
 While his valet, who often endeavour'd to peep,  
 Declared that "his master was never asleep !  
 But would sigh, and would groan, slap his forehead, and weep ;  
     That about ten o'clock  
     His door he would lock,  
 And then never would open it, let who would knock !—  
     He had heard him," he said,  
     " Sometimes jump out of bed,  
 And talk as if speaking to one who was dead !  
     He'd groan, and he'd moan,  
     In so piteous a tone,  
 Begging some one or other to let him alone,  
 That it really would soften the heart of a stone  
 To hear him exclaim so, and call upon Heaven  
 Then—The bother began always *just at eleven !* "

François Xavier Auguste, as I've told you before,  
 I believe, was a popular man in his *corps*,  
     And his comrades, not one  
     Of whom knew of the Nun,  
 Now began to consult what was best to be done.  
     Count Cordon Bleu  
     And the Sieur de la Roue  
 Confess'd they did *not* know at all what to do ;  
 But the Chevalier Hippolyte Hector Achille  
 Alphonse Stanislaus Emile de Grandville  
     Made a fervent appeal  
     To the zeal they must feel  
 For their friend, so distinguish'd an officer, 's weal.

"The first thing," he said, "was to find out the matter  
That bored their poor friend so, and caused all this clatter—  
*Mort de ma vie !*"

—Here he took some rappee—

"Be the cause what it may, he shall tell it to me!"—  
He was right, sure enough—in a couple of days  
He worms out the whole story of Sister Therese,  
Now entomb'd, poor dear soul! in some Dutch *Père la Chaise*.  
—"But the worst thing of all," François Xavier declares,  
"Is, whenever I've taken my candle up stairs,  
There's Therese sitting there—upon one of those chairs!  
Such a frown, too, she wears,  
And so frightfully glares,  
That I'm really prevented from saying my pray'rs,  
While an odour,—the very reverse of perfume,—  
More like rhubarb or senna,—pervades the whole room!"

Hector Achille

Stanislaus Emile,

When he heard him talk so felt an odd sort of feel;  
Not that *he* cared for Ghosts—he was far too genteel;  
Still a queerish sensation came on when he saw

Him, whom, for fun,

They'd, by way of a pun

On his person and principles, nick-named *Sans Foi*,

—A man whom they had, you see,

Mark'd as a Sadducee,—

In his horns, all at once, so completely to draw,  
And to talk of a Ghost with such manifest awe!—  
It excited the Chevalier Grandville's surprise;  
He shrugg'd up his shoulders, he turn'd up his eyes,  
And he thought with himself that he could not do less  
Than lay the whole matter before the whole Mess.

Repetition's detestable;—

So, as you're best able,

Paint to yourself the effect at the Mess-table—

How the bold Brigadiers

Prick'd up their ears,

And received the account, some with fears, some with sneers;

How the *Sieur de la Roue*

Said to Count Cordon Bleu,

"*Ma foi—c'est bien drôle*—Monseigneur, what say you?"—

How Count Cordon Bleu

Declared he "thought so too;"—

How the Colonel affirm'd that "the case was quite new;"—

How the Captains and Majors

Began to lay wagers

How far the Ghost part of the story was true;—

How at last, when ask'd "what was the best thing to do?"

Everybody was silent,—for nobody knew!—

And how, in the end, they said, "No one could deal  
With the matter so well, from his prudence and zeal,

As the Gentleman who was the first to reveal  
This strange story—viz. Hippolyte Hector Achille  
Alphonse Stanislaus Emile de Grandville ! ”

I need scarcely relate  
The plans, little and great,  
Which came into the Chevalier Hippolyte's pate  
To rescue his friend from his terrible foes,  
Those mischievous Imps, whom the world, I suppose  
From extravagant notions respecting their hue,  
Has strangely agreed to denominate “ Blue,”  
Inasmuch as his schemes were of no more avail  
Than those he had, early in life, found to fail,  
When he strove to lay salt on some little bird's tail.

In vain did he try  
With strong waters to ply  
His friend, on the ground that he never could spy  
Such a thing as a Ghost, with a drop in his eye ;  
St. Foix never would drink now unless he was dry ;  
Besides, what the vulgar call “ sucking the monkey ”  
Has much less effect on a man when he's funky.  
In vain did he strive to detain him at table  
Till his “ dark hour ” was over—he never was able,

Save once, when at Mess,  
With that sort of address  
Which the British call “ Humbug,” and Frenchmen “ *Finesse*,”  
(It's “ Blarney ” in Irish—I don't know the Scotch,)  
He fell to admiring his friend's English watch.\*

He examined the face,  
And the back of the case,  
And the young Lady's portrait there, done on enamel, he  
“ Saw by the likeness was one of the family ; ”

Cried “ *Superbe !—Magnifique !* ”  
(With his tongue in his cheek)—  
Then he open'd the case, just to take a peep in it, and  
Seized the occasion to pop back the minute-hand.  
With a demi-congé, and a shrug, and grin, he  
Returns the *bijou* and—*c'est une affaire finie*—  
“ I've done him,” thinks he, “ now, I'll wager a guinea ! ”

It happen'd that day  
They were all very gay,  
'Twas the *Grand Monarque's* birthday—that is, 'twas St. Louis's,  
Which in Catholic countries, of course, they would view as his—  
So when Hippolyte saw  
Him about to withdraw,  
He cried, “ Come—that won't do, my fine fellow, St. Foix,—  
Give us five minutes longer and drink *Vive le Roi*.”

François Xavier Auguste,  
Without any mistrust

\* “ Tompion's, I presume ? ”—FARQUHAR.

Of the trick that was play'd, drew his watch from his fob,  
Just glanced at the hour, then agreed to "hob-nob,"

Fill'd a bumper, and rose

With "*Messieurs*, I propose—"

He paused—his blanch'd lips fail'd to utter the toast !

'Twas *eleven* !—he thought it half-past ten at most—

Ev'ry limb, nerve, and muscle grew stiff as a post,—

His jaw dropp'd—his eyes

Swell'd to twice their own size—

And he stood as a pointer would stand—at a Ghost !

—Then shriek'd, as he fell on the floor like a stone,

"Ah ! Sister Therese ! now—do let me alone !"

\* \* \* \* \*

It's amazing by sheer perseverance what men do,—

As water wears stone by the "*Sæpe cadendo*,"

If they stick to Lord Somebody's motto, "*Agendo* !" —

Was it not Robert Bruce ?—I declare I've forgot,

But I think it was Robert—you'll find it in Scott—

Who, when cursing Dame Fortune, was taught by a Spider,

"She's sure to come round, if you will but abide her."

Then another great Rob,

Call'd "White-headed Bob,"

Whom I once saw receive such a thump on the "nob,"

From a fist which might almost an elephant brain,

That I really believed, at the first, he was slain,

For he lay like a log on his back on the plain,

Till a gentleman present, accustom'd to train,

Drew out a small lancet, and open'd a vein

Just below his left eye, which relieving the pain,

He stood up, like a trump, with an air of disdain,

While his "backer" was fain,

—For he could not refrain—

(He was dress'd in pea-green, with a pin and gold chain,

And I think I heard somebody call him "Squire Hayne,")

To whisper *ten words* one should always retain,

—"TAKE A SUCK AT THE LEMON, AND AT HIM AGAIN!!!"—

A hint ne'er surpass'd, though thus spoken at random,

Since Teucer's apostrophe—*Nil desperandum* !—

—De Grandville acted on it, and order'd his Tandem.

He had heard St. Foix say,

That no very great way

From Namur was a snug little town call'd Grandpré,

Near which, a few miles from the banks of the Maese,

Dwelt a pretty twin sister of poor dear Therése,

Of the same age, of course, the same father, same mother,

And as like to Therese as one pea to another ;

She liv'd with her Mamma,

Having lost her Papa,

Late of contraband *schnaps* an unlicensed distiller,

And her name was Des Moulins (in English, Miss Miller).

Now, though Hippolyte Hector  
 Could hardly expect her  
 To feel much regard for her sister's protector,  
 When she'd seen him so shamefully leave and neglect her;  
 Still, he very well knew  
 In this world there are few  
 But are ready much Christian forgiveness to shew  
 For other folk's wrongs—if well paid so to do—  
 And he'd seen to what acts "*Res angustæ*" compel *beaux*  
 And *belles*, whose affairs have got once out at elbows,  
 With the magic effect of a handful of crowns  
 Upon people whose pockets boast nothing but "browns;"  
 A few *francs* well applied  
 He'd no doubt would decide  
 Miss Agnes Des Moulins to jump up and ride  
 As far as head-quarters next day by his side;  
 For the distance was nothing, to speak by comparison,  
 To the town where the Mousquetaires now lay in garrison;  
 Then he thought, by the aid  
 Of a veil, and gown made  
 Like those worn by the lady his friend had betray'd,  
 They might dress up Miss Agnes so like to the Shade,  
 Which he fancied he saw, of that poor injured maid,  
 Come each night with her pale face his guilt to upbraid;  
 That if once introduced to his room, thus array'd,  
 And then unmask'd as soon as she'd long enough stay'd,  
 'Twould be no very difficult task to persuade  
 Him the whole was a scurvy trick, cleverly play'd,  
 Out of spite and revenge, by a mischievous jade!

With respect to the scheme—though I do not call that a gem—  
 Still I've known soldiers adopt a worse stratagem,  
 And that, too, among the decided approvers  
 Of General Sir David Dundas's "*Manœuvres*."

There's a proverb, however,  
 I've always thought clever,  
 Which my Grandmother never was tired of repeating,  
 "The proof of the Pudding is found in the eating!"  
 We shall see, in the sequel, how Hector Achille  
 Had mix'd up the suet and plums for *his* meal.

The night had set in;—'twas a dark and a gloomy one;—  
 Off went St. Foix to his chamber; a roomy one,  
 Five stories high,  
 The first floor from the sky,  
 And lofty enough to afford great facility  
 For playing a game, with the youthful nobility  
 Of "*crack corps*" a deal in  
 Request, when they're feeling,  
 In dull country quarters, *ennui* on them stealing;  
 A wet wafer's applied  
 To a sixpence's side,  
 Then it's spun with the thumb up to stick on the ceiling;

Intellectual amusement, which custom allows old troops,—  
I've seen it here practised at home by our Household troops.

He'd a table, and bed,  
And three chairs ; and all 's said.—

A bachelor's barrack, where'er you discern it, you're  
Sure to find not overburthen'd with furniture.

François Xavier Auguste lock'd and bolted his door  
With just the same caution he'd practised before.

Little he knew

That the Count Cordon Bleu,  
With Hector Achille, and the Sieur de la Roue,  
Had been up there before him, and drawn ev'ry screw !

And now comes the moment—the watches and clocks  
All point to *eleven* !—the bolts and the locks  
Give way—and the party turn out their bag-fox !—

With step noiseless and light,  
Though half in a fright,

“A cup in her left hand, a draught in her right,”  
In her robe long and black, and her veil long and white,  
Ma'amselle Agnes des Moulins walks in as a Sprite !—

She approaches the bed  
With the same silent tread

Just as though she had been at least half a year dead !  
Then seating herself on the “rush-bottom'd chair,”  
Throws a cold stony glance on the Black Mousquetaire.

If you're one of the “play-going public,” kind reader,  
And not a Moravian or rigid Seceder,

You've seen Mr. Kean,  
I mean in that scene

Of Macbeth,—by some thought the crack one of the piece,  
Which has been so well painted by Mr. M'Clise,—  
When he wants, after having stood up to say grace,\*  
To sit down to his haggis, and can't find a place ;

You remember his stare  
At the high-back'd arm-chair,

Where the Ghost sits that nobody else knows is there,  
And how, after saying “What man dares I dare !”

He proceeds to declare  
He should not so much care

If it came in the shape of a “tiger” or “bear,”  
But he don't like it's shaking it's long gory hair !  
While the obstinate Ghost, as determined to brave him,

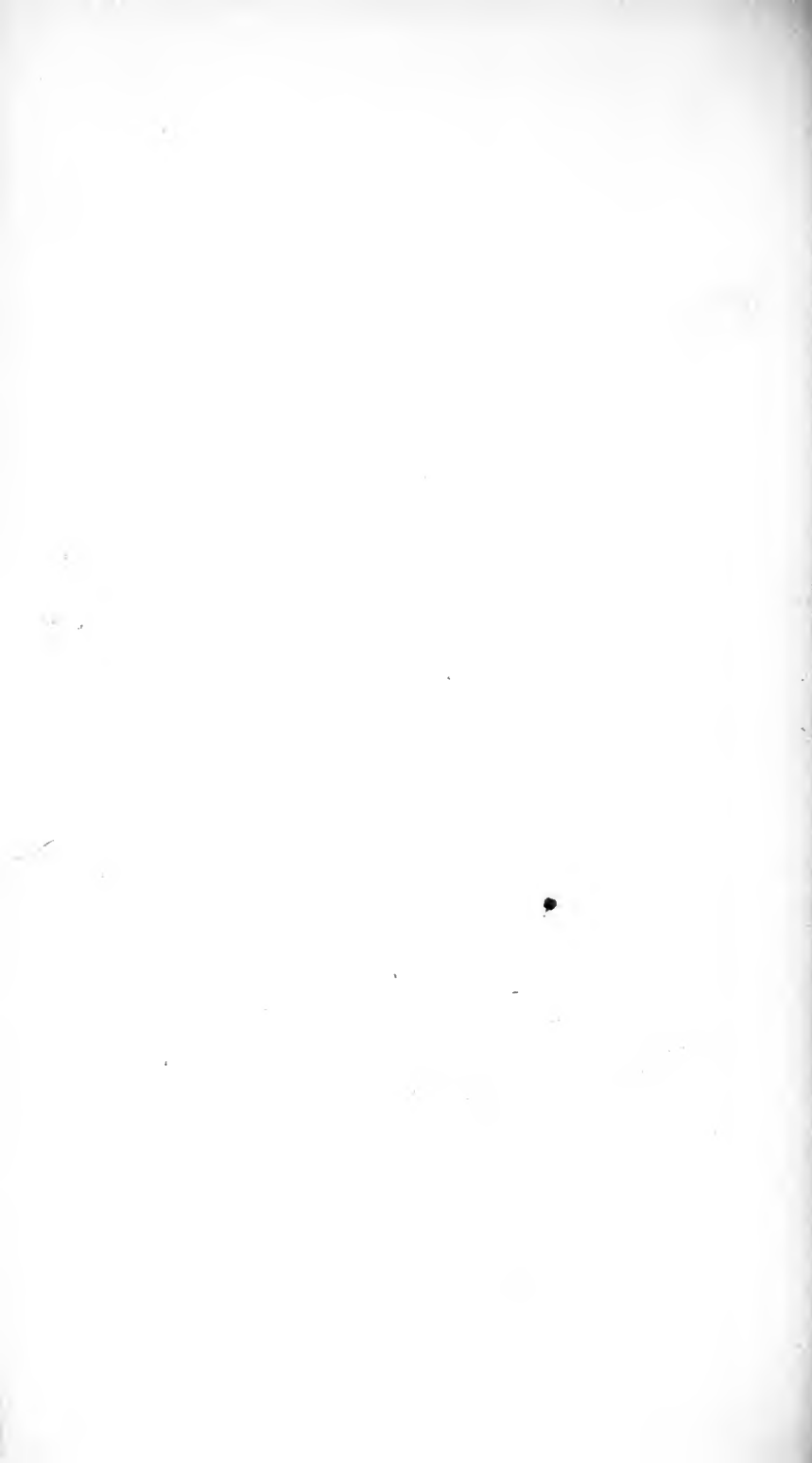
With a horrible grin,  
Sits and cocks up his chin,

Just as though he was asking the tyrant to shave him.  
And Lenox and Rosse  
Seem quite at a loss

\* May good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both.—*Macbeth*.



*The Black Man's Burial*





If they ought to go on with their sheep's head and sauce ;  
 And Lady Macbeth looks uncommonly cross,  
     And says in a huff  
     It's all " Proper stuff ! "—

All this you'll have seen, Reader, often enough ;  
 So, perhaps 't will assist you in forming some notion  
 Of what must have been François Xavier's emotion  
     If you fancy what troubled  
     Macbeth to be *doubled*,  
 And, instead of *one* Banquo to stare in his face  
 Without " speculation," suppose it *a brace* !

I wish I'd poor Fuseli's pencil, who ne'er I believe  
 Was exceeded in painting the terrible,  
     Or that of Sir Joshua  
     Reynolds, who was so adroit  
 In depicting it—*vide* his piece  
 Descriptive of Cardinal Beaufort's decease,  
     Where that prelate is lying  
     Decidedly dying,  
     With the King and his *suite*,  
     Standing just at his feet,  
 And his hands, as Dame Quickly says, fumbling the sheet ;  
 While, close at his ear, with the air of a scorner,  
 " Busy, meddling," Old Nick's grinning up in the corner.  
 But painting's an art I confess I am raw in,  
 The fact is, I never took lessons in drawing,  
     Had I done so, instead  
     Of the lines you have read,  
 I'd have giv'n you a sketch should have fill'd you with dread ;  
 François Xavier Auguste squatting up in his bed,  
     His hands widely spread,  
     His complexion like lead,  
 Ev'ry hair that he had standing up on his head,  
 As when, Agnes des Moulins first catching his view  
 Now right, and now left, rapid glances he threw,  
 Then shriek'd with a wild and unearthly halloo,  
     "*Mon Dieu ! v'la deux !!*"  
 BY THE POPE THERE ARE TWO !!!"

He fell back—one long aspiration he drew.  
     In flew De la Roue,  
     And Count Cordon Bleu,  
 Pommade, Pomme-de-terre, and the rest of their crew.  
 He stirr'd not,—he spoke not,—he none of them knew !  
     And Achille cried " Odzooks !"  
     I fear, by his looks,  
 Our poor friend, François Xavier, has popp'd off the hooks !"

'Twas too true !  
*Malheureux ! !*

It was done !—he had ended his earthly career,  
 He had gone off at once with a flea in his ear ;  
 The Black Mousquetaire was as dead as Small-beer !!

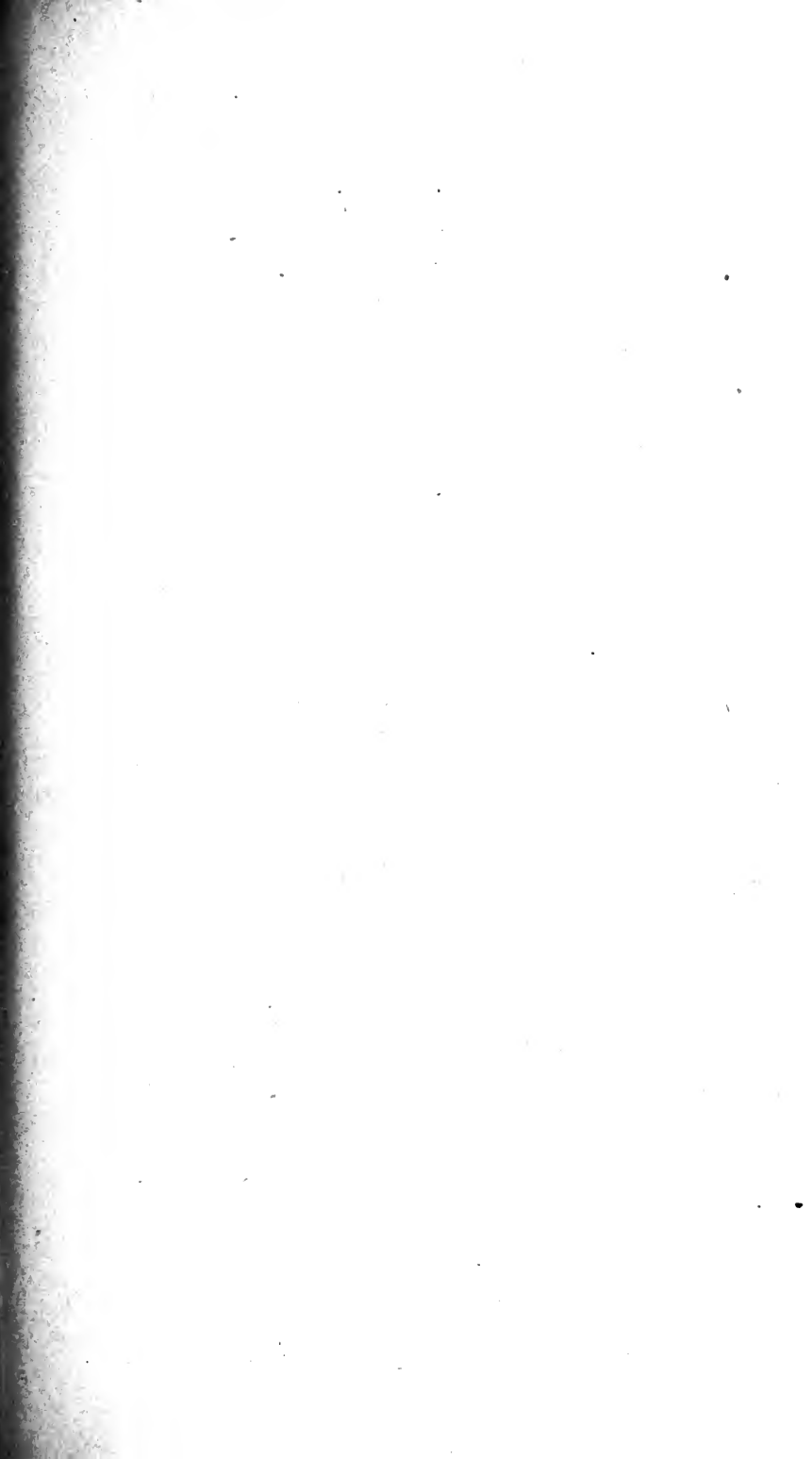
## L'Entoy.

A moral more in point I scarce could hope  
Than this, from Mr. Alexander Pope.

If ever chance should bring some Cornet gay,  
And pious Maid—as, possibly, it may,—  
From Knightsbridge Barracks, and the shades serene  
Of Clapham Rise, as far as Kensal Green;  
O'er some pale marble when they join their heads  
To kiss the falling tears each other sheds;  
Oh! may they pause!—and think, in silent awe,  
He, that he reads the words, “*Ci gît St. Foix!*”  
She, that the tombstone which her eye surveys  
Bears this sad line,—“*Hic jacet Sœur Therese!*”—  
Then shall they sigh and weep, and murmuring say,  
“Oh! may we never play such tricks as they!”—  
And if at such a time some Bard there be,  
Some sober Bard, addicted much to tea  
And sentimental song—like Ingoldsby—  
If such there be—who sings and sips so well,  
Let him, from Bentley's page, this story tell!  
Warn'd by the tale, the gentle pair shall boast,  
“I've 'scaped the Broken Heart!”—“and I the Ghost!!”

T. I.

Tappington Everard.



## THE GOLDEN LEGEND. No. 6.

## THE LAY OF ST. ALOYS.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQUIRE.

S. Heloïus in hâc urbe fuit episcopus, qui, defunctus, sepulturus est a fidelibus. Nocte autem sequenti, veniens quidam paganus lapidem qui sarcophagum tegebat revolvit, erectumque contra se corpus Sancti spoliare conatur. At ille, lacertis constrictum, ad se hominem fortiter amplexatur, et usque mane, populis spectantibus, tanquam constipatum loris, ita miserum brachiis detinebat. \* \* \* \* Judex loci sepulchri violatorem jubet abstrahi, et legali pœnæ sententiâ condemnari; sed non laxabatur a Sancto. Tunc intelligens voluntatem defuncti, Judex, factâ de vitâ promissione, absolvit, deinde laxatur, et sic incolumis redditur: non vero fur dimissus quin se vitam monastericam amplexurum spoondisset.

*Greg: Turonens: de Gloriâ Confessorum.*

## SAINT ALOYS

Was the Bishop of Blois,  
And a pitiful man was he,  
He grieved and he pined  
For the woes of mankind,  
And of brutes in their degree.—  
He would rescue the rat  
From the claws of the cat,  
And set the poor captive free;  
Though his cassock was swarming  
With all sorts of vermin,  
He 'd not take the life of a flea!—  
Kind, tender, forgiving  
To all things living,  
From injury still he 'd endeavour to screen 'em,  
Fish, flesh, or fowl,—no difference between 'em—  
NIHIL PUTAVIT A SE ALIENUM.

The Bishop of Blois was a holy man,—  
A holy man was he!  
For Holy Church  
He 'd seek and he 'd search  
As a Bishop in his degree.  
From foe and from friend  
He 'd “rap and he 'd rend,”  
To augment her treasure.  
Nought would he give, and little he 'd lend,  
That Holy Church might have more to spend.—  
“Count Stephen” \* (of Blois) “was a worthy Peer,  
His breeches cost him but a crown,  
He held them sixpence all too dear,  
And so he call'd the Tailor lown.”

\* *Teste* Messire Iago, a distinguished subaltern in the Venetian service, *circa* A.D. 1750. His biographer, Mr. William Shakspeare, a contemporary writer of some note, makes him say “*King Stephen*,” inasmuch as the “worthy peer” subsequently usurped the crown of England. The anachronism is a pardonable one.—*Mr. Simpinson of Bath.*

Had it been the Bishop instead of the Count,  
 And he'd overcharged him to half the amount,  
     He had knock'd that Tailor down!—  
     Not for himself!—  
     He despised the pelf;  
 He dress'd in sackcloth, he dined off delf;  
 And, when it was cold, in lieu of a *surtout*,  
 The good man would wrap himself up in his virtue.\*  
 Alack! that a man so holy as he,  
 So frank and free in his degree,  
 And so good and so kind, should mortal be!

Yet so it is—for loud and clear  
 From St. Nicholas' tower, on the listening ear,  
     With solemn swell,  
     The deep-toned bell  
 Flings to the gale a funeral knell;  
     And hark!—at its sound,  
     As a cunning old hound,  
 When he opens, at once causes all the young whelps  
 Of the cry to put in their less dignified yelps,  
     So—the little bells all,  
     No matter how small,  
 From the steeples both inside and outside the wall,  
     With bell-metal throat  
     Respond to the note,  
 And join the lament that a prelate so pious is  
 Forced thus to leave his disconsolate diocese,  
     Or, as Blois' Lord May'r  
     Is heard to declare,  
 "Should leave this here world for to go to that there."

And see, the portals opening wide,  
 From the Abbey flows the living tide;—  
     Forth from the doors  
     The torrent pours,  
 Acolytes, Monks, and Friars in scores,  
 This with his chasuble, that with his rosary,  
 This from his incense-pot turning his nose awry,  
     Holy Father, and Holy Mother,  
     Holy Sister, and Holy Brother,  
     Holy Son, and Holy Daughter,  
     Holy Wafer, and Holy Water;  
     Every one drest  
     Like a guest in his best,  
 In the smartest of clothes they're permitted to wear,  
 Serge, sackcloth, and shirts of the same sort of hair  
 As now we make use of to stuff an arm-chair,  
 Or weave into gloves, at three shillings a pair,

\* ————— Mea  
 Virtute me involvo.—Hon.

And employ for shampooing in cases rheumatic,—a  
Special specific, I'm told, for Sciatica.

Through groined arch, and by cloister'd stone,  
With mosses and ivy long o'ergrown,  
    Slowly the throng  
    Come passing along,  
With many a chaunt and solemn song,  
Adapted for holidays, high-days, and Sundays,—  
    *Dies iræ*, and *De profundis*,  
    *Miserere*, and *Domine dirige nos*,—  
Such as, I hear, to a very slow tune are all  
Commonly chaunted by Monks at a funeral,  
    To secure the defunct's repose,  
And to give a broad hint to Old Nick, should the news  
Of a prelate's decease bring him there on a cruise,  
That he'd better be minding his P's and his Q's,  
And not come too near,—since they can, if they choose,  
Make him shake in his hoofs—as he does not wear shoes.

    Still on they go,  
    A goodly show,  
With footsteps sure, though certainly slow,  
Two by two, in a very long row;  
    With feathers, and Mutes  
    In mourning suits,  
Undertaker's men walking in hat-bands and boots,—  
Then comes the Crosier, all jewels and gold,  
Borne by a lad about eighteen years old;  
Next, on a black velvet cushion, the Mitre,  
Borne by a younger boy, 'cause it is lighter.  
    Eight Franciscans sturdy and strong  
    Bear in the midst the good Bishop along;  
    Eight Franciscans stout and tall  
    Walk at the corners, and hold up the pall,  
    Eight more hold a canopy high over all,  
With eight Trumpeters, tooting the Dead March in Saul.—  
Behind, as Chief Mourner, the Lord Abbot goes, his  
Monks coming after him all with posies,  
And white pocket-handkerchiefs up at their noses,  
Which they blow whenever his Lordship blows his.—  
    And oh! 'tis a comely sight to see  
    How Lords and Ladies of high degree  
    Vail, as they pass, upon bended knee,  
While quite as polite are the Squires and the Knights,  
In their helmets, and hauberks, and cast-iron tights.

Aye, 'tis a comely sight to behold,  
As the company march  
Through the rounded arch  
Of that Cathedral old!—

Singers behind 'em, and singers before 'em,  
 All of them ranging in due decorum,  
 Around the inside of the *Sanctum Sanctorum*,  
 While, brilliant and bright,  
 An unwonted light  
 (I forgot to premise this was all done at night)  
 The links, and the torches, and flambeaux shed  
 On the sculptured forms of the Mighty Dead  
 That rest below, mostly buried in lead,  
 And above, recumbent in grim repose,  
 With their mailed hose,  
 And their dogs at their toes,  
 And little boys kneeling beneath them in rows,  
 Their hands join'd in pray'r, all in very long clothes,  
 With inscriptions on brass, begging each who survives,  
 As they some of them seem to have led so-so lives,  
 To ~~Prate for the~~ *Souls* of themselves and their wives.—  
 —The effect of the music, too, really was fine,  
 When they let the good prelate down into his shrine,  
 And by old and young  
 The '*Requiem*' was sung;  
 Not vernacular French, but a classical tongue,  
 That is—Latin—I don't think they meddled with Greek—  
 In short, the whole thing produced—so to speak—  
 What in Blois they would call a *Coup d'œil magnifique* !

Yet, surely, when the level ray  
 Of some mild eve's descending sun  
 Lights on some village pastor, grey  
 In years ere ours had well begun—

As there—in simplest vestment clad  
 He speaks, beneath the churchyard tree,  
 In solemn tones,—but yet not sad,—  
 Of what Man is — what Man shall be !

While, clustering round the grave, half hid  
 By that same quiet churchyard yew,  
 The rustic mourners bend, to bid  
 The dust they loved a last adieu—

—That ray, methinks, that rests so sheen  
 Upon each briar-bound hillock green,  
 So calm, so tranquil, so serene,  
 Gives to the eye a fairer scene,—  
 Speaks to the heart with holier breath  
 Than all this pageantry of Death.—

But *Chacun à son goût*—this is talking at random—  
 We all know "*De gustibus non disputandum* !"   
 So canter back, Muse, to the scene of your story,  
 The Cathedral of Blois—  
 Where the Sainted Aloys  
 Is by this time, you'll find, "left alone in his glory."

"In the dead of the night," though with labour opprest,  
 Some "mortals" disdain "the calm blessings of rest,"  
 Your cracksman, for instance, thinks night-time the best  
 To break open a door, or the lid of a chest;  
 And the gipsy who close round your premises prowls,  
 To get into your hen-roost, and steal all your fowls,  
 Always sneaks out at night with the bats and the owls,  
 —So do Witches and Warlocks, Ghosts, Goblins, and Gouls,  
 To say nothing at all of those troublesome "Swells"  
 Who come from the playhouses, "flash-kens," and "hells,"  
 To pull off people's knockers, and ring people's bells.

Well—'tis now the hour  
 When ill things have power;  
 And all who, in Blois, entertain honest views,  
 Have long been in bed, and enjoying a snooze,—  
 Nought is waking  
 Save Mischief, and "Faking,"\*  
 And a few who are sitting up brewing or baking,  
 When an ill-looking Infidel, sallow of hue,  
 Who stands in his slippers some six feet two,  
 (A rather remarkable height for a Jew,)  
 Creeps cautiously out of the churchwarden's pew,  
 Into which, during service, he'd managed to slide himself  
 While all were intent on the anthem, and hide himself.

From his lurking place,  
 With stealthy pace,  
 Through the "long-drawn aisle" he begins to crawl,  
 As you see a cat walk on the top of a wall,  
 When it's stuck full of glass, and she thinks she shall fall,  
 —He proceeds to feel  
 For his flint and his steel,  
 (An invention on which we've improved a great deal  
 Of late years—the substitute best to rely on  
 's what Jones of the Strand calls his *Pyrogenion*,)  
 He strikes with despatch!—his  
 Tinder catches!—  
 Now where is his candle?—and where are his matches?—  
 'Tis done!—they are found!—  
 He stands up, and looks round  
 By the light of a "dip" of sixteen to the pound!  
 —What is it now makes his nerves to quiver?—  
 His hand to shake—and his limbs to shiver?—  
 Fear?—Pooh!—it is only a touch of the liver—  
 All is silent—all is still—  
 It's "gammon"—it's "stuff!"—he may do what he will!

\* "Nix my dolly, pals, *Fake* away!"—words of deep and mysterious import in the ancient language of Upper Egypt, and recently inscribed on the sacred standard of Mehemet Ali. They are supposed to intimate, to the initiated in the art of Abstraction, the absence of all human observation, and to suggest the propriety of making the best use of their time—and fingers. — *Vide* Messrs. Urquhart, Thiers, &c. *passim*.



Carefully now he approaches the shrine,  
 In which, as I've mentioned before, about nine,  
 They had placed in such state the lamented Divine !  
 But not to worship—No !—No such thing !—  
 His aim is—TO “PRIG” THE PASTORAL RING !!

Fancy his fright,  
 When, with all his might  
 Having forced up the lid, which they'd not fasten'd quite,  
 Of the marble sarcophagus—“All in white”  
 The dead Bishop started up, bolt upright  
 On his hinder end,—and grasp'd him so tight,  
 That the clutch of a kite,  
 Or a bull-dog's bite  
 When he's most provoked and in bitterest spite,  
 May well be conceived in comparison slight,  
 And having thus “tackled” him—blew out his light !!

Oh, dear !—Oh, dear !—  
 The fright and the fear !—  
 No one to hear !—nobody near !  
 In the dead of the night !—at a bad time of year !—  
 A defunct Bishop squatting upright on his bier,  
 And shouting so loud, that the drum of his ear  
 He thought would have split as these awful words met it—  
 “AH, HA ! MY GOOD FRIEND !—DON'T YOU WISH YOU MAY GET  
 IT ?”—

Oh, dear ! Oh, dear !  
 'Twas a night of fear !  
 I should just like to know if the boldest man here,  
 In his situation, would not have felt queer ?

The wretched man bawls,  
 And he yells, and he squalls,  
 But there's nothing responds to his shrieks, save the walls,  
 And the desk, and the pulpit, the pews, and the stalls.  
 Held firmly at bay,  
 Kick and plunge as he may,  
 His struggles are fruitless—he can't get away,  
 He really can't tell what to do or to say,  
 And being a Pagan, don't know how to pray ;  
 Till through the east window a few streaks of grey  
 Announce the approach of the dawn of the day !

Oh, a welcome sight  
 Is the rosy light,  
 Which lovelily heralds a morning bright,  
 Above all to a wretch kept in durance all night  
 By a horrid dead gentleman holding him tight,—  
 Of all sorts of gins that a trespasser can trap,  
 The most disagreeable kind of a man-trap !  
 Oh ! welcome that bell's  
 Matin chime, which tells

To one caught in this worst of all possible snares,  
That the hour is arrived to begin Morning Prayers,  
And the monks and the friars are coming down stairs !

Conceive the surprise  
Of the Choir—how their eyes  
Are distended to twice their original size,—  
How some begin bless,—some anathematize,—  
And all look on the thief as Old Nick in disguise.  
While the mystified Abbot cries, “ Well !—I declare !—  
—This is really a very mysterious affair !—  
Bid the bandy-legg’d Sexton go run for the May’r ! ”

The May’r and his *suite*  
Are soon on their feet,—  
(His worship kept house in the very same street,—)  
At once he awakes,  
“ His compliments ” makes,  
“ He’ll be up at the Church in a couple of shakes ! ”  
Meanwhile the whole Convent is pulling and hauling,  
And bawling, and squalling,  
And terribly mauling  
The thief, whose endeavour to follow his calling  
Had thus brought him into a grasp so enthralling.—  
Now high, now low,  
They drag “ to and fro,”—  
Now this way, now that way they twist him—but, No !—  
The glazed eye of St. Aloys distinctly says “ Poh !  
“ You may pull as you please, I shall *not* let him go ! ”—  
Nay, more ;—when his Worship at length came to say  
He was perfectly ready to take him away,  
And fat him to grace the next *Auto-da-fé*,  
Still closer he prest  
The poor wretch to his breast,  
While a voice—though his jaws still together were jamm’d—  
Was heard from his chest, “ If you do, I ’ll—— ” Then slamm’d  
The great door of the Church,—with so awful a sound  
That the close of the good Bishop’s sentence was drown’d !

Then out spake *Frere Jehan*,  
A pitiful man,  
Oh ! a pitiful man was he !  
And he wept, and he pined  
For the sins of mankind,  
As a Friar in his degree.  
“ Remember, good gentlefolks,” so he began,  
“ Dear Aloys was always a pitiful man !—  
That voice from his chest  
Has clearly exprest  
He has pardon’d the culprit—and as for the rest,  
Before you shall burn him—he’ll see you all blest ! ”

The Monks, and the Abbot, the Sexton, and Clerk  
Were exceedingly struck with the Friar’s remark,

And the Judge, who himself was by no means a shark  
Of a Lawyer, and did not do things in the dark,  
But still leaned, (having once been himself a gay spark,)  
To the merciful side, like the late Alan Park.

Agreed that, indeed,

The best way to succeed,

And by which this poor caitiff alone could be freed,  
Would be to absolve him, and grant a free pardon,  
On a certain condition, and that not a hard one.  
Viz.—“ That he, the said Infidel, straightway should ope  
His mind to conviction, and worship the Pope,  
And ‘ ev’ry man Jack ’ in an amice or cope ;—

And that, to do so,

He should forthwith go

To Rome, and salute there his Holiness’s toe ;—

And never again

Read Voltaire, or Tom Paine,

Or Percy Byshe Shelley, or Lord Byron’s Cain ;—

His pilgrimage o’er, take St. Francis’s habit ;—

If anything lay about, never to ‘ nab ’ it ;—

Or, at worst, if he *should* light on articles gone astray,  
To be sure and deposit them safe in the Monast’ry ! ”

The oath he took—

As he kiss’d the book,

Nave, transept, and aisle with a thunder-clap shook !

The Bishop sank down with a satisfied look,

And the Thief, releas’d

By the Saint deceas’d,

Fell into the arms of a neighbouring Priest !

It skills not now

To tell you how

The transmogrified Pagan perform’d his vow ;

How he quitted his home,

Travell’d to Rome,

And went to St. Peter’s and look’d at the Dome,

And obtain’d from the Pope an assurance of bliss,

And kiss’d whatever he gave him to kiss,

Toe, relic, embroidery, nought came amiss ;

And how Pope Urban

Had his turban

Hung up in the Sistine chapel, by way

Of a relic—and how it hangs there to this day.—

Suffice it to tell,

Which will do quite as well,

That the whole of the Convent the miracle saw,

And the Abbot’s report was sufficient to draw

Ev’ry *bon Catholique* in *la belle France* to Blois,

Among others, the Monarch himself, François,

The Archbishop of Rheims, and his “ Pious Jack-daw,” \*

\* See Golden Legend, No. I. Bent. Mis. vol. i. p. 529.

And there was not a man in Church, Chapel, or Meeting-house,  
 Still less in *Cabaret*, Hotel, or Eating-house,  
     But made an oration,  
     And said, "In the nation  
 If ever a man deserved canonization,  
 It was the kind, pitiful, pious Aloys."—  
     So the Pope says,—says he,  
     "Then a Saint he shall be!"—  
 So he made him a Saint, and remitted the fee.

What became of the Pagan I really can't say;  
     But I think I've been told,  
     When he'd enter'd their fold,  
 And was now a Franciscan some twenty days old,  
 He got up one fine morning before break of day,  
 Put the *Pyx* in his pocket—and then ran away.

## MORAL.

I think we may coax out a moral or two  
 From the facts which have lately come under our view.  
 First—Don't meddle with Saints!—for you'll find if you do,  
 They're, what Scotch people call, "kittle cattle to shoe!"  
 And when once they have managed to take you in tow,  
 It's a deuced hard matter to make them let go!

Now to you, wicked Pagans!—who wander about,  
 Up and down Regent Street every night, "on the scout,"—  
 Recollect the Police keep a sharpish look-out,  
 And if once your suspected your skirts they will stick to,  
 Till they catch you at last *in flagrante delicto*!  
     Don't the inference draw  
     That because he of Blois  
 Suffer'd *one* to bilk "Old father Antic the Law,"  
 That our May'rs, and our Aldermen—and we've a City full—  
 Show themselves, at our Guildhall, quite so pitiful!

Lastly, as to the Pagan who play'd such a trick,  
 First assuming the tonsure, then cutting his stick,  
 There's but one thing which occurs to me—that  
 Is,—Don't give too much credit to people who "rat!"  
     Never forget  
     Early habit's a net  
 Which entangles us all, more or less, in its mesh,  
 And "What's bred in the bone won't come out of the flesh!"  
 We must all be aware Nature's prone to rebel, as  
 Old Juvenal tells us, *Naturam expellas,*  
     *Tamen usque recurrat!*—  
     There's no making her rat!  
 So that all that I have on this head to advance  
 Is,—whatever they think of these matters in France,  
 There's a proverb, the truth of which each one allows here,  
 "YOU NEVER CAN MAKE A SILK PURSE OF A SOW'S EAR!"

T. I.

## COUNTY LEGENDS.—No. II.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

## NELL COOK !!

A TALE OF THE "DARK ENTRY."

## THE KING'S SCHOLAR'S STORY.

"From the 'Brick Walk' branches off to the right a long narrow vaulted passage, paved with flagstones, vulgarly known by the name of the 'Dark Entry.' Its eastern extremity communicates with the cloisters, crypt, and, by a private staircase, with the interior of the Cathedral. On the west it opens into the 'Green-Court,' forming a communication between it and the portion of the 'Precinct' called the 'Oaks,'—*A Walk round Canterbury, &c.*

Scene—A back parlour in Mr. Ingoldsby's house in the Precinct.—A blazing fire.—

The Squire is seated by it in a high-backed easy-chair, twirling his thumbs, and contemplating his list shoe. — Little Tom, the King's Scholar, on a stool opposite.—Mrs. Ingoldsby at the table, busily employed in manufacturing a cabbage-rose,—or cauliflower?—in many-coloured worsteds. —The Squire's meditations are interrupted by the French clock on the mantelpiece. — The Squire prologezeth with vivacity.

"HARK ! listen Mrs. Ingoldsby,—the clock is striking nine !  
Give Master Tom another cake, and a half a glass of wine,  
And ring the bell for Jenny Smith, and bid her bring his coat,  
And a warm bandana handkerchief to tie about his throat.

"And bid them go the nearest way, for Mr. Birch has said  
That nine o'clock 's the hour he 'll have his boarders all in bed ;  
And well we know when little boys their coming home delay,  
They often seem to walk and sit uneasily next day !"—

"—Now, nay, dear Uncle Ingoldsby, now send me not, I pray,  
Back by that Entry dark, for that you know 's the nearest way ;  
I dread that Entry dark with Jane alone at such an hour,  
It fears me quite—it 's Friday night, and then Nell Cook hath  
pow'r !"—

"And, who's Nell Cook, thou silly child?—and what 's Nell Cook to thee ?  
That thou shouldst dread at night to tread with Jane that dark entrée ?"—

"Nay, list and hear, mine Uncle dear ! such fearsome things they tell  
Of Nelly Cook, that few may brook at night to meet with Nell !"

"It was in bluff King Harry's days,—and Monks and Friars were then,  
You know, dear Uncle Ingoldsby, a sort of Clergymen.  
They'd coarse stuff gowns, and shaven crowns, no shirts, and no cravats ;  
And a cord was placed about their waist—they had no shovel hats !

"It was in bluff King Harry's days, while yet he went to shrift,  
And long before he stamped and swore, and sent the Pope adrift;  
There lived a portly Canon then, a sage and learned clerk;  
He had, I trow, a goodly house fast by that Entry dark!

"The Canon was a portly man—of Latin and of Greek,  
And learned lore, he had good store,—yet health was on his cheek.  
The Priory fare was scant and spare, the bread was made of rye,  
The beer was weak, yet he was sleek—he had a merry eye.

"For though within the Priory the fare was scant and thin,  
The Canon's house it stood without; he kept good cheer within;  
Unto the best he prest each guest with free and jovial look,  
And Ellen Bean ruled his *cuisine*.—He called her 'Nelly Cook!'

"For soups and stews and choice *ragouts* Nell Cook was famous  
still;  
She'd make them even of old shoes, she had such wond'rous skill:  
Her manchets fine were quite divine, her cakes were nicely brown'd,  
Her flawns and custards were the boast of all the 'Precinct' round;

"And Nelly was a comely lass, but calm and staid her air,  
And earthward bent her modest look, yet was she passing fair;  
And though her gown was russet brown, their heads grave people  
shook:

—They all agreed no Clerk had need of such a pretty cook.

"One day—'twas on a Whitsun-Eve—there came a coach and four;  
It pass'd the 'Green-Court' gate, and stopp'd before the Canon's door;  
The travel-stain on wheel and rein bespoke a weary way,—  
Each panting steed relax'd its speed—out stept a Lady gay.

"'Now, welcome! welcome! dearest Niece,'—the Canon then did cry,  
And to his breast the Lady prest—he had a merry eye,—  
'Now, welcome! welcome! dearest Niece! in sooth thou'rt wel-  
come here,

'Tis many a day since we have met—how fares my Brother dear?'—

"'Now, thanks, my loving Uncle,' that Lady gay replied;  
'Gramercy for thy benison;' then 'Out, alas!' she sigh'd;  
'My father dear he is not near; he seeks the Spanish Main;  
He prays thee give me shelter here till he return again!'

"'Now, welcome! welcome! dearest Niece; come lay thy mantle  
by!'

The Canon kissed her ruby lip—he had a merry eye—  
But Nelly Cook askew did look,—it came into her mind  
They were a little less than 'kin,' and rather more than 'kind.'

\* \* \* \*

"Three weeks are gone and over—full three weeks and a day,  
Yet still within the Canon's house doth dwell that Lady gay;  
On capons fine they daily dine, rich cates and sauces rare,  
And they quaff good store of Bourdeaux wine,—so dainty is their  
fare.

“And fine upon the Virginals is that gay Lady’s touch,  
And sweet her voice unto the lute, you’ll scarce hear any such;  
But is it ‘*O Sanctissima!*’ she sings in dulcet tone?  
Or ‘Angels ever bright and fair’?—Ah, no!—it’s ‘*Bobbing Joan!*’

\* \* \* \*

“The Canon’s house is lofty and spacious to the view;  
The Canon’s cell is order’d well—yet Nelly looks askew;  
The Lady’s bower is in the tower,—yet Nelly shakes her head—  
She hides the poker and the tongs in that gay Lady’s bed!

\* \* \* \*

“Six weeks were gone and over, full six weeks and a day,  
Yet in that bed the poker and the tongs unheeded lay!  
From which, I fear, it’s pretty clear that Lady rest had none;  
Or, if she slept in any bed—it was not in her own.

“But where that Lady pass’d her nights I may not well divine,  
Perhaps in pious oraisons at good St. Thomas’ Shrine,  
And for her father far away breathed tender vows and true—  
It may be so—I cannot say—but Nelly look’d askew.

“And still at night, by fair moonlight, when all were lock’d in sleep,  
She’d listen at the Canon’s door,—she’d through the keyhole peep—  
I know not what she heard or saw, but fury fill’d her eye—  
—She bought some nasty Doctor’s-stuff, and she put it in a pie!

\* \* \* \*

“It was a glorious summer’s eve—with beams of rosy red  
The Sun went down—all Nature smiled—but Nelly shook her head!  
Full softly to the balmy breeze rang out the Vesper bell—  
—Upon the Canon’s startled ear it sounded like a knell!

“‘Now here’s to thee, mine Uncle! a health I drink to thee!  
Now pledge me back in Sherris sack, or a cup of Malvoisie!’—  
The Canon sigh’d—but rousing, cried, ‘I answer to thy call,  
And a Warden-pie’s a dainty dish to mortify withal!’”

’Tis early dawn—the matin chime rings out for morning pray’r—  
And Prior and Friar is in his stall—the Canon is not there!  
Nor in the small Refect’ry hall, nor cloister’d walk is he—  
All wonder—and the Sacristan says ‘Lauk-a-daisey-me!’

They’ve search’d the aisles and Baptistry—they’ve search’d above—  
around—

The ‘Sermon House’—the ‘Audit Room’—the Canon is not found.  
They only find the pretty cook concocting a *ragout*;  
They ask her where her master is—but Nelly looks askew!

They call for crow-bars—‘jemmies’ is the modern name they bear—  
They burst through lock, and bolt, and bar—but what a sight is  
there!—

The Canon’s head lies on the bed—his Niece lies on the floor!  
—They are as dead as any nail that is in any door!

"The livid spot is on his breast, the spot is on his back !  
His portly form, no longer warm with life, is swoln and black !—  
The livid spot is on her cheek,—it's on her neck of snow,  
And the Prior sighs, and sadly cries, ' Well !—here's a pretty Go ! '

\* \* \* \*

"All at the silent hour of night a bell is heard to toll,  
A knell is rung, a *requiem*'s sung as for a sinful soul,  
And there's a grave within the Nave, it's dark, and deep, and wide,  
And they bury there a Lady fair, and a Canon by her side !

"An Uncle—so 'tis whisper'd now throughout the sacred fane,—  
And a Niece—whose father's far away upon the Spanish Main—  
The Sacristan, he says no word to indicate a doubt,  
But he puts his thumb unto his nose, and he spreads his fingers out !

"And where doth tarry Nelly Cook, that staid and comely lass ?  
Ay, where ?—for ne'er from forth that door was Nelly known to pass.  
Her coif, and gown of russet brown were lost unto the view,  
And if you mention'd Nelly's name—the Monks all look'd askew !

\* \* \* \*

"There is a heavy paving-stone fast by the Canon's door,  
Of granite grey, and it may weigh some half a ton or more,  
And it is laid deep in the shade within that Entry dark,  
Where sun or moon-beam never play'd, or e'en one starry spark.

"That heavy granite stone was moved that night, 'twas darkly said,  
And the mortar round its sides next morn seem'd fresh, and newly  
laid ;  
But what within the narrow vault beneath that stone doth lie,  
Or if that there be vault, or no—I cannot tell—not I !

"But I've been told that moan and groan, and fearful wail and shriek,  
Came from beneath that paving-stone for nearly half a week—  
For three long days and three long nights came forth those sounds of  
fear ;  
Then all was o'er—they never more fell on the listening ear.

\* \* \* \*

"A hundred years were gone and past since last Nell Cook was seen,  
When, worn by use, that stone got loose, and they went and told the  
Dean.—  
—Says the Dean, says he, ' My Masons three ! now haste and fix it  
tight ; '  
And the Masons three peep'd down to see, and they saw a fearsome  
sight.

"Beneath that heavy paving-stone a shocking hole they found—  
It was not more than twelve feet deep, and barely twelve feet round ;  
A fleshless, sapless skeleton lay in that horrid well !  
But who the deuce 'twas put it there those Masons could not tell.



“ And near this fleshless skeleton a pitcher small did lie,  
And a mouldy piece of ‘ kissing-crust,’ as from a warden-pie !  
And Doctor Jones declared the bones were female bones, and,  
‘ Zooks !

I should not be surprised,’ said he, ‘ if these were Nelly Cook’s !’

“ It was in good Dean Bargrave’s days, if I remember right,  
Those fleshless bones beneath the stones these Masons brought to  
light ;

And you may well in the ‘ Dean’s Chapelle’ Dean Bargrave’s portrait  
view,

‘ Who died one night,’ says old Tom Wright, ‘ in sixteen forty two !’

“ And so two hundred years have passed since that these Masons  
three,

With curious looks, did set Nell Cook’s unquiet spirit free ;  
That granite stone had kept her down till then—so some suppose,—  
—Some spread their fingers out, and put their thumb unto their nose.

“ But one thing’s clear—that all the year, on every Friday night,  
Throughout that Entry dark doth roam Nell Cook’s unquiet Sprite :  
On Friday was that Warden-pie all by that Canon tried ;  
On Friday died he, and that tidy Lady by his side !

“ And though two hundred years have flown, Nell Cook doth still  
pursue

Her weary walk, and they who cross her path the deed may rue ;  
Her fatal breath is fell as death ! the Simoom’s blast is not  
More dire,—(a wind in Africa that blows uncommon hot).

“ But all unlike the Simoom’s blast, her breath is deadly cold,  
Delivering quivering, shivering shocks unto both young and old,  
And whoso in that Entry dark doth feel that fatal breath,  
He ever dies within the year some sad untimely death !

“ No matter who—no matter what condition, age, or sex,  
But some ‘ get shot,’ and some ‘ get drown’d,’ and some ‘ get ’ broken  
necks ;

Some ‘ get run over ’ by a coach ;—and one beyond the seas  
‘ Got ’ scraped to death by oyster-shells among the Caribbees !

“ Those Masons three, who set her free, fell first !—it is averred  
That two were hang’d on Tyburn tree for murdering of the third !  
Charles Storey,\* too, his friend who slew, had ne’er, if truth they  
tell,

Been gibbeted on Chartham Downs, had they not met with Nell !

\* In or about the year 1780, a worthy of this name cut the throat of a journeyman paper-maker, was executed on Oaten Hill, and afterwards hung in chains near the scene of his crime. It was to this place, as being the extreme boundary of the City’s jurisdiction, that the worthy Mayor with so much *naïveté* wished to escort Archbishop M\*\*\* on one of his progresses, when he begged to have the honour of “ attending his Grace *as far as the Gallows.*”

"Then send me not, mine Uncle dear, oh ! send me not, I pray,  
Back through that Entry dark to-night, but round some other way !  
I will not be a truant boy, but good, and mind my book,  
For Heaven forfend that ever I foregather with Nell Cook !"—

\* \* \* \*

The class was call'd at morning tide, and Master Tom was there ;  
He look'd askew, and did eschew both stool, and bench, and chair.  
He did not talk, he did not walk, the tear was in his eye,—  
He had not e'en that sad resource, to "sit him down and cry."

Hence little boys may learn, when they from school go out to dine,  
They should not deal in rigmarole, but still be back by nine ;  
For if when they 've their greatcoat on, they pause before they part  
To tell a long and prosy tale,—perchance their own may smart.—

—A few remarks to learned Clerks in country and in town—  
Don't keep a pretty serving-maid, though clad in russet brown !—  
Don't let your Niece sing "Bobbing Joan !"—don't, with a merry eye,  
Hob-nob in Sack and Malvoisie,—and don't eat too much Pie !!

And oh ! beware that Entry dark,—especially at night,—  
And don't go there with Jenny Smith all by the pale moonlight !—  
So bless the Queen and her Royal Wean, —and the Prince whose  
hand she took,—  
And bless us all, both great and small,—and keep us from Nell Cook !

## COUNTY LEGENDS.

## No. II.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

## THE LAY

## OF THE OLD WOMAN CLOTHED IN GREY.

ONCE there lived, as I've heard people say,  
An "Old Woman clothed in grey,"

So furrow'd with care,  
So haggard her air,  
In her eye such a wild supernatural stare,  
That all who espied her  
Immediately shied her;  
And strove to get out of her way.

This fearsome Old Woman was taken ill:  
—She sent for the Doctor—he sent her a pill,

And, by way of a trial,  
A two-shilling phial,  
Of green-looking fluid, like laver diluted,  
To which I profess an abhorrence most rooted.  
One of those draughts they so commonly send us,  
Labell'd "*Haustus catharticus, mane sumendus* ; —

She made a wry face,  
But, without saying Grace,  
Toss'd it off like a dram—it improved not her case.  
—The Leech came again ;

He now open'd a vein,  
Still the little Old Woman continued in pain.  
So her "Medical Man," although loth to distress her,  
Conceived it high time that her Father Confessor  
Should be sent for to shrive, and assoilize, and bless her,  
That she might not slip out of these troublesome scenes  
"Unanneal'd and Unhouseled,"—whatever that means.\*

Growing afraid,  
He calls to his aid  
A bandy-legg'd neighbour, a "*Tailor by trade*,"†  
Tells him his fears,  
Bids him lay by his shears,

\* Alack for poor William Linley to settle the point ! His elucidation of Macbeth's "Hurlyburley" casts a halo around his memory. In him the world lost one of its kindest Spirits, and the Garrick Club its acutest commentator.

† All who are familiar with the Police Reports, and other Records of our Courts of Justice, will recollect that every gentleman of this particular profession invariably thus describes himself, in contradistinction to the Bricklayer, whom he probably presumes to be indigenous, and the Shoemaker *born* a Snob.

His thimble, his goose, and his needle, and hie  
 With all possible speed to the Convent hard by,  
     Requests him to say,  
     That he begs they 'll all pray,  
 Viz. : The whole pious brotherhood, Cleric and Lay,  
 For the soul of an Old Woman clothed in grey,  
 Who was just at that time in a very bad way,  
 And he really believed couldn't last out the day,—  
     And to state his desire  
     That some erudite Friar  
 Would run over at once, and examine, and try her ;  
     For he thought he would find  
     There was "something behind,"  
 A something that weigh'd on the Old Woman's mind,—  
 "In fact he was sure, from what fell from her tongue,  
 That this little Old Woman had done something wrong."  
 —Then he wound up the whole with this hint to the man,  
 "Mind and pick out as holy a Friar as you can !"

Now I'd have you to know  
 That this story of woe,  
 Which I'm telling you, happen'd a long time ago ;  
 I can't say exactly *how* long, nor, I own,  
 What particular monarch was then on the throne,  
 But 'twas here in Old England : and that all one knows is,  
 It must have preceded the Wars of the Roses.\*  
     Inasmuch as the times  
     Described in these rhymes,  
 Were as fruitful in virtues as ours are in crimes ;  
     And if 'mongst the Laity  
     Unseemly gaiety  
 Sometimes betray'd an occasional taint or two,  
     At once all the Clerics  
     Went into hysterics,  
 While scarcely a Convent but boasted its Saint or two :  
 So it must have been long ere the line of the Tudors,  
     As since then the breed  
     Of Saints rarely indeed  
 With their dignified presence have darken'd our pew doors.  
 —Hence the late Mr. Froude, and the live Mr. Pusey  
 We moderns consider as each worth a Jew's eye ;  
 Though Wiseman and Dullman† combine against Newman,  
 With Doctors and Proctors, and say he's no true man.  
 But this by the way.—The Convent I speak about  
 Had them in scores—they said Mass week and week about ;

\* "An antient and most pugnacious family," says a learned F. S. A. "One of their descendants, George Rose, Esq. late M.P. for Christchurch (an elderly gentleman now defunct), was equally celebrated for his vocal abilities and his wanton destruction of furniture when in a state of excitement. "Sing, old Rose, and burn the bellows !" has grown into a proverb.

† The worthy Jesuit's polemical publisher.—I am not quite sure as to the orthography ;—it's *idem sonans*, at all events.

And the two now on duty were each, for their piety,  
 "Second to none" in that holy society,  
 And well might have borne  
 Those words which are worn  
 By our "*Nulli Secundus*" Club—poor dear lost muttons  
 Of Guardsmen—on Club days, inscribed on their buttons.—  
 They would read, write, and speak  
 Latin, Hebrew, and Greek,  
 A radish-bunch munch for a lunch, or a leek ;  
 Though scoffers and boobies  
 Ascribed certain rubies  
 That garnish'd the nose of the good Father Hilary  
 To the overmuch use of Canary and Sillery,  
 —Some said spirituous compounds of viler distillery—  
 Ah ! little reck'd they  
 That with Friars, who say  
 Fifty Paters a night, and a hundred a day,  
 A very slight sustenance goes a great way—  
 Thus the consequence was that his colleague, Basilus,  
 Won golden opinions, by looking more bilious,  
 From all who conceived strict monastical duty  
 By no means conducive to personal beauty,  
 And being more meagre, and thinner, and paler,  
 He was snapt up at once by the bandy-legg'd Tailor.

The latter's concern  
 For a speedy return  
 Scarce left the Monk time to put on stouter sandals,  
 Or go round to his shrines, and snuff all his Saint's candles ;  
 Still less had he leisure to change the hair-shirt he  
 Had worn the last twenty years—probably thirty,  
 Which, not being wash'd all that time, had grown dirty.  
 —It seems there 's a sin in  
 The wearing clean linen,  
 Which Friars must eschew at their very beginning,  
 Though it makes them look frowsy, and drowsy, and blowsy,  
 And—a rhyme modern etiquette never allows ye.—  
 As for the rest,  
 E'en if time had not prest,  
 It didn't much matter how Basil was drest,  
 Nor could there be any great need for adorning,  
 The Night being almost at odds with the Morning.

Oh ! sweet and beautiful is Night when the silver Moon is high,  
 And countless Stars, like clustering gems, hang sparkling in the sky,  
 While the balmy breath of the summer breeze comes whispering  
 down the glen,  
 And one fond voice alone is heard—oh ! Night is lovely then !

But when that voice, in feeble moans of sickness and of pain,  
 But mocks the anxious ear that strives to catch its sounds in vain,—  
 When silently we watch the bed, by the taper's flickering light,  
 Where all we love is fading fast—how terrible is Night ! !

More terrible yet,  
 If you happen to get  
 By an old woman's bedside, who, all her life long,  
 Has been, what the vulgar call, "coming it strong"  
 In all sorts of ways that are naughty and wrong.—

As Confessions are sacred, it's not very facile  
 To ascertain what the old hag said to Basil;

But whatever she said,  
 It fill'd him with dread,  
 And made all his hair stand on end on his head,—  
 No great feat to perform, inasmuch as his hair  
 Being clipp'd by the tonsure, his crown was left bare,  
 So of course Father Basil had little to spare;

But the little he had  
 Seem'd as though 't had gone mad,  
 Each lock, as by action galvanic, uprears  
 In the two little tufts on the tops of his ears.—

*What* the old woman said  
 That so "fill'd him with dread,"  
 We should never have known any more than the dead,  
 If the bandy-legg'd Tailor, his errand thus sped,  
 Had gone quietly back to his needle and thread,  
 As he ought; but instead,  
 Curiosity led,—

A feeling we all deem extremely ill-bred,—  
 He contrived to secrete himself under the bed!

Not that he heard  
 One-half, or a third  
 Of what past as the Monk and the Patient conferred,  
 But he here and there managed to pick up a word,  
 Such as "Knife,"  
 And "Life,"

And he thought she said "Wife,"  
 And "Money" that source of all evil and strife\*;  
 Then he plainly distinguish'd the words "Gore," and "Gash,"  
 Whence he deem'd—and I don't think his inference rash—  
 She had cut some one's throat for the sake of his cash.

Intermix'd with her moans,  
 And her sighs, and her groans,  
 Enough to have melted the hearts of the stones,  
 Came at intervals Basil's sweet, soft, silver tones,  
 For somehow it happened—I can't tell you why—  
 The good Friar's indignation,—at first rather high,  
 To judge from the language he used in reply,—  
 Ere the Old Woman ceased, had a good deal gone by;  
 And he gently address her in accents of honey,  
 "Daughter, don't you despair! — WHAT'S BECOME OF  
 THE MONEY?"

\* Effodiuntur Opes Irritamenta Malorum.



*The Confession*





In one just at Death's door it was really absurd  
 To see how her eye lighted up at that word—  
 Indeed there's not one in the language that I know,  
 (Save its synonyms "Spanish," "Blunt," "Stumpy," and  
 "Rhino,")

Which acts so direct,  
 And with so much effect

On the human *sensorium*, or makes one erect  
 One's ears so, as soon as the sound we detect—

It's a question with me  
 Which of the three,

Father Basil himself, though a grave S. T. P.  
 (Such as he have, you see, the degree of D.D.)  
 Or the eaves-dropping, bandy-legg'd Tailor,—or She  
 Caught it quickest—however traditions agree  
 That the Old Woman perked up as brisk as a bee,—

'Twas the last quivering flare of the taper,—the fire  
 It so often emits when about to expire !  
 Her excitement began the same instant to flag,  
 She sank back, and whisper'd, " Safe !—Safe ! in the Bag ! ! "

Now I would not by any means have you suppose  
 That the good Father Basil was just one of those  
 Who entertain views

We're so apt to abuse,

As neither befitting Turks, Christians, nor Jews,  
 Who haunt death-bed scenes,

By underhand means

To toady or teaze people out of a legacy,—  
 For few folk, indeed, had such good right to beg as he,  
 Since Rome, in her pure Apostolical beauty,  
 Not only permits, but enjoins, as a duty,

Her sons to take care

That, let who will be heir,

St. Peter shall not be chous'd out of his share,  
 Before any such mangling of chattels and goods  
 As has just been the case with the late Jemmy Wood's ;  
 Her Conclaves, and Councils, and Synods in short main-  
 -tain principles adverse to statutes of *Mortmain* ;

Besides, you'll discern

It, at once, when you learn

That Basil had something to give in return,  
 Since it rested with him to say how she should burn,  
 Nay, as to her ill-gotten wealth, should she turn it all  
 To uses he named, he could say, " You shan't burnt at all,

Or nothing to signify,

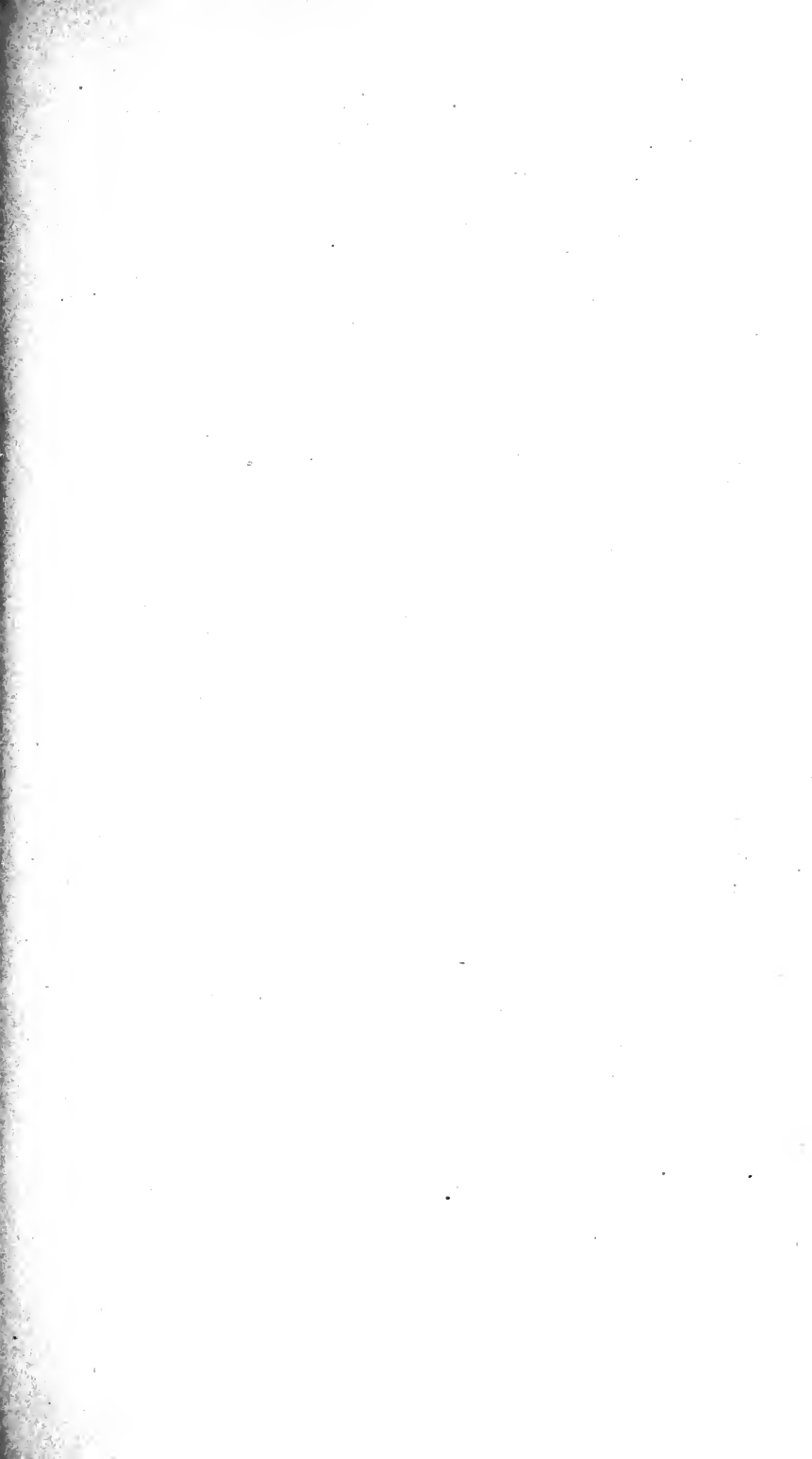
Not what you'd dignify

So much as even to call it a roast,  
 But a mere little singeing, or scorching at most,—  
 What many would think not unpleasantly warm,—  
 Just to keep up appearance—mere matter of form."

All this in her ear  
He declared, but I fear  
That her senses were wand'ring—she seem'd not to hear,  
Or, at least understand,—for mere unmeaning talk her  
Parch'd lips babbled now,—such as “Hookey!”—and “Walker!”  
—She expired, with her last breath expressing a doubt  
If “his Mother were fully aware he was out?”

(END OF CANTO I.)

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## COUNTY LEGENDS.

## No. III.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

## THE LAY

## OF THE OLD WOMAN CLOTHED IN GREY.

## CANTO II.

Now it seems there's a place they call Purgat'ry—so  
 I must write it, my verse not admitting the O—  
 But as for the *venue*, I vow I'm perplext  
 To say if it's in this world, or if in the next—  
 Or whether in both—for 'tis very well known  
 That St. Patrick, at least, has got one of his own  
 In a "tight little Island" that stands in a Lake  
 Call'd "Lough-dearg"—that's "The Red Lake," unless I mis-  
 take,—

In Fermanagh—or Antrim—or Donegal—which

I declare I can't tell,

But I know very well

It's in latitude 54, nearly their pitch;

(At Tappington, now, I could look in the Gazetteer,

But I'm out on a visit, and nobody has it here).

There are some, I'm aware,

Who don't stick to declare

There's "no differ" at all 'twixt "this here" and "that there,"

That it's all the same place, but the Saint reserves his entry

For the separate use of the "finest of pisentry,"

And that his is no more

Than a mere private door

From the *rez-de-chaussée*,—as some call the ground floor,—

To the one which the Pope had found out just before.

But no matter—lay

The *locale* where you may;

—And where it is no one exactly can say—

There's one thing, at least, which is known very well,

That it acts as a Tap-room to Satan's Hotel.

"Entertainment" 's there worse

Both for "Man and for Horse;"—

For broiling the souls

They use Lord Mayor's coals;—

Then the sulphur's inferior, and boils up much slower

Than the fine fruity brimstone they give you down lower,

It's by no means so strong—

Mere sloe-leaves to Souchong;—

The "prokers" are not half so hot, or so long,

By an inch or two, either in handle or prong;

The Vipers and Snakes are less sharp in the tooth,  
 And the Nondescript Monsters not near so uncouth ;—  
 In short, it's a place the good Pope, its creator,  
 Made for what's call'd by Cockneys a "Minor The-âtre."  
 Better suited, of course, for a "minor performer,"  
 Than the "House," that's so much better lighted and warmer,  
 Below, in that queer place which nobody mentions,—

—You understand where

I don't question—down there

Where, in lieu of wood blocks, and such modern inventions,  
 The Paving Commissioners use "Good Intentions,"  
 Materials which here would be thought on by few men,  
 With so many founts of Asphaltic bitumen  
 At hand, at the same time to pave and illumine.

To go on with my story,

This same Purga-tory,

(There! I've got in the O, to my Muse's great glory,)  
 Is close lock'd, and the Pope keeps the keys of it—that I can  
 Boldly affirm—in his desk in the Vatican ;

—Not those of St. Peter—

These, of which I now treat, are  
 A bunch by themselves, and much smaller and neater—  
 And so cleverly made, Mr. Chubb could not frame a  
 Key better contrived for its purpose—nor Bramah.

Now it seems that by these

Most miraculous keys

Not only the Pope, but his "clergy," with ease  
 Can let people in and out just as they please ;  
 And,—provided you "make it all right" about fees,—  
 There is not a friar, Dr. Wiseman will own, of them,  
 But can always contrive to obtain a short loan of them ;

And Basil, no doubt,

Had brought matters about,

If the little old woman would but have "spoke out,"  
 So far as to get for her one of those tickets,  
 Or passes, which clear both the great gates and wickets ;

So that after a grill,

Or short turn on the Mill,

And with no worse a singeing, to purge her iniquity,  
 Than a Freemason gets in "The Lodge of Antiquity,"

She'd have rubb'd off old scores,

Popped out of doors,

And sheer'd off at once for a happier port,  
 Like a white-wash'd Insolvent that's "gone through the Court."

But Basil was one

Who was not to be done

By any one, either in earnest or fun ;—

The cunning old beads-telling son of a gun,

In all bargains, unless he'd his *quid* for his *quo*,

Would shake his bald pate, and pronounce it "No Go."

So, unless you 're a dunce,  
 You 'll see clearly, at once,  
 When you come to consider the facts of the case, he,  
 Of course, never gave her his *Vade in pace* ;  
 And the consequence was, when the last mortal throe  
 Released her pale Ghost from these regions of woe,  
 The little old Woman had no where to go !

For, what could she do ?  
 She very well knew  
 If she went to the gates I have mention'd to you,  
 Without Basil's, or some other passport to shew,  
 The Cheque-takers never would let her go through ;  
 While, as to *the other place*, e'en had she tried it,  
 And really had wished it as much as she shied it,  
 (For no one who knows what it is can abide it,)  
 Had she knock'd at the portal with ne'er so much din,  
 Though she 'd died in what folks at Rome call "Mortal sin,"  
 Yet Old Nick, for the life of him, daren't take her in—  
 As she 'd not been turn'd formally out of "the pale,"  
 So much the bare name of the Pope made him quail  
 In the times that I speak of, his courage would fail  
 Of Rome's vassals the lowest and worst to assail,  
 Or e'en touch with so much as the end of his tail ;  
     Though, now he 's grown older,  
     They say he 's much bolder,  
 And his Holiness not only gets the "cold shoulder,"  
 But Nick rumps him completely, and don't seem to care a  
*Dump*—that 's the word—for his triple tiara.

Well—what shall she do ?—  
 What 's the course to pursue ?—  
 "Try St. Peter ?—the step is a bold one to take ;  
 For the Saint is, there can't be a doubt, 'wide awake ;'  
     But then there 's a quaint  
     Old Proverb says, 'Faint  
 Heart ne'er won fair Lady,' then how win a Saint ?—  
     I 've a great mind to try—  
     One can but apply ;  
 If things come to the worst why he can but deny—  
     The sky  
     's rather high  
     To be sure—but, now I  
 That cumbersome carcass of clay have laid by,  
 I am just in the "order" which some folks—though why  
 I am sure I can't tell you—would call "Apple-pie."  
     Then 'never say die !'  
     It won't do to be shy,  
 So I 'll tuck up my shroud, and—here goes for a fly !"—  
 —So said and so done—she was off like a shot,  
 And kept on the whole way at a pretty smart trot.

When she drew so near  
 That St. Peter could see her,  
 The Saint in a moment began to look queer,  
 And scarce would allow her to make her case clear,  
 Ere he pursed up his mouth 'twixt a sneer and a jeer,  
 With "It's all very well,—but you do not lodge here!"—  
 Then, calling her everything but "My dear!"  
 He applied his great toe with some force *au derriere*,  
 And dismissed her at once with a flea in her ear.

"Alas! poor Ghost!"  
 It's a doubt which is most  
 To be pitied—one doom'd to fry, broil, boil, and roast,—  
 Or one banded about thus from pillar to post,—  
 To be "all abroad"—to be "stump'd"—not to know where  
 To go—so disgraced  
 As not to be "placed,"  
 Or, as Crocky would say to Jem Bland, "to be No-where."—  
 However that be,  
 The *affaire* was *finie*,  
 And the poor wretch rejected by all, as you see!

Mr. Oliver Goldsmith observes—not the Jew—  
 That the "Hare whom the hounds and the huntsmen pursue,"  
 Having no other sort of asylum in view,  
 "Returns back again to the place whence she flew,"  
 A fact which experience has proved to be true.—  
 Mr. Gray,—in opinion with whom Johnson clashes,—  
 Declares that our "wonted fires live in our ashes." \*  
 These motives combined, perhaps, brought back the hag,  
 The first to her mansion, the last to her bag,  
 When only conceive her dismay and surprise,  
 As a Ghost how she open'd her cold stoney eyes,  
 When there,—on the spot where she'd hid her "supplies,"—  
 In an underground cellar of very small size,  
 Working hard with a spade,  
 All at once she survey'd  
 That confounded old bandy-legged "Tailor by trade."

Fancy the tone  
 Of the half moan half groan  
 Which burst from the breast of the Ghost of the crone!  
 As she stood there,—a figure 'twixt moonshine and stone,—  
 Only fancy the glare in her eyeballs that shone!  
 Although, as Macbeth says, "they'd no speculation,"  
 While she utter'd that word,  
 Which American Bird,  
 Or John Fenimore Cooper, would render "Tarnation!!"

\* "E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires!"—GRAY.

"A position at which Experience revolts, Credulity hesitates, and even Fancy stares!"—JOHNSON.

At the noise which she made  
 Down went the spade !—  
 And up jump'd the bandy-legg'd "Tailor by trade,"  
 (Who had shrewdly conjectured, from something that fell, her  
 Deposit was somewhere conceal'd in the cellar ;)  
 Turning round at a sound  
 So extremely profound,  
 The moment her shadowy form met his view  
 He gave vent to a sort of a lengthen'd "Bo-o—ho-o !"—  
 With a countenance Keeley alone could put on,  
 Made one grasshopper spring to the door—and was gone !  
*Erupit ! Evasit !*  
 As at Rome they would phrase it—  
 His flight was so swift, the eye scarcely could trace it,  
 Though elderly, bandy-legg'd, meagre, and sickly,  
 I doubt if the Ghost could have vanish'd more quickly ;—  
 He reach'd his own shop, and then fell into fits,  
 And it's said never rightly recover'd his wits,  
 While the chuckling old Hag takes his place, and there sits !

I'll venture to say,  
 She'd sat there to this day,  
 Brooding over what Cobbett calls "vile yellow clay,"  
 Like a Vulture, or other obscene bird of prey,  
 O'er the nest-full of eggs she has managed to lay,  
 If, as legends relate, and I think we may trust 'em, her  
 Stars had not brought her another guess customer—  
 'Twas Basil himself !—  
 Come to look for her pelf ;  
 But not, like the Tailor, to dig, delve, and grovel,  
 And grub in the cellar with pickaxe and shovel ;—  
 Full well he knew  
 Such tools would not do,—  
 Far other the weapons he brought into play,  
*Viz.* a Wax-taper "hallow'd on Candlemas-day,"  
 To light to her ducats,—  
 Holy Water, two buckets,  
 (Made with salt—half a peck to four gallons—which brews a  
 Strong triple X "strike,"—see Jacobus de Chusa.)  
 With these, too, he took  
 His bell and his book—  
 Not a nerve ever trembled,—his hand never shook  
 As he boldly marched up where she sat in her nook,  
 Glow'ring round with that wild indescribable look,  
 Which *some* may have read of, perchance, in "Nell Cooke,"\*  
*All*, in "Martha the Gipsy" by Theodore Hook.

And now, for the reason I gave you before,  
 Of what pass'd then and there I can tell you no more,  
 As no Tailor was near with his ear at the door ;

\* See Miscellany, January, 1841.



But I've always been told,  
 With respect to the gold,  
 For which she her "jewel eternal" had sold,  
 That the old Harridan,  
 Who, no doubt, knew her man,  
 Made some compromise—hit upon some sort of plan,  
 By which Friar and Ghost were both equally pinn'd—  
 Heaven only knows how the "Agreement" got wind ;—  
 But its purport was this,  
 That the things done amiss  
 By the Hag should not hinder her ultimate bliss ;  
 Provided—" *Imprimis*,  
 The cash from this time is  
 The Church's—impounded for good pious uses—  
 —Father B. shall dispose of it just as he chooses,  
 And act as trustee—  
 In the meantime, that She,  
 The said Ghostess,—or Ghost, as the matter may be,—  
 From "impediment," "hindrance," and "let" shall be free,  
 To sleep in her grave, or to wander, as he,  
 The said Friar, with said Ghost may hereafter agree.—  
 Moreover—The whole  
 Of the said cash, or "cole,"  
 Shall be spent for the good of said Old Woman's soul !

It is farther agreed—while said cash is so spending,  
 Said Ghost shall be fully absolv'd from attending,  
 And shall quiet remain  
 In the grave, her domain,  
 To have, and enjoy, and uphold, and maintain,  
 Without molestation, or trouble, or pain,  
 Hindrance, let, or impediment, (over again)  
 From Old Nick, or from any one else of his train,  
 Whether Pow'r,—Domination,—or Princedom,—or Throne,\*  
 Or by what name soever the same may be known,  
 Howso'er called by Poets, or styled by Divines,—  
 Himself,—his executors, heirs, and assigns.

Provided that, nevertheless, notwithstanding  
 All herein contained,—if whoever's a hand in  
 Dispensing said cash, or said "cole," shall dare venture  
 To misapply money, note, bill, or debenture  
 To uses not named in this present Indenture,  
 Then that such sum or sums shall revert, and come home again  
 Back to said Ghost, who thenceforward shall roam again,  
 Until such time or times as the said Ghost produces  
 Some good man and true, who no long refuses  
 To put sum or sums aforesaid to said uses ;  
 Which duly performed, the said Ghost shall have rest,  
 The full term of her natural death, of the best,

\* Thrones ! Dominations ! Princedoms ! Virtues ! Powers !  
 MILTON.

In full consideration of this, her bequest,  
 In manner and form aforesaid, as express :  
 In witness whereof, we, the parties aforesaid,  
 Hereunto set our hands and our seals—and no more said,  
 Being all that these presents intend to express,  
 Whereas—notwithstanding—and nevertheless.—  
 Sign'd, sealed, and deliver'd this 20th of May,  
*Anno Domini* blank, (though I've mentioned the day,  
 (Signed)

BASIL.

OLD WOMAN (late) CLOTHED IN GREY."

Basil now, I am told,  
 Walking off with the gold,  
 Went and straight got the document duly enroll'd,  
 And left the testatrix to mildew and mould  
 In her sepulchre, cosey, cool,—not to say cold.  
 But somehow—though how I can hardly divine,—  
     A runlet of fine  
     Rich Malvoisie wine  
 Found its way to the Convent that night before nine,  
 With custards, and "flawns," and a "fayre florentine,"  
 Peach, apricot, nectarine, melon, and pine ;  
 And some half a score nuns of the rule Bridgetine,  
 Abbess and all, were invited to dine  
 At a very late hour, that is after Compline.  
 Father Hilary's rubies began soon to shine  
 With fresh lustre, as though newly dug from the mine ;  
     Through all the next year,  
     Indeed, 'twould appear  
 That the Convent was much better off as to cheer.  
 Even Basil himself, as I very much fear,  
 No longer addicted himself to small beer ;  
     His complexion grew clear,  
     While in front and in rear  
 He enlarged so, his shape seem'd approaching a sphere.  
 No wonder at all, then, one cold winter's night,  
 That a servant girl going down stairs with a light  
 To the cellar we've spoken of, saw with affright  
 An Old Woman, astride on a barrel, invite  
 Her to take, in a manner extremely polite,  
 With her left hand, a bag she had got in her right ;  
 For tradition asserts that the Old Woman's purse  
 Had come back to her scarcely one penny the worse !

The girl, as they say,  
 Ran screaming away,  
 Quite scared by the Old Woman clothed in grey ;  
 But there came down a Knight at no distant day,  
     Sprightly and gay  
     As the bird on the spray,  
 One Sir Rufus Mountfardington, Lord of Foot's-cray,  
 Whose estate, not unlike those of most of our "Swell" beaux,  
 Was what's, by a metaphor, term'd "out at elbows ;"

And the fact was, said Knight was now merely delay'd  
 From crossing the water to join the Crusade  
 For converting the Pagans with bill, bow, and blade,  
 By the want of a little pecuniary aid  
 To buy arms and horses, the tools of his trade,  
 And enable his troop to appear on parade ;

The unquiet Shade

Thought Sir Rufus, 'tis said,

Just the man for her money,—she readily paid  
 For the articles named, and with pleasure convey'd  
 To his hands every farthing she ever had made ;

But alas ! I'm afraid

Most unwisely she laid

Out her cash—the *beaux yeux* of a Saracen maid  
 (Truth compels me to say a most pestilent jade)  
 Converted the gallant converter—betray'd  
 Him to do everything which a Knight could degrade,  
 E'en to worship Mahound !—she required—he obey'd,—  
 The consequence was, all the money was wasted  
 On Infidel pleasures he should not have tasted ;  
 So that, after a very short respite, the Hag  
 Was seen down in her cellar again with her bag.

Don't fancy, dear Reader, I mean to go on  
*Seriatim* through so many ages by-gone,

And to bore you with names

Of the Squires and the Dames

Who have managed at times to get hold of the sack,  
 But spent the cash so that it always came back ;

The list is too long

To be giv'n in my song,—

There are reasons beside would perhaps make it wrong ;  
 I shall merely observe, in those orthodox days,  
 When Mary set Smithfield all o'er in a blaze,

And shew'd herself very se-

-vere against heresy,

While many a wretch scorned to flinch, or to scream, as he  
 Burnt for denying the Papal supremacy,

Bishop Bonner the bag got,

And all thought the hag got

Releas'd, as he spent all in fuel and faggot.

But somehow—though how

I can't tell you, I vow—

I suppose by mismanagement—ere the next reign  
 The Spectre had got all her money again.

The last time, I'm told,

That the Old Woman's gold

Was obtain'd,—as before, for the asking,—'twas had  
 By a Mr. O'Something from Ballinafad ;

And the whole of it, so 'tis reported, was sent  
 To John Wright's, in account for the Catholic Rent,  
 And so, like a great deal more money—"it went !"

So 'tis said at Maynooth,  
 But I can't think it's truth ;  
 Though I know it was boldly asserted last season,  
 Still I can *not* believe it ; and that for this reason,  
 It's certain *the cash has got back to its owner !*  
 Now no part of the Rent to do so e'er was known, or  
 In any shape ever come home to the donor.

GENTLE READER !—you must know the proverb, I think—  
 “ To a blind horse a Nod is as good as a Wink ! ”

Which some learned chap,  
 In a square College cap,  
 Perhaps, would translate by the words “ *Verbum Sap !* ”  
 Now should it so chance  
 That you're going to France  
 In the course of this Spring—we're already in May—  
 Do pull up, and stay,  
 Pray,

If but for a day,  
 At Dover, through which you must pass on your way,  
 At the York,—or the Ship,—where, as all people say,  
 You'll get good wine yourself, and your horses good hay,  
 Perhaps, my good friend, you may find it will *pay*,  
 And you cannot lose much by so short a delay.

First DINE !—you can do  
 That on joint or *ragoût*—  
 Then say to the waiter,—“ I'm just passing through,  
 Pray, where can I find out the old *Maison Dieu* ? ”  
 He'll shew you the street—(the French call it a *Rue*,  
 But you won't have to give here a *petit ecu* ).

Well,—when you've got there, never mind how you're taunted,  
 Ask boldly, “ Pray, which is the house that is haunted ? ”  
 —I'd tell you myself, but I can't recollect  
 The proprietor's name ; but he's one of that sect  
 Who call themselves “ Friends,” and whom others call “ Quakers,”—  
 You'll be sure to find out if you ask at the baker's,—

Then go down with a light  
 To the cellar at night !  
 And as soon as you see her don't be in a fright,  
 But ask the old Hag  
 At once, for the bag !

If you find that she's shy, or your senses would dazzle,  
 Say, “ Ma'am, I insist !—in the name of St. Basil ! ”

If she gives it you, seize  
 It, and—do as you please—  
 But there is not a person I've ask'd but agrees,  
 You should spend—part at least—for the Old Woman's ease.  
 For the rest—if it *must* go back some day—why, let it !  
 Meanwhile, if you're poor, and in love, or in debt, it  
 May do you some good, and—

I WISH YOU MAY GET IT !!!

THOS. INGOLDSBY.

COUNTY LEGENDS.—No. IV.

THE INGOLDSBY PENANCE!

A LEGEND OF WEST KENT.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

I 'll devise thee brave punishments for him!

SHAKSPERE.

Out and spake Sir Ingoldsby Bray,  
A stalwart knight, I ween, was he,  
“Come east, come west,  
Come lance in rest,  
Come faulchion in hand, I 'll tickle the best  
Of all the Soldan's Chivalrie!”

Oh, they came west, and they came east,  
Twenty-four Emirs and Sheiks at the least,  
And they hammer'd away  
At Sir Ingoldsby Bray,  
Fall back, fall edge, cut, thrust, and point,—  
But he topp'd off head, and he lopp'd off joint;  
Twenty and three  
Of high degree  
Lay stark and stiff on the crimson'd lea,  
All—all save one—and he ran up a tree!  
“Now count them, my Squire, now count them and see!”

“Twenty and three!  
Twenty and three!—  
All of them Nobles of high degree;  
There they be lying on Ascalon lea!”

Out and spake Sir Ingoldsby Bray,  
“What news? what news? come, tell to me!  
What news? what news, thou little Foot-page?  
I've been whacking the foe, till it seems an age  
Since I was in Ingoldsby Hall so free!  
What news? what news from Ingoldsby Hall?  
Come, tell to me now, thou Page so small!”

“Oh, Hawk and Hound  
Are safe and sound,

Beast in byre, and steed in stall ;  
 And the watch-dog's bark,  
 As soon as it 's dark,  
 Bays wakeful guard around Ingoldsby Hall ! ”

“ I do not talk  
 Of Hound or of Hawk,  
 Of steed in stall, or of watch-dog's bay ;  
 Fain would I hear  
 Of my dainty dear ;  
 How fares Dame Alice, my Lady gay ? ”—  
 Sir Ingoldsby Bray, he said in his rage,  
 “ What news ? what news ? thou naughty Foot-page ! ”

That little Foot-page full low crouch'd he,  
 And he doff'd his cap, and he bended his knee,  
 “ Now lithe and listen, Sir Bray, to me :  
 Lady Alice sits lonely in bower and hall,  
 Her sighs they rise, and her tears they fall ;  
 She sits alone,  
 And she makes her moan ;  
 Dance and song  
 She considers quite wrong ;  
 Feast and revel  
 As snares of the devil ;  
 She mendeth her hose, and she crieth ‘ Alack !  
 When will Sir Ingoldsby Bray come back ? ’ ”

“ Thou liest ! thou liest, thou naughty Foot-page,  
 Full loud dost thou lie, false Page, to me !  
 There, in thy breast,  
 'Neath thy silken vest,  
 What scroll is that, false Page, I see ? ”

Sir Ingoldsby Bray in his rage drew near,  
 That little Foot-page he blench'd with fear ;

“ Now where may the Prior of Abingdon lie ?  
 King Richard's Confessor, I ween, is he,  
 And tidings rare  
 To him do I bear,  
 And news of price from his rich Ab-bee ! ”

“ Now nay, now nay, thou naughty Page !  
 No learned clerk, I trow, am I,  
 But well, I ween,  
 May there be seen  
 Dame Alice's hand with half an eye ;  
 Now nay, now nay, thou naughty Page,  
 From Abingdon Abbey comes not thy news ;  
 Although no clerk,  
 Well may I mark  
 The particular turn of her P's and her Q's ! ”

Sir Ingoldsby Bray, in his fury and rage,  
 By the back of the neck takes that little Foot-page;  
     The scroll he seizes,  
     The Page he squeezes,  
 And buffets,—and pinches his nose till he sneezes;  
 Then he cuts with his dagger the silken threads  
 Which they used in those days 'stead of little Queen's-heads.  
 When the contents of the scroll met his view,  
 Sir Ingoldsby Bray in a passion grew,  
     Backward he drew  
     His mailed shoe,  
 And he kicked that naughty Foot-page, that he flew  
 Like a cloth-yard shaft from a bended yew,  
 I may not say whither—I never knew.

“Now count the slain  
 Upon Ascalon plain,—  
 Go count them, my Squire, go count them again!”

“Twenty and three!  
 There they be,  
 Stiff and stark on that crimson'd lea!—  
 Twenty and three?—  
 Stay—let me see!  
 Stretched in his gore  
 There lieth one more!

By the Pope's triple crown there are twenty and *four*!  
 Twenty-four trunks, I ween, are there,  
 But their heads and their limbs are no-body knows where!  
 Aye, twenty-four corses, I rede, there be,  
 Though one got away, and ran up a tree!”

“Look nigher, look nigher,  
 My trusty Squire!”—

“One is the corse of a barefooted Friar!!”

Out and spake Sir Ingoldsby Bray,  
 “A boon, a boon, King Richard,” quoth he,  
     “Now Heav'n thee save,  
     A boon I crave,  
 A boon, Sir King, on my bended knee;  
     A year and a day  
     Have I been away,  
 King Richard, from Ingoldsby Hall so free;  
 Dame Alice, she sits there in lonely guise,  
 And she makes her moan, and she sobs and she sighs,  
 And tears like rain-drops fall from her eyes,  
 And she darneth her hose, and she crieth, ‘Alack!  
 Oh, when will Sir Ingoldsby Bray come back?’  
 A boon, a boon, my Liege,” quoth he,  
 “Fair Ingoldsby Hall I fain would see!”

" Rise up, rise up, Sir Ingoldsby Bray,"  
 King Richard said right graciously,  
 " Of all in my host  
 That I love the most,  
 I love none better, Sir Bray, than thee !  
 Rise up, rise up, thou hast thy boon ;  
 But—mind you make haste, and come back again soon ! "

## FYTTE II.

Pope Gregory sits in St. Peter's chair,  
 Pontiff proud, I ween, is he,  
 And a belted Knight,  
 In armour dight,  
 Is begging a boon on his bended knee,  
 With signs of grief and sounds of woe,  
 Featly he kisseth his Holiness' toe.

" Now pardon, Holy Father, I crave,  
 O Holy Father, pardon and grace !  
 In my fury and rage  
 A little Foot-page  
 I have left, I fear me, in evil case :  
 A scroll of shame  
 From a faithless dame  
 Did that naughty Foot-page to a paramour bear ;  
 I gave him a 'lick'  
 With a stick,  
 And a kick,  
 That sent him—I can't tell your Holiness where !  
 Had he as many necks as hairs,  
 He had broken them all down those perilous stairs ! "

" Rise up, rise up, Sir Ingoldsby Bray,  
 Rise up, rise up, I say to thee ;  
 A soldier, I trow,  
 Of the Cross art thou ;  
 Rise up, rise up from thy bended knee !  
 Ill it beseems that a soldier true  
 Of holy Church should vainly sue :—  
 Foot-pages, they are by no means rare,  
 A thriftless crew, I ween, be they,  
 Well mote we spare  
 A Page—or a pair,  
 For the matter of that—Sir Ingoldsby Bray,  
 But stout and true  
 Soldiers, like you,  
 Grow scarcer and scarcer every day !—  
 Be prayers for the dead  
 Duly read,  
 Let a mass be sung, and a *pater* be said ;



So may your qualms of conscience cease,  
And the little Foot-page shall rest in peace !”

“—Now pardon, O Holy Father, I crave.  
O Holy Father, pardon and grace!  
    Dame Alice, my wife,  
    The bane of my life,  
I have left, I fear me, in evil case !  
A scroll of shame in my rage I tore,  
Which that caitiff Page to a paramour bore ;  
’Twere bootless to tell how I storm’d and swore ;  
Alack ! alack ! too surely I knew  
The turn of each P, and the tail of each Q,  
And away to Ingoldsby Hall I flew !  
    Dame Alice I found,—  
    She sank on the ground,—  
I twisted her neck till I twisted it round !  
With jibe and jeer, and mock, and scoff,  
I twisted it on till I twisted it off !—  
All the King’s Doctors and all the King’s Men  
Can’t put fair Alice’s head on agen !”

“ Well-a-day ! well-a-day !  
    Sir Ingoldsby Bray,  
Why really—I hardly know what to say :—  
Foul sin, I trow, a fair Ladye to slay,  
Because she’s perhaps been a little too gay.—  
Monk must chaunt and Nun must pray ;  
For each mass they sing, and each pray’r they say,  
    For a year, and a day,  
    Sir Ingoldsby Bray  
A fair rose-noble must duly pay !—  
So may his qualms of conscience cease,  
And the soul of Dame Alice may rest in peace !”

“ Now pardon, O Holy Father, I crave,  
O Holy Father, pardon and grace !  
    No power could save  
    That paramour knave ;  
I left him, I wot, in evil case !  
    There, ’midst the slain  
    Upon Ascalon plain,  
Unburied, I trow, doth his body remain,  
His legs lie here, and his arms lie there,  
And his head lies—I can’t tell your Holiness where !”

“ Now out and alas ! Sir Ingoldsby Bray,  
Foul sin it were, thou doughty Knight,  
    To hack and to hew  
    A champion true  
Of holy Church in such pitiful plight !

Foul sin her warriors so to slay,  
 When they 're scarcer and scarcer every day!  
     A chauntry fair,  
     And of Monks a pair,  
 To pray for his soul for ever and aye,  
 Thou must duly endow, Sir Ingoldsby Bray,  
 And fourteen marks by the year must thou pay  
     For plenty of lights  
     To burn there o' nights—  
 None of your rascally '*dips*'—but sound,  
 Round, ten-penny moulds of four to the pound;  
 And a shirt of the roughest and coarsest hair  
 For a year and a day, Sir Ingoldsby, wear!—  
 So may your qualms of conscience cease,  
 And the soul of the Soldier shall rest in peace!"

"Now nay, Holy Father, now nay, now nay!  
 Less penance may serve!" quoth Sir Ingoldsby Bray.  
 "No champion free of the Cross was he;  
 No belted Baron of high degree;  
     No Knight nor Squire  
     Did there expire;  
 He was, I trow, but a bare-footed Friar!  
 And the Abbot of Abingdon long may wait  
 With his monks around him, and early and late  
 May look from loop-hole, and turret, and gate,  
 —He hath lost his Prior—his Prior his pate!"

"Now Thunder and turf!" Pope Gregory said,  
 And his hair raised his triple crown right off his head—  
 "Now Thunder and turf! and out and alas!  
 A horrible thing has come to pass!  
 What!—cut off the head of a reverend Prior,  
 And say he was '*only* (!!!) a bare-footed Friar!'—  
     'What Baron or Squire,  
     Or Knight of the shire  
 Is half so good as a holy Friar?'  
     *O, turpissime!*  
     *Vir nequissime!*  
*Sceleratissime!—quissime!—issime!*—  
 Never, I trow, have the *Servi servorum*  
     Had before 'em  
     Such a breach of decorum,  
 Such a gross violation of *morum bonorum*,  
 And won't have again *sæcula sæculorum*!—  
     Come hither to me,  
     My Cardinals three,  
     My Bishops *in partibus*,  
     Masters *in Artibus*,  
     Hither to me, A.B. and D.D.  
     Doctors and Proctors of every degree!

Go fetch me a book !—go fetch me a bell  
 As big as a dustman's !—and a candle as well—  
 I'll send him—where good manners won't let me tell ! ”

—“ Pardon and grace !—now pardon and grace ! ”  
 Sir Ingoldsby Bray fell flat on his face—  
 “ *Meá culpá !*—in sooth I'm in pitiful case !  
*Peccavi ! peccavi !*—I've done very wrong ;  
 But my heart it is stout, and my arm it is strong,  
 And I'll fight for holy Church all the day long ;  
 And the Ingoldsby lands are broad and fair,  
 And they're here, and they're there, and I can't tell you where,  
 And holy Church shall come in for her share ! ”

Pope Gregory paused, and he sat himself down,  
 And he somewhat relaxed his terrible frown,  
 And his Cardinals three they pick'd up his crown.

“ Now, if it be so that you own you've been wrong,  
 And your heart is so stout, and your arm is so strong,  
 And you really will fight like a trump all day long ;—  
 If the Ingoldsby lands do lie here and there,  
 And holy Church shall come in for her share,—

Why, my Cardinals three,

You'll agree

With me,

That it gives a new turn to the whole affair,  
 And I think that the Penitent need not despair !

—If it be so, as you seem to say,

Rise up, rise up, Sir Ingoldsby Bray !

An Abbey so fair Sir Bray shall found,

Whose innermost wall's encircling bound

Shall take in a couple of acres of ground ;

And there in that Abbey all the year round,

A full choir of monks, and a full choir of nuns,

Shall live upon cabbage and hot-cross-buns ;

And Sir Ingoldsby Bray

Without delay

Shall hie him again

To Ascalon plain,

And gather the bones of the foully slain ;

And shall place said bones with all possible care

In an elegant shrine in his abbey so fair,

And plenty of lights

Shall be there o' nights ;

None of your rascally “ *dips*,” but sound,

Best superfine wax-wicks, four to the pound ;

And Monk and Nun

Shall pray each one

For the soul of the Prior of Abingdon !

And Sir Ingoldsby Bray, so bold and so brave,

Never shall wash himself, comb, or shave,

Nor adorn his body,  
 Nor drink gin-toddy,  
 Nor indulge in a pipe,  
 But shall dine upon tripe,  
 And blackberries gathered before they are ripe,  
 And for ever abhor, renounce, and abjure  
 Rum, hollands, and brandy, wine, punch, and *liqueur* !”

(Sir Ingoldsby Bray  
 Here gave way  
 To a feeling which prompted a word profane,  
 But he swallow'd it down, by an effort, again,  
 And his Holiness luckily fancied his gulp a  
 Mere repetition of *O, meâ culpâ* !)

“Thrice three times upon Candlemas-day,  
 Between Vespers and Compline, Sir Ingoldsby Bray  
 Shall run round the Abbey, as best he may,  
 Subjecting his back  
 To thump and to thwack,  
 Well and truly laid on by a barefooted Friar,  
 With a stout cat o' ninetails of whip-cord and wire ;  
 And nor he nor his heir  
 Shall take, use, or bear  
 Any more, from this day,  
 The surname of Bray,  
 As being dishonour'd, but all issue male he has  
 Shall with himself go henceforth by an *alias* !  
 So his qualms of conscience at length may cease,  
 And Page, Dame, and Prior shall rest in peace !”

Sir Ingoldsby (now no longer Bray)  
 Is off like a shot away and away,  
 Over the brine  
 To far Palestine,  
 To rummage and hunt over Ascalon plain  
 For the unburied bones of his victim slain.

“Look out, my Squire,  
 Look higher and nigher,  
 Look out for the corpse of a barefooted Friar !  
 And pick up the arms, and the legs, of the dead,  
 And pick up his body, and pick up his head !”

## FYTTE III.

Ingoldsby Abbey is fair to see,  
 It hath manors a dozen, and royalties three,  
 With right of free-warren (whatever that be) ;  
 Rich pastures in front, and green woods in the rear,  
 All in full leaf at the right time of year ;

About Christmas, or so, they fall into the sear,  
 And the prospect, of course, becomes rather more drear :  
 But it's really delightful in spring-time,—and near  
 The great gate Father Thames rolls sun-bright and clear.  
 Cobham woods to the right,—on the opposite shore  
 Laindon Hills in the distance, ten miles off or more,  
 Then you've Milton and Gravesend behind,—and before  
 You can see almost all the way down to the Nore.\*

So charming a spot,

It's rarely one's lot

To see, and when seen it's as rarely forgot.

Yes, Ingoldsby Abbey is fair to see,  
 And its Monks and its Nuns are fifty and three,  
 And there they all stand each in their degree,  
 Drawn up in the front of their sacred abode,  
 Two by two, in their regular mode,  
 While a funeral comes down the Rochester road.

Palmers twelve, from a foreign strand,  
 Cockle in hat, and staff in hand,  
 Come marching in pairs, a holy band !  
 Little boys twelve, drest all in white,  
 Each with his brazen censer bright,  
 And singing away with all their might,  
 Follow the Palmers—a goodly sight ;

Next high in air

Twelve Yeomen bear

On their sturdy necks, with a good deal of care,  
 A patent sarcophagus, firmly rear'd,  
 Of Spanish mahogany (not veneer'd),  
 And behind walks a Knight with a very long beard.

Close by his side

Is a Friar, supplied

With a stout cat o' ninetails of tough cow-hide,

While all sorts of queer men

Bring up the rear—Men-

-at-arms, Nigger captives, and Bow-men, and Spear-men.

It boots not to tell

What you'll guess very well,

How some sang the *requiem*, and some toll'd the bell ;

Suffice it to say,

'Twas on Candlemas-day

\* Alas ! one might almost say that of this sacred, and once splendid edifice, *perierunt etiam ruinae*. An elderly gentleman, however, of ecclesiastical cut, who oscillates between the Garrick Club and the Falcon in Gravesend, and is said by the host to be a "foreigneering Bishop," does not scruple to identify the ruins still to be seen by the side of the high Dover road, about a mile and a half below the town, with those of the haunted *Sacellum*. The general features of the landscape certainly correspond, and tradition, as certainly, countenances his conjecture.

The procession I speak about reach'd the *Sacellum* ;  
 And in lieu of a supper  
 The Knight on his crupper  
 Received the first taste of the Father's *flagellum* ;—  
 That, as chronicles tell,  
 He continued to dwell

All the rest of his days in the Abbey he 'd founded,  
 By the pious of both sexes ever surrounded,  
 And eschewing the fare of the Monks and the Nuns,  
 Dined on cabbage alone, without touching the buns ;  
 That year after year, having run round the *Quad*  
 With his back, as enjoin'd him, exposed to the rod,  
 Having not only kiss'd it, but bless'd it, and thank'd it, he  
 Died, as all thought, in the odour of sanctity,  
 When,—strange to relate ! and you'll hardly believe  
 What I'm going to tell you,—next Candlemas Eve  
 The Monks and the Nuns in the dead of the night  
 Tumble, all of them, out of their beds in affright,  
 Alarm'd by the bawls,  
 And the calls, and the squalls  
 Of some one who seem'd running all round the walls !

Looking out, soon  
 By the light of the moon  
 There appears most distinctly to ev'ry one's view,  
 And making, as seems to them, all this ado,  
 The form of a Knight with a beard like a Jew,  
 As black as if steep'd in that " Matchless ! " of Hunt's,  
 And so bushy, it would not disgrace Mr. Muntz ;  
 A barefooted Friar stands behind him, and shakes  
 A *flagellum*, whose lashes appear to be snakes ;  
 While, more terrible still, the astounded beholders  
 Perceive the said Friar has NO HEAD ON HIS SHOULDERS,  
 But is holding his pate  
 In his left hand, out straight,  
 As if by a closer inspection to find  
 Where to get the best cut at his victim behind,  
 With the aid of a small " bull's-eye lantern,"—as placed  
 By our own New Police,—in a belt round his waist.  
 All gaze with surprise,  
 Scarce believing their eyes,  
 When the Knight makes a start like a race-horse, and flies  
 From his headless tormentor, repeating his cries,—  
 In vain,—for the Friar to his skirts closely sticks,  
 " Running after him,"—so said the Abbot,—*" like Bricks ! "*

Thrice three times did the Phantom Knight  
 Course round the Abbey as best he might,  
 Be-thwack'd and be-smack'd by the headless Sprite,  
 While his shrieks so piercing made all hearts thrill,—  
 Then a whoop and a halloo,—and all was still !

Ingoldsby Abbey has passed away,  
 And at this time of day  
 One can hardly survey  
 Any traces or track, save a few ruins, grey  
 With age, and fast mouldering into decay,  
 Of the structure once built by Sir Ingoldsby Bray;  
 But still there are many folks living who say  
 That on every Candlemas Eve, the Knight,  
 Accoutred, and dight  
 In his armour bright,  
 With his thick black beard,—and the clerical Sprite,  
 With his head in his hand, and his lantern alight,  
 Run round the spot where the old Abbey stood,  
 And are seen in the neighbouring glebe-land and wood;  
 More especially still, if it's stormy and windy,  
 You may hear them for miles kicking up their wild shindy;  
 And that once in a gale  
 Of wind, sleet, and hail,  
 They frighten'd the horses, and upset the mail.

What 'tis breaks the rest  
 Of these souls unblest  
 Would now be a thing rather hard to be guess'd,  
 Though some say the Squire, on his death-bed, confess'd  
 That on Ascalon plain,  
 When the bones of the slain  
 Were collected one day, and packed up in a chest  
 Caulk'd, and made water-tight,  
 By command of the Knight,  
 Though the legs and the arms they'd got all pretty right,  
 And the body itself in a decentish plight,  
 Yet the Friar's *Pericranium* was nowhere in sight;  
 So, to save themselves trouble, they'd pick'd up instead,  
 And popp'd on to the shoulders a Saracen's Head!  
 Thus the Knight in the terms of his penance had fail'd,  
 And the Pope's absolution, of course, nought avail'd.

Now, though this might be,  
 It don't seem to agree  
 With one thing which, I own, is a poser to me,—  
 I mean, as the miracles wrought at the shrine  
 Containing the bones brought from far Palestine  
 Were so great and notorious, 'tis hard to combine  
 This *fact* with the reason these people assign,  
 Or suppose that the head of the murder'd Divine  
 Could be aught but what Yankees would call "*genu-ine*."  
 'Tis a very nice question—but be 't as it may,  
 The Ghost of Sir Ingoldsby (*ci-devant* Bray),  
 It is boldly affirm'd, by the folks great and small  
 About Milton, and Chalk, and around Cobham Hall,  
 Still on Candlemas-day haunts the old ruin'd wall,  
 And that many have seen him, and more heard him squall.

So, I think, when the facts of the case you recall,  
My inference, reader, you'll fairly forestall,

Viz.: that, spite of the hope  
Held out by the Pope,  
Sir Ingoldsby Bray was d—d after all!

## MORAL.

Foot-pages, and Servants of ev'ry degree,  
In livery or out of it, listen to me!  
See what comes of lying!—don't join in a league  
To humbug your master, or aid an intrigue!

Ladies! married and single, from this understand  
How foolish it is to send letters by hand!  
Don't stand for the sake of a penny,—but when you  
Have one to send  
To a lover or friend,  
Put it into the post, and don't cheat the revenue!

Reverend gentlemen! you who are given to roam,  
Don't keep up a soft correspondence at home!  
But while you're abroad lead respectable lives;  
Love your neighbours, and welcome,—but don't love their wives!  
And, as bricklayers say from the tiles and the leads  
When they're shovelling the snow off, "TAKE CARE OF YOUR  
HEADS!"

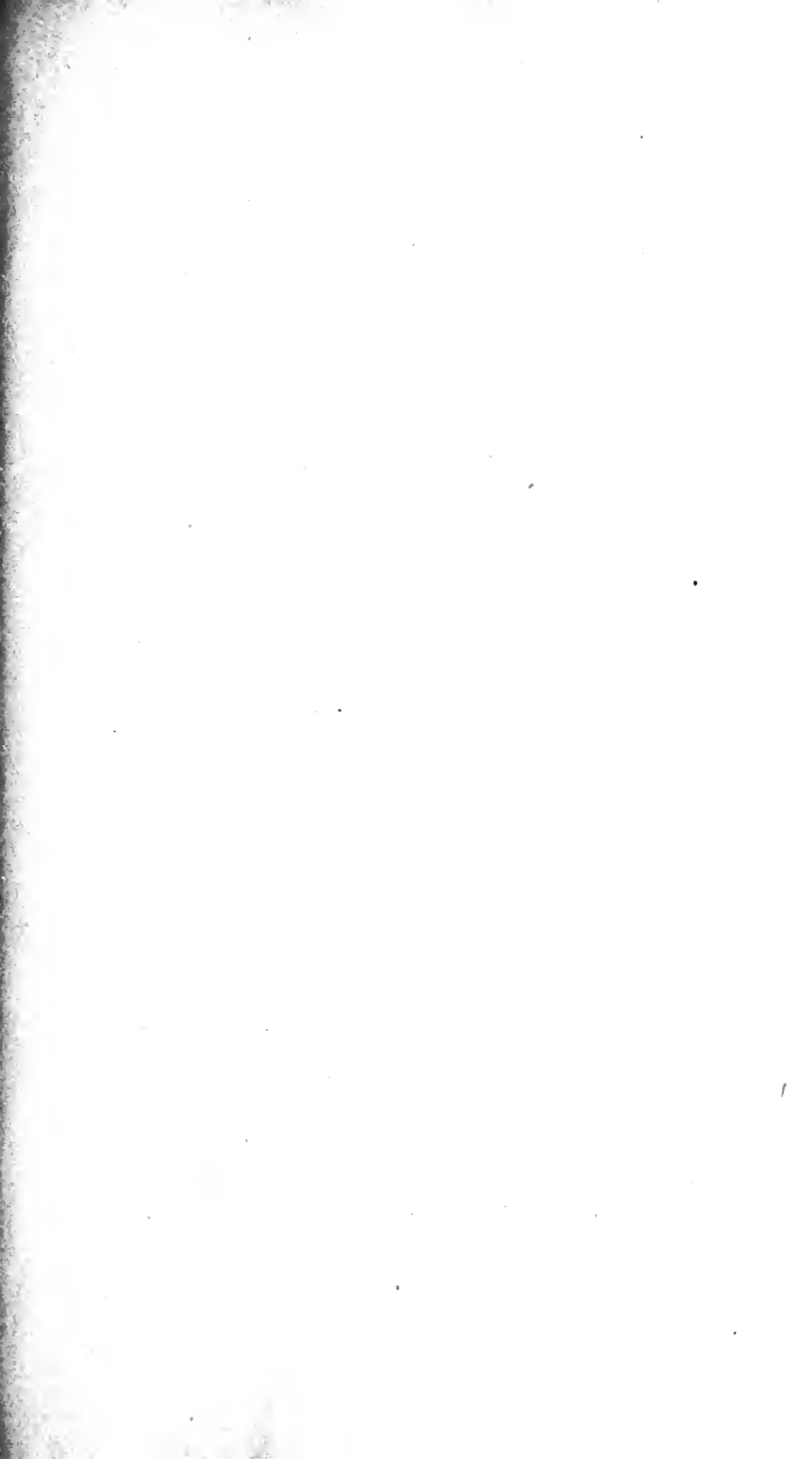
Knights! whose hearts are so stout, and whose arms are so  
strong,  
Learn,—to twist a wife's neck is decidedly wrong!  
If your servants offend you, or give themselves airs,  
Rebuke them—but mildly—don't kick them down stairs!  
To "Poor Richard's" homely old proverb attend,  
"If you want matters well managed, *Go!*—if not, *Send!*"  
A servant's too often a negligent elf;  
If it's business of consequence, *DO IT YOURSELF!*

The state of society seldom requires  
People now to bring home with them unburied Friars,  
But they sometimes *do* bring home an inmate for life;  
Now—don't do that by proxy!—but choose your own wife!  
For think how annoying 'twould be, when you're wed,  
To find in your bed,  
On the pillow, instead  
Of the sweet face you look for—A SARACEN'S HEAD!

T. INGOLDSBY.

Tappington Everard,  
June 22, 1841.





## THE SMUGGLER'S LEAP.

## A TALE OF THANET.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

"Near this hamlet (Acol) is a long-disused chalk-pit of formidable depth, known by the name of "The Smuggler's Leap." The tradition of the parish runs, that a riding-officer from Sandwich, called Anthony Gill, lost his life here in the early part of the present (last) century, while in pursuit of a smuggler. A fog coming on, both parties went over the precipice. The smuggler's horse *only*, it is said, was found crushed beneath its rider. The spot has, of course, been haunted ever since."

*See "Supplement to Lewis's History of Thanet, by the Rev. Samuel Pegge, A.M. Vicar of Godmersham." W. Bristow, Canterbury, 1796. p. 127.*

THE fire-flash shines from Reculver cliff,  
And the answering light burns blue in the skiff,  
And there they stand,  
That smuggling band,  
Some in the water, and some on the sand,  
Ready those contraband goods to land;  
The night is dark, they are silent and still,  
—At the head of the party is Smuggler Bill!

"Now lower away! come, lower away!  
We must be far ere the dawn of the day.  
If Exciseman Gill should get scent of the prey,  
And should come, and should catch us here, what would he say?  
Come, lower away, lads—once on the hill,  
We'll laugh, ho! ho! at Exciseman Gill!"

The cargo's lower'd from the dark skiff's side,  
And the tow-line drags the tubs through the tide,  
No trick nor flam,  
But your real Schiedam.

"Now mount, my merry men, mount and ride!"  
Three on the crupper, and one before,  
And the led-horse laden with five tubs more;  
But the rich point-lace,  
In the oil-skin case  
Of proof to guard its contents from ill,  
The "prime of the swag," is with Smuggler Bill!

Merrily now, in a goodly row,  
Away, and away, those Smugglers go,  
And they laugh at Exciseman Gill, ho! ho!  
When out from the turn  
Of the road to Herne,  
Comes Gill, wide awake to the whole concern!  
Exciseman Gill, in all his pride,  
With his Custom-house officers all at his side!

They were all Custom-house officers then ;  
There were no such things as Preventive men.

*Sauve qui peut !*

That lawless crew,  
Away, and away, and away they flew !  
Some dropping one tub, some dropping two,  
Some gallop this way, and some gallop that,  
Through Fordwich Level—o'er Sandwich Flat,  
Some fly that way, and some fly this,  
Like a covey of birds when the sportsmen miss,  
These in their hurry  
Make for Sturry,  
With Custom-house officers close in their rear,  
Down Rushbourne Lane, and so by Westbere,  
Never stopping,  
But shooting and popping,  
And many a Custom-house bullet goes slap  
Through many a three-gallon tub like a tap,  
And the gin spirts out,  
And squirts all about,  
And many a heart grew sad that day  
That so much good liquor was so thrown away.  
Some, on the other hand, seek Grove Ferry,  
Spurring and whipping like madmen—very—  
For the life ! for the life ! they ride ! they ride !  
And the Custom-house officers all divide,  
And they gallop on after them far and wide !  
All, all, save one—Exciseman Gill,—  
He sticks to the skirts of Smuggler Bill !

Smuggler Bill is six feet high,  
He has curling locks, and a roving eye,  
He has a tongue, and he has a smile  
Train'd the female heart to beguile,  
And there is not a farmer's wife in the Isle,  
From St. Nicholas, quite  
To the Foreland Light,

But that eye, and that tongue, and that smile will wheedle her  
To have done with the Grocer, and make him her Tea-dealer ;  
There is not a farmer there but he still  
Buys his gin and tobacco from Smuggler Bill.

Smuggler Bill rides gallant and gay  
On his dapple-grey mare, away and away,  
And he pats her neck, and he seems to say,  
“ Follow who will, ride after who may,  
In sooth he had need  
Fodder his steed,  
In lieu of Lent corn, with a Quicksilver feed ;  
Nor oats, nor beans, nor the best of old hay,  
Will make him a match for my own dapple-grey !

Ho ! ho !—ho ! ho !” says Smuggler Bill—  
 He draws out a flask, and he sips his fill,  
 And he laughs “Ho ! ho !” at Exciseman Gill.

Down Chistlett Lane so free and so fleet  
 Rides Smuggler Bill, and away to Up-street ;

Sarre Bridge is won—

Bill thinks it fun ;

“ Ho ! ho ! the old tub-gauging son of a gun—  
 His wind will be thick, and his breeks be thin,  
 Ere a race like this he may hope to win ! ”

Away, away

Goes the fleet dapple-grey,

Fresh as the breeze, and free as the wind,  
 And Exciseman Gill lags far behind.

“ *I would give my soul,*” quoth Exciseman Gill,  
 “ For a nag that would catch that Smuggler Bill !—  
 No matter for blood, no matter for bone,  
 No matter for colour, bay, brown, or roan,  
 So I had but one ! ”—

A voice cried “ Done ! ”—

“ Aye, dun,” said Exciseman Gill, and he spied  
 A Custom-house officer close by his side,  
 On a high-trotting horse with a dun-colour'd hide.  
 “ *Devil take me,*” again quoth Exciseman Gill,  
 “ If I had but that horse, I'd have Smuggler Bill ! ”

From his using such shocking expressions, it 's plain  
 That Exciseman Gill was rather profane.

He was, it is true,

Worse than a Jew,

A sad old scoundrel as ever you knew,  
 And he rode in his stirrups sixteen stone two.  
 He'd just utter'd the words which I've mention'd to you,  
 When his horse, coming slap on his knees with him, threw  
 Him head over heels, and away he flew,  
 And Exciseman Gill was bruised black and blue ;

And when he arose

His hands and his clothes

Were as filthy as could be,—he'd pitch'd on his nose,  
 And roll'd over and over again in the mud,  
 And his nose and his chin were all covered with blood ;  
 Yet he scream'd with passion, “ I'd rather *grill*  
 Than not come up with that Smuggler Bill ! ”

“ Mount ! Mount ! ” quoth the Custom-house officer, “ get  
 On the back of my dun, you'll bother him yet.  
 You're words are plain, though they're somewhat rough,  
 ‘ Done and Done ’ between gentlemen's always enough !—  
 I'll lend you a lift—there—you're up on him—so,—  
 He's a rum one to look at—*a devil to go !* ”

Exciseman Gill

Dash'd up the hill,

And mark'd not, so eager was he in pursuit,  
That queer Custom-house officer's queer-looking boot.

Smuggler Bill rides on amain,  
He slacks not girth and he draws not rein,  
Yet the dapple-grey mare bounds on in vain,  
For nearer now—and he hears it plain—  
Sounds the tramp of a horse—"Tis the Gauger again ! "

Smuggler Bill  
Dashes round by the mill  
That stands near the road upon Monkton Hill,—  
" Now speed,—now speed,  
My dapple-grey steed,  
Thou ever, my dapple, wert good at need !  
O'er Monkton Mead and through Minster Level  
We'll baffle him yet, be he gauger or devil !  
For Manston Cave, away ! away !  
Now speed thee, now speed thee, my good dapple-grey !  
It shall never be said that Smuggler Bill  
Was run down like a hare by Exciseman Gill ! "

Manston Cave was Bill's abode ;  
A mile to the north of the Ramsgate road,  
(Of late they say  
It's been taken away,—  
That is, levell'd and filled up with chalk and clay,  
By a gentleman there of the name of Day,) Thither he urges his good dapple-grey ;  
And the dapple-grey steed,  
Still good at need,  
Though her chest it pants, and her flanks they bleed,  
Dashes along at the top of her speed ;  
But nearer and nearer Exciseman Gill  
Cries " Yield thee ! now yield thee, thou Smuggler Bill ! "

Smuggler Bill, he looks behind,  
And he sees a dun horse come swift as the wind,  
And his nostrils smoke, and his eyes they blaze  
Like a couple of lamps on a yellow post-chaise !  
Every shoe he has got  
Appears red-hot,  
And sparks round his ears snap, crackle, and play,  
And his tail cocks up in a very odd way,  
Every hair in his mane seems a porcupine's quill,  
And there on his back sits Exciseman Gill,  
Crying " Yield thee ! now yield thee, thou Smuggler Bill ! "

Smuggler Bill, from his holster drew  
A large horse pistol, of which he had two,  
Made by Nock ;  
He pull'd back the cock  
As far as he could to the back of the lock ;  
The trigger he touch'd, and the welkin rang  
To the sound of the weapon, it made such a bang ;

Smuggler Bill ne'er miss'd his aim,  
 The shot told true on the dun—but there came  
 From the hole where it enter'd, not blood, but flame!  
     So he changed his plan,  
     And fired at the man;  
 But his second horse-pistol flash'd in the pan!  
 And Exciseman Gill, with a hearty good will,  
 Made a grab at the collar of Smuggler Bill.

The dapple-grey mare made a desperate bound  
 When that queer dun horse on her flank she found,  
 Alack! and alas! on what dangerous ground!  
 It is enough to make one's flesh to creep  
 To stand on that fearful verge, and peep  
 Down the rugged sides so dreadfully steep,  
 Where the chalk-hole yawns full sixty feet deep,  
 O'er which that steed took that desperate leap!  
 It was so dark then under the trees,  
 No horse in the world could tell chalk from cheese—  
 Down they went—o'er that terrible fall,  
 Horses, Exciseman, Smuggler, and all!!

Below were found  
     Next day on the ground,  
 By an elderly Gentleman walking his round,  
 (I wouldn't have seen such a sight for a pound,)  
 All smash'd and dash'd, three mangled corpses,  
 Two of them human, the third was a horse's,  
 That good dapple-grey, and Exciseman Gill  
 Yet grasping the collar of Smuggler Bill!

But where was the Dun? that terrible Dun?—  
 From that terrible night he was seen by none!—  
 There are some people think, though I am not one,  
 That part of the story all nonsense and fun,  
     But the country-folks there  
     One and all declare,  
 When the "Crowner's 'Quest" came to sit on the pair,  
 They heard a loud horse-laugh up in the air!

If in one of the trips  
     Of the steam-boat Eclipse  
 You should go down to Margate to look at the ships,  
 Or to take what the bathing-room people call "Dips,"  
     You may hear old folks talk  
     Of that quarry of chalk;  
 Or go over—it's rather too far for a walk,  
 But a three shilling drive will give you a peep  
 At the fearful chalk-pit so awfully deep,  
 Which is called to this moment "The Smuggler's Leap!"  
 Nay more, I am told, on a moonshiny night,  
 If you're "plucky," and not over subject to fright,  
 And go and look over that chalk-pit white,

You may see, if you will,  
 The Ghost of Old Gill  
 Grappling the Ghost of Smuggler Bill,  
 And the Ghost of the dapple-grey lying between 'em.—  
 I'm told so—I can't say I know one who's seen 'em!

## MORAL.

And now, gentle Reader, one word ere we part,  
 Just take a friend's counsel, and lay it to heart.  
*Imprimis*, don't smuggle!—if, bent to please Beauty,  
 You *must* buy French lace, purchase what has paid duty!

Don't use naughty words, in the next place,—and ne'er in  
 Your language adopt a bad habit of swearing!

Never say "Devil take me!"—

Or, "shake me!"—or, "bake me!"

Or such like expressions. Remember, Old Nick  
 To take folks at their word is remarkably quick!

Another sound maxim I'd wish you to keep,  
 Is "Mind what you are after, and—Look ere you Leap!

Above all, to my last gravest caution attend—

NEVER BORROW A HORSE YOU DON'T KNOW OF A FRIEND!!!

## THE MOON MIRROR.

BY T. F. OUSELEY.

WHEN I look on the face of the moon, love, I find  
 'Tis a mirror reflecting thy form to my mind;  
 And I tremble and faint, though my heart doth rejoice,  
 As its beatings re-echo the sound of thy voice:  
 And when'er a cloud for a moment o'erveils  
 Her pale, beautiful face, then my heart, dearest, fails;  
 For I think of the shadows of life, and I feel  
 A mist creep o'er mine eyes, and a tear from them steal.

And the fairer her face, and the milder her light,  
 The more deep is thine image imprest on my sight,  
 Till no object is seen but thy form, and no sound  
 Save the words thou hast spoken breaks silence around:  
 The nightingale sings in the wood far away,  
 As the silver light reigns o'er each flowret and spray,  
 But I list not his liquid notes trilling on high,  
 Till I wake to the world, and lose thee with a sigh.

Yes, the moon is a mirror—in which we can see  
 The past, present, and future, in sadness or glee;  
 The lost years that are gone arise fresh to the mind,  
 And the changes of Time truly mirrored we find;  
 What pure bliss have we felt, when long parted and lone,  
 Her soft light like the smile of an angel has shone,  
 A sweet smile that reflects back the thoughts we most prize,  
 And conveys in its light the fond glance of thine eyes.





## THE AUTO-D A - FÉ.

A LEGEND OF SPAIN.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

WITH a moody air, from morn till noon,  
 King Ferdinand paces the royal saloon;  
     From morn till eve  
     He does nothing but grieve;  
 Sighings and sobbings his midriff heave,  
 And he wipes his eyes with his ermined sleeve,  
 And he presses his feverish hand to his brow,  
 And he frowns, and he looks I can't tell you how;  
     And the Spanish Grandees,  
     In their degrees,  
 Are whispering about in twos and in threes,  
 And there is not a man of them seems at his ease,  
 But they gaze on the monarch, as watching what he does,  
 With their very long whiskers, and longer Toledos.  
 Don Gaspar, Don Gusman, Don Juan, Don Diego,  
 Don Gomez, Don Pedro, Don Blas, Don Rodrigo,  
 Don Jerome, Don Giacomo join Don Alphonso  
     In making inquiries  
     Of grave Don Ramirez,  
 The Chamberlain, what it is makes him take on so  
 A Monarch so great that the soundest opinions  
 Maintain the sun can't set throughout his dominions;  
     But grave Don Ramirez  
     In guessing no nigher is  
 Than the other grave Dons who propound these inquiries;  
 When, pausing at length, as beginning to tire, his  
 Majesty beckons, with stately civility,  
     To Señor Don Lewis  
     Condé d'Aranjuez,  
 Who in birth, wealth, and consequence second to few is,  
 And Señor Don Manuel, Count de Pacheco,  
 A lineal descendant from King Pharoah Neco,  
 Both Knights of the Golden Fleece, highborn Hidalgos,  
 With whom e'en the King himself quite as a "pal" goes.

"Don Lewis," says he,

"Just listen to me;

And you, Count Pacheco,—I think that we three  
 On matters of state, for the most part agree,—

Now you both of you know

That some six years ago,

Being then, for a King, no indifferent Beau,

At the altar I took, like my forebears of old,  
 The Peninsula's paragon,  
 Fair Blanche of Aragon,  
 For better, for worse, and to have and to hold—  
 And you're fully aware,  
 When the matter took air,  
 How they shouted, and fired the great guns in the Square,  
 And cried ' *Viva!*' and rung all the bells in the steeple,  
 And all that sort of thing  
 The mob do when a King  
 Brings a Queen Consort home for the good of his people.

“ Well!—six years and a day  
 Have flitted away  
 Since that blessed event, yet I'm sorry to say—  
 In fact it's the principal cause of my pain—  
 I don't see any signs of an Infant of Spain!—  
 Now I want to ask you,  
 Cavaliers true,  
 And Counsellors sage,—what the deuce shall I do?—  
 The State—don't you see?—hey?—an heir to the throne—  
 Every monarch—you know—should have one of his own—  
 Disputed succession—hey?—terrible Go!—  
 Hum!—hey?—Old fellows!—you see!—don't you know? ”—

Now Reader, dear,  
 If you've ever been near  
 Enough to a Court to encounter a Peer  
 When his principal tenant's gone off in arrear,  
 And his brewer has sent in a long bill for beer,  
 And his butcher and baker, with faces austere,  
 Ask him to clear  
 Off, for furnish'd good cheer,  
 Bills, they say, “ have been standing for more than a year,”  
 And the tailor and shoemaker also appear  
 With their “ little account ”  
 Of “ trifling amount,”  
 For Wellingtons, waistcoats, pea-jackets, and—gear  
 Which to name in society's thought rather queer,—  
 While Drummond's chief clerk, with his pen in his ear,  
 With a kind of a sneer, says, “ We've no effects here! ”  
 —Or if ever you've seen  
 An Alderman, keen  
 After turtle, peep into the silver tureen,  
 In search of the fat call'd *par excellence* “ green,”  
 When there's none of the meat left—not even the lean!—  
 —Or if ever you've witness'd the face of a sailor  
 Return'd from a voyage, and escaped from a gale, or  
*Poeticé* “ Boreas,” that “ blustering railer,”  
 To find that his wife, when he hastens to “ hail ” her,  
 Has just run away with his cash—and a tailor,—

If one of these cases you 've ever survey'd,  
 You'll, without my aid,  
 To yourself have portray'd,  
 The beautiful mystification display'd,  
 And the puzzled expression of manner and air  
 Exhibited now by the dignified pair,  
 When thus unexpectedly ask'd to declare  
 Their opinions as Counsellors, several and joint,  
 On so delicate, grave, and important a point.

Señor Don Lewis  
 Condé d'Aranjuez

At length forced a smile 'twixt the prim and the grim,  
 And look'd at Pacheco—Pacheco at him—  
 Then, making a rev'rence, and dropping his eyes,  
 Cough'd, hem'd, and deliver'd himself in this wise :

“ My Liege !—unaccustom'd as I am to speaking  
 In public—an art I 'm remarkably weak in—  
 I feel I should be quite unworthy the name  
 Of a man and a Spaniard—and highly to blame,  
     Were there not in my breast  
     What—can't be exprest,—  
 And can therefore, your Majesty, only be guess'd—  
 —What I mean to say is—since your Majesty deigns  
 To ask my advice on your welfare—and Spain's,—  
 And on that of your Majesty's Bride—that is, Wife—  
 It's the—as I may say—proudest day of my life !  
 But as to the point—on a subject so nice  
 It's a delicate matter to give one's advice,  
     Especially, too,  
     When one don't clearly view  
 The best mode of proceeding,—or know what to do ;  
 My decided opinion, however, is this,  
 And I fearlessly say that you can't do amiss,  
     If, with all that fine tact  
     Both to think and to act,  
 In which all know your Majesty so much excels—  
 You are graciously pleased to—ask somebody else !”

Here the noble Grandee  
 Made that sort of congée,  
 Which, as Hill used to say, “ I once *happen'd to see* ”  
 The great Indian conjuror, Ramo Samee,  
 Make, while swallowing what all thought a regular choker,  
*Viz.* a small sword as long and as stiff as a poker.

Then the Count de Pacheco,  
 Whose turn 'twas to speak, o-  
 -mitting all preface, exclaim'd with devotion,  
 “ Sire, I beg leave to second Don Lewis's motion ! ”

Now a Monarch of Spain  
 Of course could not deign

To expostulate, argue, or, much less, complain  
 Of an answer thus giv'n, or to ask them again ;  
 So he merely observ'd, with an air of disdain,  
 " Well, Gentlemen,—since you both shrink from the task  
 Of advising your Sovereign—pray, whom shall I ask ? "

Each felt the rub,  
 And in Spain not a Sub,  
 Much less an Hidalgo, can stomach a snub,  
 So the noses of these  
 Castilian Grandees  
 Rise at once in an angle of several degrees,  
 Till the under-lip's almost becoming the upper,  
 Each perceptibly grows, too, more stiff in the crupper,  
 Their right hands rest  
 On the left side the breast,  
 While the hilts of their swords, by their left hands deprest,  
 Make the ends of their scabbards to cock up behind,  
 Till they're quite horizontal instead of inclined,  
 And Don Lewis, with scarce an attempt to disguise  
 The disgust he experiences, gravely replies  
 " Sire, ask the Archbishop—his Grace of Toledo !—  
 He understands these things much better than we do ! "  
 —*Pauca Verba* !—enough,  
 Each turns off in a huff,  
 This twirling his mustache, that fingering his ruff,  
 Like a blue-bottle fly on a rather large scale,  
 With a rather large corking-pin stuck through his tail.

\* \* \* \*

King Ferdinand paces the royal saloon,  
 With a moody brow, and he looks like a " Spoon,"  
 And all the Court Nobles, who form the ring,  
 Have a spooney appearance, of course, like the King,  
 All of them eyeing King Ferdinand  
 As he goes up and down, with his watch in his hand,  
 Which he claps to his ear as he walks to and fro,—  
 " What is it can make the Archbishop so slow ? "  
 Hark !—at last there's a sound in the courtyard below,  
 Where the Beefeaters all are drawn up in a row,—  
 I would say the " Guards," for in Spain they're in chief eaters  
 Of *omelettes* and garlick, and can't be call'd Beefeaters.

In fact, of the few  
 Individuals I knew

Who ever had happened to travel in Spain,  
 There has scarce been a person who did not complain  
 Of their cookery and dishes as all bad in grain,  
 And no one I'm sure will deny it who's tried a  
 Vile compound they have that's called *Olla podrida*.

(This, by the bye,  
 's a mere rhyme to the eye,

For in Spanish the *i* is pronounced like an *e*,  
 And they've not quite our mode of pronouncing the *d*.  
 In Castille, for instance, it's giv'n through the teeth,  
 And what we call *Madrid* they sound more like *Madreeth*,)  
 Of course you will see in a moment they've no men  
 That at all correspond with our Beefeating Yeomen;  
 So call them "Walloons," or whatever you please,  
 By the rattles and slaps they're not "standing at ease,"

But, beyond all disputing,

Engaged in saluting

Some very great person among the Grandees,  
 And a Gentleman Usher walks in and declares,  
 "His Grace the Archbishop's a-coming up-stairs!"

The Most Reverend Don Garcilasso Quevedo

Was just at this time, as he

Now held the Primacy,

(Always attach'd to the See of Toledo,)

A man of great worship *Officii virtute*

Versed in all that pertains to a Counsellor's duty,

Well skill'd to combine

Civil law with divine;

As a statesman, inferior to none in that line;

As an orator, too,

He was equalled by few;

Uniting, in short, in tongue, head-piece, and pen,

The very great powers of three very great men,

Talleyrand,—who will never drive down Piccadilly more  
 To the Traveller's Club-House!—Charles Phillips, and Phillimore.

Not only at home,

But even at Rome

There was not a Prelate among them could cope

With the Primate of Spain in the eyes of the Pope.

(The Conclave was full, and they'd not a spare hat, or he

'd long since been Cardinal, Legate *a latere*,

A dignity fairly his due, without flattery,

So much he excited among all beholders

Their marvel to see

At his age—thirty-three

Such a very old head on such very young shoulders,)

No wonder the King, then, in this his distress,

Should send for so sage an adviser express,

Who, you'll readily guess,

Could not do less

Than start off at once, without stopping to dress,

In his haste to get Majesty out of a mess.

His Grace the Archbishop comes up the back way,

Set apart for such Nobles as have the *entrée*,

*Viz.* Grandees of the first class, both cleric and lay;

Walks up to the monarch, and makes him a bow,

As a dignified clergyman always knows how,

Then replaces the mitre at once on his brow;

For, in Spain, recollect,  
 As a mark of respect  
 To the Crown, if a Grandee uncovers, it's quite  
 As a matter of option, and not one of right ;  
 A thing not conceded by *our* Royal Masters,  
 Who always make Noblemen take off their "castors,"  
     Except the heirs male  
     Of John Lord Kinsale,  
 A stalwart old Baron, who, acting as Henchman  
 To one of our early Kings, kill'd a big Frenchman ;  
 A feat which his Majesty deigning to smile on,  
 Allow'd him thenceforward to stand with his "tile" on ;  
 And all his successors have kept the same privilege  
 Down from those barbarous times to our civil age.

Returning his bow with a slight demi-bob,  
 And replacing the watch in his hand in his fob,  
 "My Lord," said the King, "here's a rather tough job,  
     Which it seems, of a sort is  
     To puzzle our *Cortes*,  
 And since it has quite flabbergasted that Diet, I  
 Look to your Grace with no little anxiety  
     Respecting a point  
     Which has quite out of joint  
 Put us all with respect to the good of society :—  
     Your Grace is aware  
     That we've not got an Heir ;  
 Now, it seems, one and all, they don't stick to declare  
 That of all our advisers there is not in Spain one  
 Can tell, like your Grace, the best way to obtain one ;  
 So put your considering cap on—we're curious  
 To learn your receipt for a Prince of Asturias."

One without the nice tact  
 Of his Grace would have backt  
 Out at once, as the Noblemen did, and, in fact,  
 He was at the first rather pozed how to act—  
     One moment—no more !—  
     Bowing then, as before,  
 He said, "Sire, 'twere superfluous for me to acquaint  
 The 'Most Catholic King' in the world that a Saint  
     Is the usual resource  
     In these cases,—of course  
 Of their influence your Majesty well knows the force ;  
 If I may be, therefore, allow'd to suggest  
 The plan which occurs to my mind as the best,  
     Your Majesty may go  
     At once to St. Jago,  
 Whom as Spain's patron Saint I pick out from the rest ;  
     If your Majesty looks  
     Into Guthrie, or Brooks,  
 In all the approved Geographical books

You will find Compostella laid down in the maps  
Some two hundred and sev'nty miles off; and, perhaps,  
In a case so important, you may not decline  
A pedestrian excursion to visit his shrine;

And, Sire, should you choose  
To put peas in your shoes,  
The Saint, as a Gentleman, can't well refuse  
So distinguish'd a Pilgrim,—especially when he  
Considers the boon will not cost him one penny!"  
His speech ended, his Grace bow'd, and put on his mitre  
As tight as before, and perhaps a thought tighter.

"Pooh! pooh!" says the King,

"I shall do no such thing!

It's nonsense,—Old fellow—you see—no use talking—  
The peas set apart, I abominate walking—  
Such a deuced way off, too—hey?—walk there—what me?  
Pooh!—it's no Go, Old fellow!—you know—don't you see?"

"Well, Sire," with much sweetness the Prelate replied,  
"If your Majesty don't like to walk—you can ride!

And then, if you please,

In lieu of the peas,

A small portion of horse-hair, cut fine, we'll insert  
As a substitute under your Majesty's shirt;  
Then a rope round your collar instead of a laced band,  
A few nettles tuck'd into your Majesty's waistband,  
Assafœtida mix'd with your *bouquet* and civet,  
I'll warrant you'll find yourself right as a trivet!"

"Pooh! pooh!

I tell you,"

Quoth the King, "it won't do!"

A cold perspiration began to bedew

His Majesty's cheek, and he grew in a stew,  
When Jozé de Humez, the King's privy-purse-keeper  
(Many folks thought it could scarce have a worse keeper)  
Came to the rescue, and said with a smile,

"Sire, your Majesty *can't* go—'twould take a long while,  
And you won't post it under TWO SHILLINGS A MILE!!

Twenty-seven pounds ten

To get there—and then

Twenty-seven pounds ten more to get back agen!!!

Sire, the *tottle's* enormous!—you ought to be King  
Of Golconda as well as the Indies, to fling  
Such a vast sum away upon any such thing!"

At this second rebuff

The Archbishop look'd gruff,

And his eye glanced on Humez as if he'd said "Stuff!"

But seeing the King seem'd himself in a huff,

He changed his demeanour, and grew smooth enough,

Then, taking his chin 'twixt his finger and thumb,

As a help to reflection, gave vent to a "Hum!"

'Twas the pause of an instant—his eye assumed fast  
That expression which says, "Come, I've got it at last!"

"There's one plan," he resumed, "which, with all due respect to  
Your Majesty, no one, I think, can object to—  
—Since your Majesty don't like the peas in the shoe—or to  
Travel—what say you to burning a Jew or two?—

Of all cookeries, most

The Saints love a roast!

And a Jew's, of all others, the best dish to toast;

And then for a Cook

We have not far to look—

Father Dominic's self, Sire, your own Grand Inquisitor,  
Luckily now at your Court is a visitor;

Of his Rev'rence's functions there is not one weightier  
Than Heretic-burning—in fact, 'tis his *métier*.

Besides Alguazils

Who still follow his heels,

He has always familiars enough at his beck, at home,

To pick you up Hebrews enough for a hecatomb!

And depend on it, Sire, such a glorious specific

Would make every Queen throughout Europe prolific!"

Says the King, "That'll do!

Pooh! pooh!—burn a Jew?"

Burn half a score Jews—burn a dozen—burn two—

Your Grace, it's a match!

Burn all you can catch,

Men, women, and children—Pooh! pooh!—great and small—

Old clothes—slippers—sealing-wax—Pooh!—burn them all.

For once we'll be gay,

A Grand *Auto-da-Fé*

Is much better fun than a ball or a play!"

So the warrant was made out without more delay,

Drawn, seal'd, and deliver'd, and

(Signed)

YO EL RE!

END OF CANTO I.

## POPULAR ADMIRATION FOR GREAT THIEVES.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

WHETHER it be that the multitude, feeling the pangs of poverty, sympathise with the daring and ingenious depredators who take away the rich man's superfluity, or whether it be the interest that mankind in general feel for the records of perilous adventures, it is certain that the populace of all countries look with admiration upon great and successful thieves. Perhaps both these causes combine to invest their career with charms in the popular eye. Almost every country in Europe has its traditional thief, whose exploits are recorded with all the graces of poetry.



## THE AUTO-D A - F É.

A LEGEND OF SPAIN.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

## CANTO II.

THERE is not a nation in Europe but labours  
To toady itself, and to humbug its neighbours—  
“Earth has no such folks—no folks such a city,  
So great, or so grand, or so fine, or so pretty,”

Said Louis Quatorze,  
“As this Paris of ours!”—

Mr. Daniel O’Connell exclaims, “By the Pow’rs,  
*Ould* Ireland’s on all hands admitted to be  
The first flow’r of the earth, and first *Gim* of the sea!”—  
Mr. Bull will inform you that Neptune,—a lad he,  
With more of affection than rev’rence, styles “Daddy,”—

Did not scruple to “say  
To Freedom, one day,”

That if ever he changed his aquatics for dry land,  
His home should be Mr. B’s “Tight little Island.”—

He adds, too, that he,  
The said Mr. B.,

Of all possible Frenchmen can fight any three ;  
That with no greater odds, he knows well how to treat them,  
To meet them, defeat them, and beat them, and eat them.—  
In Italy, too, ’tis the same to the letter,

There each Lazzàrone  
Will cry to his crony,

“See Naples, then die ! \* and the sooner the better ! ”—  
The Portuguese say, as a well understood thing,  
“Who has not seen Lisbon † has not seen a good thing ! ”—  
While an old Spanish proverb runs glibly as under,

“QUIEN NO HA VISTO SEVILLA.  
NO HA VISTO MARAVILLA ! ”

“He who ne’er has view’d Seville has ne’er view’d a Wonder ! ”  
And from all I can learn this is no such great blunder.

In fact, from the river,  
The fam’d Guadalquiver,

Where many a knight’s had cold steel through his liver,‡

\* “Vedi Napoli e poi mori ! ”

† “Quem naõ tem visto Lisboa  
Naõ tem visto cousa boa.”

‡ “Rio verde, Rio verde, &c.”

“Glassy water, glassy water,  
Down whose current clear and strong,  
Chiefs, confused in mutual slaughter,  
Moor and Christian, roll along.”—*Old Spanish Romance.*

The prospect is grand. The *Iglesia Mayor*  
Has a splendid effect on the opposite shore,  
With its lofty *Giralda*, while two or three score  
Magnificent structures around, perhaps more,  
As our Irish friends have it, are there "to the fore ;"

Then the old Alcazar,

More ancient by far,

As some say, while some call it one of the palaces  
Built in twelve hundred and odd by Abdalasis,  
With its horse-shoe shaped arches of Arabesque tracery,  
Which the architect seems to have studied to place awry,  
Saracenic and rich ;

And more buildings, "the which,"

As old Lilly, in whom I've been looking a bit o' late,  
Says, "You'd be bored should I now recapitulate ;" \*

In brief, then, the view

Is so fine and so new,

It would make you exclaim, 't would so forcibly strike ye,  
If a Frenchman, "*Superbe !*"—if an Englishman, "Crikey !!"

Yes ! thou art "WONDERFUL !"—but oh,

'Tis sad to think, in scenes so bright

As thine, fair Seville, sounds of woe,

And shrieks of pain and wild affright,

And soul-wrung groans of deep despair,

And blood and death should mingle there !

Yes ! thou art "WONDERFUL !"—the flames

That on thy towers reflected shine,

While earth's proud Lords and high-born Dames,

Descendants of a mighty line,

With cold unalter'd looks are by

To gaze with an un pitying eye

On wretches in their agony,

All speak thee "WONDERFUL !"—the phrase

Befits thee well—the fearful blaze

Of yon piled faggots' lurid light,

Where writhing victims mock the sight,—

The scorch'd limb shrivelling in its chains,—

The hot blood parch'd in living veins,—

The crackling nerve—the fearful knell

Rung out by that remorseless bell,—

Those shouts from human fiends that swell,—

That withering scream,—that frantic yell,—

All, Seville,—all too truly tell

Thou art a "MARVEL !"—and a Hell !

\* Cum multis aliis quæ nunc perscribere longum est.  
*Propria quæ maribus.*

God! that the worm whom thou hast made  
Should thus his brother worm invade!  
Count deeds like these good service done,  
And deem thine eye looks smiling on!!

Yet there, at his ease, with his whole Court around him,  
King Ferdinand sits "in his GLORY"—confound him!—

Leaning back in his chair,

With a satisfied air,

And enjoying the bother, the smoke, and the smother,  
With one knee cocked carelessly over the other;

His pouncet-box goes

To and fro at his nose,

As somewhat misliking the smell of old clothes,

And seeming to hint, by this action emphatic,

That Jews, e'en when roasted, are not aromatic;

There, too, fair Ladies

From Xeres and Cadiz,

Catalinas, and Julias, and fair Iñesillas,

In splendid lace-veils and becoming mantillas;

Elviras, Antonias, and Claras, and Floras,

And dark-eyed Jacinthas, and soft Isidoras,

Are crowding the "boxes," and looking on coolly as

Though 'twas but one of their common *tertulias*,

Partaking, as usual, of wafers and ices,

Snow-water, and melons cut out into slices,

And chocolate,—furnished at coffee-house prices;

While many a suitor,

And gay coadjutor

In the eating-and-drinking line, scorns to be neuter;

One, being perhaps just return'd with his tutor

From travel in England, is tempting his "*future*"

With a luxury neat as imported, "The Pewter,"

And charming the dear Violantes and Iñeses

With a three-corner'd Sandwich, and *soupçon* of "Guinness's;"

While another, from Paris but newly come back,

Hints "the least taste in life" of the best cogniac.

Such ogling and eyeing,

In short, and such sighing,

And such complimenting, (one must not say l—g,)

Of smart Cavaliers with each other still vying,

Mix'd up with the crying,

And groans, of the dying

All hissing, and spitting, and broiling and frying,

Form a scene, which, although there can be no denying

To a *bon Catholique* it may prove edifying,

I doubt if a Protestant smart Beau, or merry Belle,

Might not shrink from it as somewhat too terrible.

It's a question with me if you ever survey'd a

More stern-looking mortal than old Torquemada,

Renown'd Father Dominic, famous for twisting dom-

-estic and foreign necks all over Christendom;

Morescoes or Jews,  
 Not a penny to choose,  
 If a dog of a heretic dared to refuse  
 A glass of old port, or a slice from a griskin,  
 The good Padre soon would so set him a frisking,  
 That I would not, for—more than I'll say—be in his skin.

'Twas just the same thing with his own race and nation,  
 And Christian Dissenters of every persuasion,  
     Muggletonian, or Quaker,  
     Or Jumper, or Shaker,

No matter with whom in opinion partaker  
 George Whitfield, John Bunyan, or Thomas Gat-acre,  
 They'd no better chance than a Bonze or a Fakir;  
 If a woman it skill'd not—if she did not deem as he  
 Bade her to deem touching Papal supremacy,  
     By the Pope, but he'd make her!

From error awake her,  
 Or else—pop her into an oven and bake her!  
 No one, in short, ever came half so near as he  
 Did to the full extirpation of heresy;  
 And, if in the times of which now I am treating,  
 There had been such a thing as a "Manchester Meeting,"  
 "Pretty pork" he'd have made "Moderator" and "Minister,"  
 Had he but caught them on his side Cape Finisterre;—  
 Pye Smith, and the rest of them, once in his bonfire, hence-  
 forth you'd have heard little more of the "CONFERENCE."

And—there on the opposite side of the ring,  
 He, too, sits "in his GLORY," confronting the King,  
 With his cast-iron countenance frowning austere,  
 That matched with his *en bon point* body but queerly,  
 For, though grim his visage, his person was pursy,

    Belying the rumour  
     Of fat folks' good-humour;  
 Above waves his banner of "Justice and Mercy,"  
 Below and around stand a terrible band ad-  
 -ding much to the scene,—viz. The "Holy *Hermandad*,"  
 Or "Brotherhood," each looking grave as a Grand-dad.

    Within the arena  
     Before them is seen a  
 Strange, odd-looking group, each one dress'd in a garment  
 Not "dandified" clearly, as certainly "varment,"  
 Being all over vipers and snakes, and stuck thick  
 With multiplied *silhouette* profiles of NICK;

    And a cap of the same,  
     All devils and flame,  
 Extinguisher shaped, much like Salisbury Spire,  
 Except that the latter's of course somewhat higher;  
     A long yellow pin-a-fore  
     Hangs down, each chin afore,  
 On which, ere the wearer had donn'd it, a man drew  
 The Scotch badge, a *saltire*, or Cross of St. Andrew;

Though I fairly confess I am quite at a loss  
 To guess why they should choose that particular cross,  
     Or to make clear to you  
     What the Scotch had to do  
 At all with the business in hand,—though it's true  
 That the vestment aforesaid, perhaps, from its hue,  
*Viz. yellow*, in juxtaposition with *blue*,  
 (A tinge of which latter tint could but accrue  
 On the faces of wretches, of course, in a stew  
 As to what their tormentors were going to do,)  
 Might make people fancy who no better knew  
 They were somehow connected with Jeffrey's Review ;  
     Especially too  
     As it's certain that few  
 Things would make Father Dominic blither or happier  
 Than to catch hold of *it*, and its *Chef* Macvey Napier.  
 No matter for that—my description to crown,  
 All the flames and the devils were turn'd upside down  
 On this habit, facetiously term'd *San Benito*,  
     Much like the dress suit  
     Of some nondescript brute  
 From the show-van of Wombwell, (not George,) or Polito.

And thrice happy they,\*  
 Dress'd out in this way  
 To appear with *eclât* at the *Auto-da-Fé*,  
 Thrice happy indeed whom the good luck might fall to  
 Of devils tail upward, and "*Fuego revolto*,"  
     For, only see there,  
     In the midst of the Square,  
 Where, perch'd up on poles six feet high in the air,  
 Sit, chained to the stake, some two, three, or four pair  
 Of wretches, whose eyes, nose, complexion, and hair,  
 Their Jewish descent but too plainly declare,  
 Each clothed in a garment more frightful by far, a  
 Smock-frock sort of gaberdine, call'd a *Samarra*,  
 With three times the number of devils upon it,—  
 A proportion observed on the sugar-loaf'd bonnet,  
 With this farther distinction—of mischief a proof—  
 That every fiend Jack stands upright on his hoof!  
     While the pictured flames, spread  
     Over body and head,  
 Are three times as crooked, and three times as red!  
 All too pointing upwards, as much as to say,  
 "Here's the real *bonne bouche* of the *Auto-da-Fé*!"

Torquemada, meanwhile,  
 With his cold, cruel smile,  
 Sits looking on calmly, and watching the pile,  
 As his hooded "Familiars" (their names, as some tell, come  
 From their being so much more "familiar" than "welcome,")

\* O fortunati nimium sua si bona nôrint !

Have, by this time, begun  
 To be "poking their fun,"  
 And their firebrands, as if they were so many posies  
 Of lilies and roses,  
 Up to the noses  
 Of Lazarus Levi, and Money Ben Moses ;  
 While similar treatment is forcing out hollow moans  
 From Aby Ben Lasco, and Ikey Ben Solomons,  
 Whose beards—this a black, that inclining to grizzle—  
 Are smoking, and curling, and all in a fizzle ;  
 The King, at the same time, his Dons, and his visitors,  
 All sporting smiles, like the Holy Inquisitors,——

Enough !—no more !—  
 Thank Heaven, 'tis o'er !  
 The tragedy's done ! and we now draw a veil  
 O'er a scene which makes outraged humanity quail ;  
 The last fire's exhausted, and spent like a rocket,  
 The last wretched Hebrew burnt down in his socket !  
 The Barriers are open, and all, saints and sinners,  
 King, Court, Lords, and Commons, gone home to their dinners,  
 With a pleasing emotion  
 Produced by the notion  
 Of having exhibited so much devotion,  
 All chuckling to think how the Saints are delighted  
 At having seen so many "*Smouches*" ignited :—  
 All save Privy-purse Humez,  
 Who sconced in his room is,  
 And, Cocker in hand, in his leather-backed chair,  
 Is puzzling to find out how much the "affair"  
 (By deep calculations, the which I can't follow,) cost,—  
 The *tottle*, in short, of the *whole* of the Holocaust.

Perhaps you may think it a rather odd thing,  
 That, while talking so much of the Court and the King,  
 In describing the scene  
 Through which we've just been  
 I've not said one syllable as to the Queen ;  
 Especially, too, as her Majesty's "Whereabouts,"  
 All things considered, might well be thought thereabouts ;  
 The fact was, however, although little known,  
*Sa Magestad* had hit on a plan of her own,  
 And suspecting, perhaps, that an *Auto* alone  
 Might fail in securing this "Heir to the throne,"  
 Had made up her mind,  
 Although well inclined  
 Towards *galas* and shows of no matter what kind,  
 For once to retire,  
 And bribe the Saints higher  
 Than merely by sitting and seeing a fire,—  
 A sight, after all, she did not much admire ;

So she locked herself up,  
 Without platter or cup,  
 In her Oriel, resolved not to take bite or sup,  
 Not so much as her matin-draught (our "early purl"),  
 Nor put on her jewels, nor e'en let the girl,  
 Who help'd her to dress, take her hair out of curl,  
 But to pass the whole morning in telling her beads,  
 And in reading the lives of the Saints, and their deeds,  
 And in vowing to visit, without shoes or sandals,  
 Their shrines, with unlimited orders for candles,  
 Holy water, and Masses of Mozart's, and Handel's.\*

And many a *pater*, and *ave*, and *credo*  
 Did She, and her Father Confessor, Quevedo,  
 (The clever Archbishop, you know, of Toledo,)  
 Who came, as before, at a very short warning,  
 Get through, without doubt, in the course of that morning ;

Shut up as they were  
 With nobody there  
 To at all interfere with so pious a pair ;  
 And the Saints must have been stony-hearted indeed,  
 If they had not allow'd all these pains to succeed.

Nay, it's not clear to me but their very ability

Might, Spain throughout,  
 Have been brought into doubt,  
 Had the Royal bed still remain'd curs'd with sterility ;  
 St. Jago, however, who always is jealous  
 In Spanish affairs, as their best authors tell us,

And who, if he saw  
 Anything like a flaw  
 In Spain's welfare, would soon sing "Old Rose, burn the bel-  
 lows!"

Set matters to rights like a King of good fellows ;

By his interference,  
 Three-fourths of a year hence,  
 There was nothing but capering, dancing, and singing,  
 Cachucas, Boleros, and bells set a ringing,

In both the Castilles,  
 Triple-bob-major peals,  
 Rope-dancing, and tumbling, and somerset-flinging,

Seguidillas, Fandangos,  
 While ev'ry gun bang goes ;  
 And all the way through, from Gibraltar to Biscay,  
 Figueras and Sherry make all the Dons frisky,  
 (Save Moore's "Blakes and O'Donnells," who stick to the whisky ;)

All the day long  
 The dance and the song  
 Continue the general joy to prolong ;

\* "That is, She *would* have order'd them—but none are known, I fear, as his,  
 For Handel never wrote a Mass—and so She'd David Perez's—

Bow ! wow ! wow !

Fol, lol, &c. &c."

(Posthumous Note by the Ghost of James Smith, Esq.)

And even long after the close of the day  
 You can hear little else but "Hip! hip! hurray!"  
 The Escorial, however, is not quite so gay,  
 For, whether the Saint had not perfectly heard  
 The petition the Queen and Archbishop preferr'd,—  
 Or whether his head, from his not being used  
 To an *Auto-da-fé*, was a little confused,—  
 Or whether the King, in the smoke and the smother,  
 Got bother'd, and so made some blunder or other,  
     I am sure I can't say;  
     All I know is, that day  
 There must have been *some* mistake!—that, I'm afraid, is  
     Only too clear,  
     Inasmuch as the dear  
 Royal Twins,—though fine babies,—proved both little LADIES!!

## MORAL.

Reader!—Not knowing what your "persuasion" may be,  
 Mahometan, Jewish, or even Parsee,  
 Take a little advice, which may serve for all three!

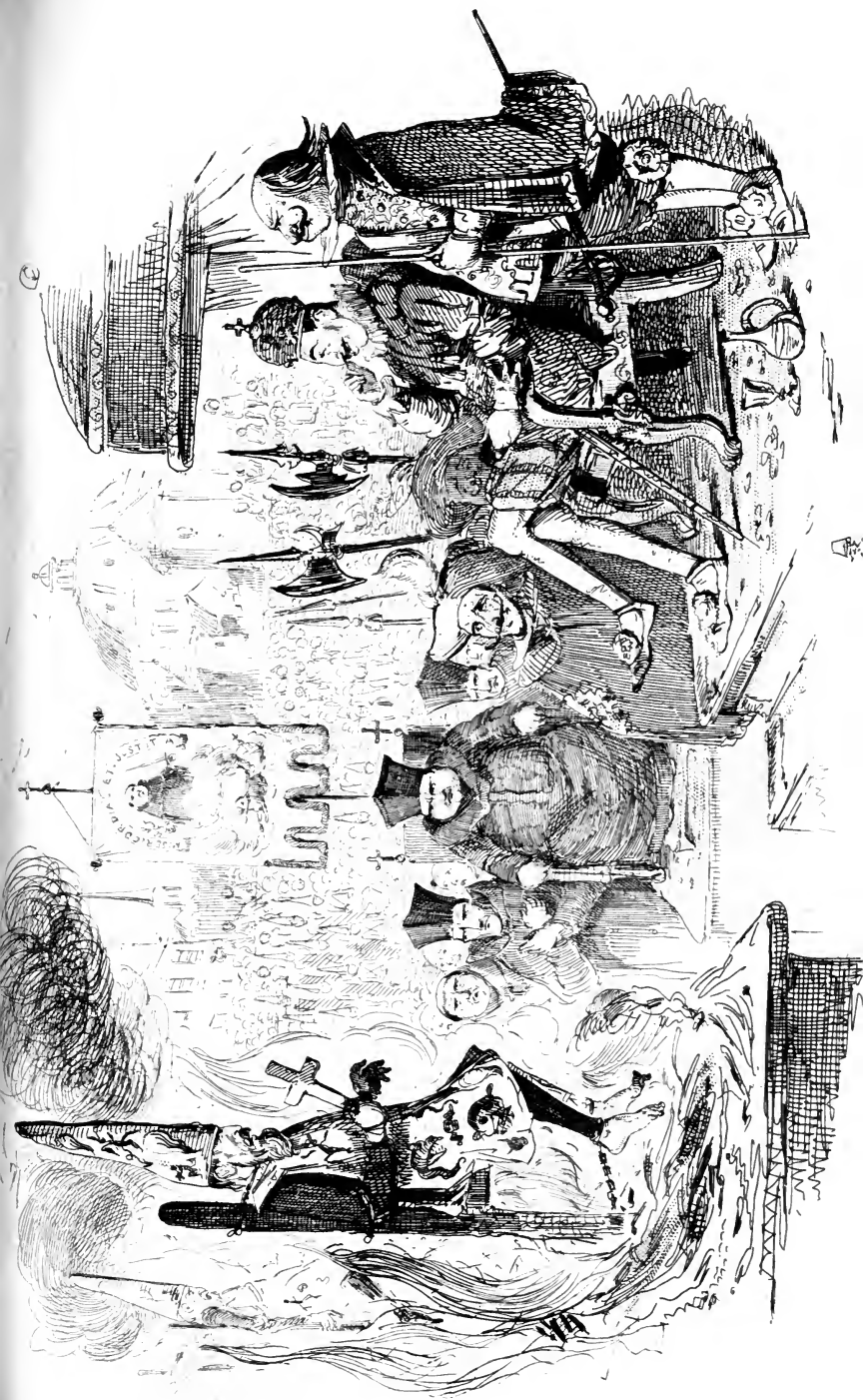
First—"When you're at *Rome*, do as *Rome* does!" and note all her  
 Ways—drink what She drinks! and don't turn Tea-totaler!  
     In Spain, *raison de plus*,  
     You must do as they do,  
 Inasmuch as they're all there "at sixes and sevens,"  
     Just as, you know,  
     They were, some years ago,  
 In the days of Don Carlos and Brigadier Evans;  
 Don't be nice then—but take what they've got in their shops,  
 Whether griskins, or sausages, ham, or pork-chops!

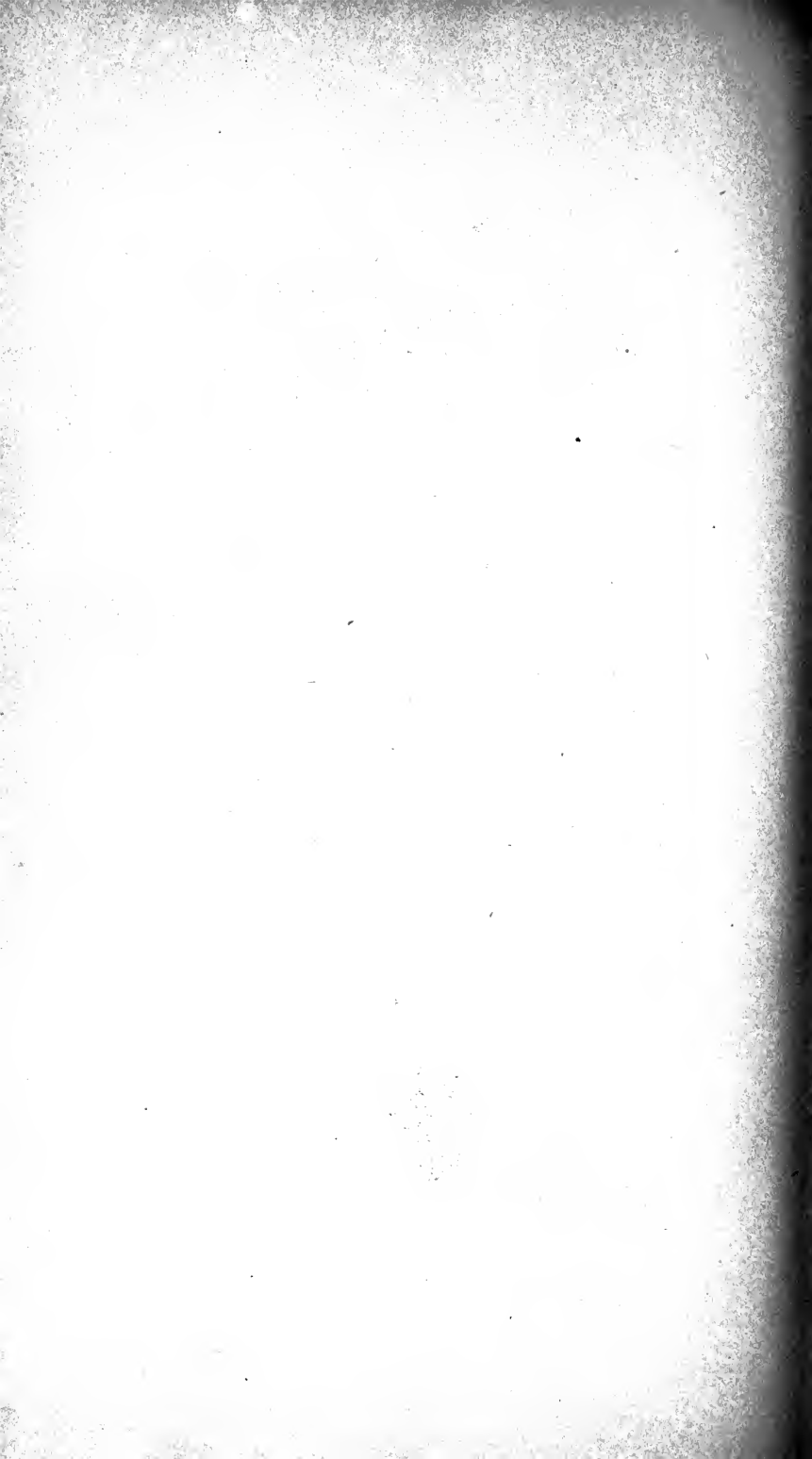
Next—Avoid Fancy-trousers!—their colours and shapes  
 Sometimes, as you see, may lead folks into scrapes!  
     For myself, I confess  
     I've but small taste in dress,  
 My opinion is, therefore, worth nothing—or less—  
 But some friends I've consulted,—much given to watch one's  
     Apparel—do say  
     It's by far the best way,  
 And the safest, to do as Lord Brougham does—buy Scotch ones!

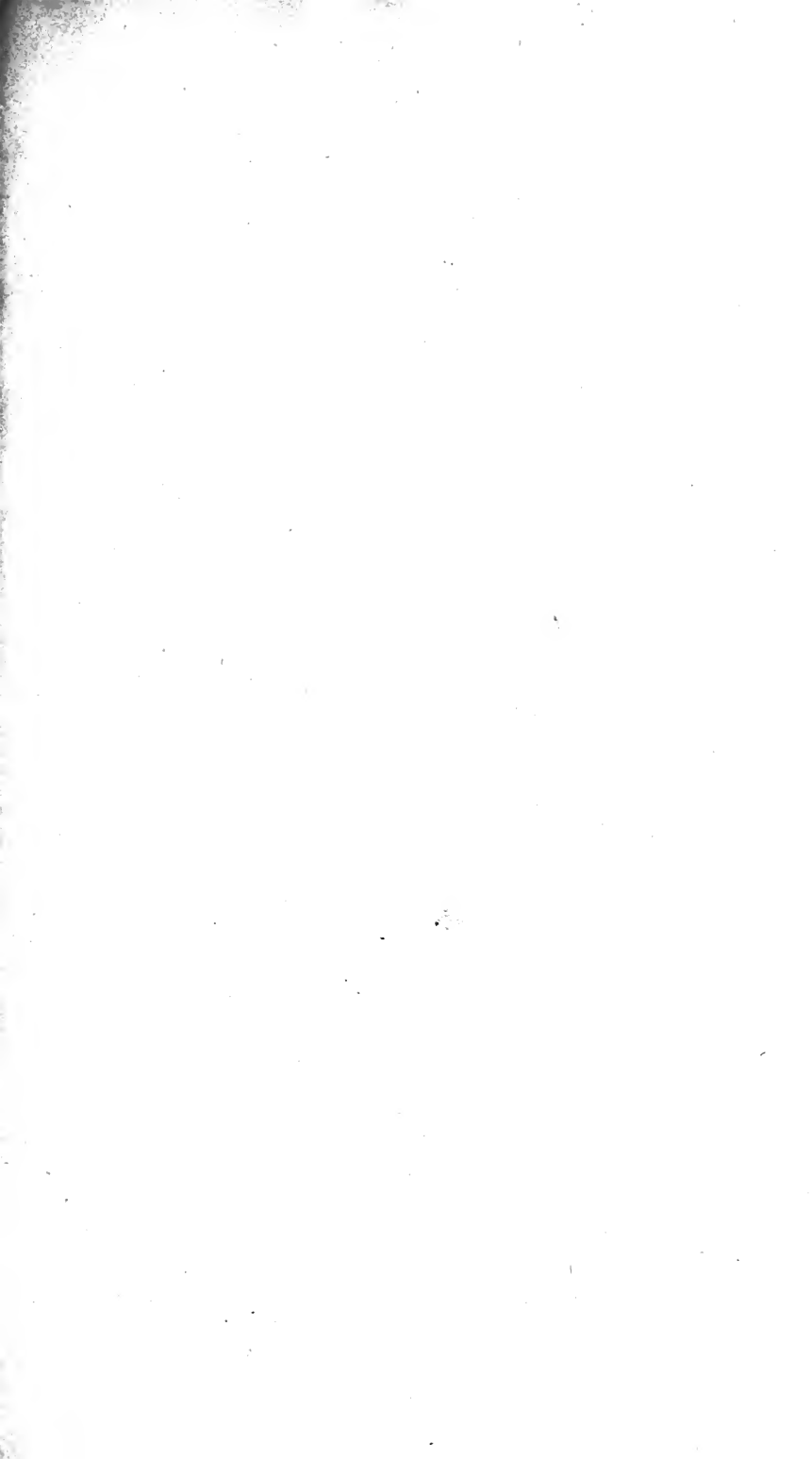
I might now volunteer some advice to a King,—  
 Let Whigs say what they will, I shall do no such thing,  
 But copy my betters, and never begin  
 Until, like Sir Robert, "I'm duly CALLED IN!"

T. I.









# MISADVENTURES AT MARGATE.

## AN O'ER TRUE TALE.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

---

DEAR BENTLEY,

WE have been visiting the Lakes, and my Muse has caught the *maladie du pays*. The fit is a sharp, but I trust will be a short one. She sends you the enclosed version of our single-minded friend Simpson's mishap, by way of diagnostic.

Bowness, Nov. 14.

Yours unalterably,

T. I.

---

MR. SIMPKINSON *loquitur*.

I WAS in Margate last July, I walk'd upon the pier,  
I saw a little vulgar Boy—I said, "What make you here?—  
The gloom upon your youthful cheek speaks anything but joy;"  
Again I said, "What make you here, you little vulgar Boy?"

He frowned, that little vulgar Boy,—he deem'd I meant to scoff,  
And when the little heart is big a little "sets it off;"  
He put his finger in his mouth, his little bosom rose,—  
He had no little handkerchief to wipe his little nose!

"Hark! don't you hear, my little man?—it's striking Nine," I said,  
"An hour when all good little boys and girls should be in bed.  
Run home and get your supper, else your Ma' will scold—Oh! fie!—  
It's very wrong indeed for little boys to stand and cry!"

The tear-drop in his little eye again began to spring,  
His bosom throb'd with agony,—he cried like any thing!  
I stoop'd, and thus amidst his sobs I heard him murmur—"Ah!  
I haven't got no supper! and I haven't got no Ma'!—"

"My father, he is on the seas,—my mother's dead and gone!  
And I am here, on this here pier, to roam the world alone;  
I have not had this live-long day one drop to cheer my heart,  
Nor 'brown' to buy a bit of bread,—no,—let alone a tart!

"If there's a soul will give me food, or find me in employ,  
By day or night, then blow me tight!" (he was a vulgar Boy);  
"And, now I'm here, from this here pier it is my fix'd intent  
To jump, as Mister Levi did from off the Monu-ment!"

"Cheer up! cheer up! my little man—cheer up!" I kindly said,  
"You are a naughty boy to take such things into your head:  
If you should jump from off the pier, you'd surely break your legs,  
Perhaps your neck—then Bogey'd have you, sure as eggs are eggs!"

"Come home with me, my little man, come home with me and sup;  
My landlady is Mrs. Jones—we must not keep her up—  
There's roast potatoes at the fire,—enough for me and you—  
Come home, you little vulgar Boy—I lodge at Number 2."

I took him home to Number 2, the house beside "The Foy,"  
I bade him wipe his dirty shoes,—that little vulgar Boy,—  
And then I said to Mistress Jones, the kindest of her sex,  
"Pray be so good as go and fetch a pint of double X!"

But Mrs. Jones was rather cross, she made a little noise,  
She said she "did not like to wait on little vulgar Boys."  
She with her apron wiped the plates, and, as she rubb'd the delf,  
Said I might "go to Jericho, and fetch my beer myself!"

I did not go to Jericho—I went to Mr. Cobb—\*  
I changed a shilling—(which in town the people call "a Bob")—  
It was not so much for myself as for that vulgar child—  
And I said, "A pint of double X, and please to draw it mild!"

When I came back I gazed about—I gazed on stool and chair—  
I could not see my little friend—because he was not there!  
I peep'd beneath the table-cloth—beneath the sofa too—  
I said, "You little vulgar Boy! why, what's become of you?"

I could not see my table-spoons—I look'd, but could not see  
The little fiddle-pattern'd ones I use when I'm at tea;  
—I could not see my sugar-tongs—my silver watch—oh, dear!  
I know 't was on the mantel-piece when I went out for beer.

I could not see my Macintosh—it was not to be seen!—  
Nor yet my best white beaver hat, broad-brimm'd and lined with  
green;  
My carpet-bag—my cruet-stand that holds my sauce and soy,—  
My roast potatoes!—all are gone!—and so's that vulgar Boy!

I rang the bell for Mrs. Jones, for she was down below,  
—"Oh, Mrs. Jones! what *do* you think?—ain't this a pretty go?—  
—That horrid little vulgar Boy whom I brought here to-night,  
—He's stolen my things and run away!!"—Says she, "And sarve  
you right!!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Next morning I was up betimes—I sent the Crier round,  
All with his bell and gold-laced hat, to say I'd give a pound  
To find that little vulgar Boy, who'd gone and used me so;  
But when the Crier cried "O Yes!" the people cried, "O No!"

I went to "Jarvis' Landing-place," the glory of the town,  
There was a Common-sailor-man a-walking up and down,

\* QUI FACIT PER ALIUM FACIT PER SE—Deem not, gentle stranger, that Mr.  
Cobb is a petty dealer and chapman, as Mr. Simpkinson would here seem to imply.  
He is a *maker*, not a retailer of stingo,—and mighty pretty tipples he *makes*.

I told my tale—he seem'd to think I'd not been treated well,  
And call'd me "Poor old Buffer!"—what that means I cannot tell.

That Sailor-man, he said he'd seen that morning on the shore,  
A son of—somebody whose name I'd never heard before,  
A little "gallows-looking chap"—dear me! what could he mean?  
With a "carpet-swab" and "muckingtogs," and a hat turned up with  
green.

He spoke about his "precious eyes," and said he'd seen him "sheer,"  
—It's very odd that Sailor-men should talk so very queer—  
And then he hitch'd his trousers up, as is, I'm told, their use,  
—It's very odd that Sailor-men should wear those things so loose.

I did not understand him well, but think he meant to say  
He'd seen that little vulgar Boy that morning swim away  
In Captain Large's Royal George, about an hour before,  
And they were now, as he supposed, "somewheres" about the Nore.

A landsman said "I *twig* the chap—he's been upon the Mill—  
And 'cause he *gammons* so the *flats*, ve calls him Veeping Bill!"  
He said he'd "done me wery brown," and nicely "*stow'd* the *swag*,"  
—That's French, I fancy, for a hat—or else a carpet-bag.

I went and told the Constable my property to track;  
He asked me if "I did not wish that I might get it back?"  
I answered, "To be sure I do! it's what I'm come about."  
He smiled and asked me "if my mother knew that I was out?"

Not knowing what to do, I thought I'd hasten back to town,  
And ask our own Lord Mayor to catch the Boy who'd "done me  
brown."

His Lordship very kindly said he'd try and find him out,  
But "rather thought that there were several vulgar boys about."

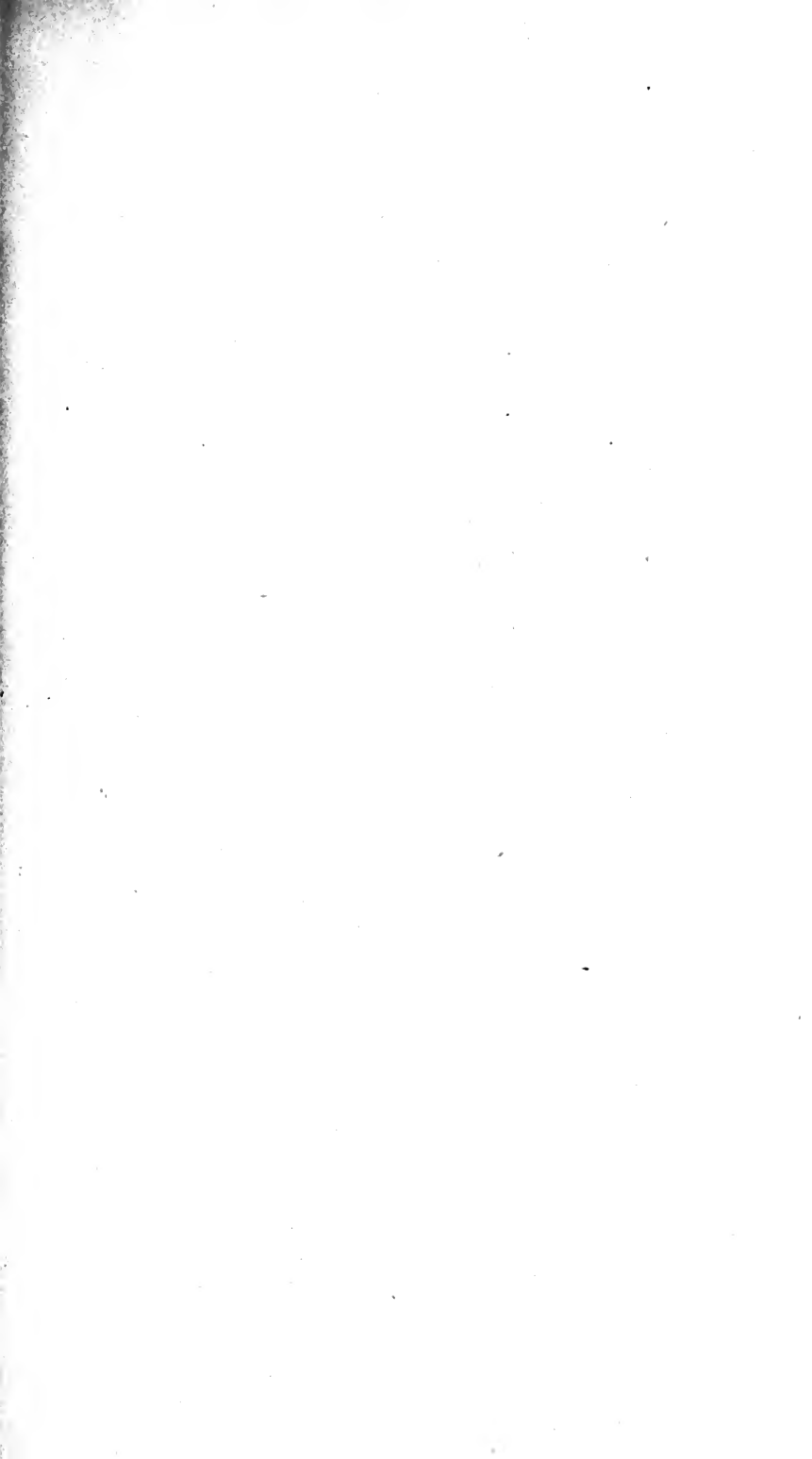
He sent for Mr. Whithair too, and I described "the swag,"  
My Macintosh, my sugar-tongs, my spoons, and carpet-bag;  
He promised that the New Police should all their powers employ;  
But never to this hour have I beheld that vulgar Boy!

#### MORAL.

Remember, then, what when a boy I've heard my Grandma' tell,  
"BE WARN'D IN TIME BY OTHERS' HARM, AND YOU SHALL DO  
FULL WELL!"

Don't link yourself with vulgar folks, who've got no fixed abode,  
Tell lies, use naughty words, and say they "wish they may be  
blow'd!"

Don't take too much of double X!—and don't at night go out  
To fetch your beer yourself, but make the pot-boy bring your stout!  
And when you go to Margate next, just stop, and ring the bell,  
Give my respects to Mrs. Jones, and say I'm pretty well!



## RAISING THE DEVIL.

A LEGEND OF ALBERTUS MAGNUS.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

"AND hast thou nerve enough?" he said,  
 That grey Old Man, above whose head  
 Unnumber'd years had roll'd,—  
 "And hast thou nerve to view," he cried,  
 "The incarnate Fiend that Heaven defied?  
 Art thou indeed so bold?"

"Say, cans't thou, with unshrinking gaze,  
 Sustain, rash youth, the withering blaze  
 Of that unearthly eye,  
 That blasts where'er it lights,—the breath  
 That, like the Simoom, scatters death  
 On all that yet *can* die!"

"Darest thou confront that fearful form,  
 That rides the whirlwind and the storm  
 In wild unholy revel?  
 The terrors of that blasted brow,  
 Archangel's once, though ruin'd now—  
 Ay,—dar'st thou face THE DEVIL?"

"I dare!" the desperate Youth replied,  
 And placed him by that Old Man's side,  
 In fierce and frantic glee,  
 Unblenched his cheek and firm his limb;  
 —"No paltry juggling fiend, but HIM!  
 THE DEVIL!—I fain would see!"

"In all his Gorgon terrors clad,  
 His worst, his fellest shape!" the Lad  
 Rejoined in reckless tone.—  
 "Have then thy wish!" Albertus said,  
 And sigh'd, and shook his hoary head,  
 With many a bitter groan.

He drew the mystic circle's bound,  
 With skull and cross-bones fenc'd around;  
 He traced full many a sigil there;  
 He mutter'd many a backward pray'r,  
 That sounded like a curse—  
 "He comes!"—he cried with wild grimace,  
 "The fellest of Apollyon's race!"—  
 Then in his startled pupil's face  
 He dash'd—an EMPTY PURSE!!

T. I.







## THE DEAD DRUMMER.

A LEGEND OF SALISBURY PLAIN.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.]

OH, Salisbury Plain is bleak and bare,—  
At least so I've heard many people declare,  
For I fairly confess I never was there;—

Not a shrub, nor a tree,

Nor a bush can you see;

No hedges, no ditches, no gates, no stiles,  
Much less a house, or a cottage, for miles;—  
It's a very sad thing to be caught in the rain  
When night's coming on upon Salisbury Plain.

Now, I'd have you to know

That, a great while ago,—

The best part of a century, may be, or so,  
Across this same plain, so dull and so dreary,  
A couple of Travellers, wayworn and weary,

Were making their way;

Their profession, you'd say,

At a single glance, did not admit of a query;  
The pump-handled pig-tail, and whiskers, worn then,  
With scarce an exception, by seafaring men,  
The jacket,—the loose trousers "bows'd up" together—all  
Guiltless of braces, as those of Charles Wetherall,—  
The pigeon-toed step, and the rollicking motion,  
Bespoke them two genuine sons of the Ocean,  
And show'd in a moment their real characters,  
(The accent's so placed on this word by our Jack Tars.)

The one in advance was sturdy and strong,

With arms uncommonly bony and long,

And his Guernsey shirt

Was all pitch and dirt,

Which sailors don't think inconvenient or wrong.

He was very broad-breasted,

And very deep-chested;

His sinewy frame correspond with the rest did,

Except as to height, for he could not be more

At the most, you would say, than some five feet four,

And if measured, perhaps had been found a thought lower.

Dame Nature, in fact,—whom some person or other,

A Poet, has call'd a "capricious step-mother,"—

You saw, when beside him,

Had somehow denied him

In longitude what she had granted in latitude,

A trifling defect

You'd the sooner detect

From his having contracted a stoop in his attitude.

Square-built and broad-shoulder'd, good-humoured and gay,

With his collar and countenance open as day,

The latter—'twas mark'd with small-pox, by the way,—

Had a sort of expression good will to bespeak ;  
 He'd a smile in his eye, and a quid in his cheek !  
 And, in short, notwithstanding his failure in height,  
 He was just such a man as you'd say, at first sight,  
 You would much rather dine, or shake hands, with than fight.

The other, his friend and companion, was taller  
 By five or six inches, at least, than the smaller ;  
     From his air and his mien  
     It was plain to be seen,  
     That he was, or had been,  
     A something between

The regular "Jack" and the "Jolly Marine."  
 For, though he would give an occasional hitch,  
 Sailor-like, to his "slops," there was something, the which,  
 On the whole, savoured more of the pipe-clay than pitch.—  
 Such were now the two men who appeared on the hill,  
 Harry Waters the tall one, the short "Spanking Bill."

    To be caught in the rain,  
     I repeat it again,  
 Is extremely unpleasant on Salisbury Plain ;  
 And when with a good soaking shower there are blended  
 Blue lightnings and thunder, the matter's not mended ;  
     Such was the case  
     In this wild dreary place,  
 On the day that I'm speaking of now, when the brace  
 Of trav'lers alluded to quickened their pace,  
 Till a good steady walk became more like a race,  
 To get quit of the tempest which held them in chace.

    Louder and louder  
     Than mortal gunpowder  
 The heav'nly artill'ry kept crashing and roaring,  
 The lightning kept flashing, the rain too kept pouring,  
     While they, helter-skelter,  
     In vain sought for shelter  
 From what I have heard term'd "a regular pelter ;"  
     But the deuce of a screen  
     Could be anywhere seen,  
 Or an object except that on one of the rises,  
     An old way-post show'd  
     Where the Lavington road  
 Branch'd off to the left from the one to Devizes ;  
 And thither the footsteps of Waters seem'd tending,  
 Though a doubt might exist of the course he was bending,  
 To a landsman, at least, who, wherever he goes,  
 Is content, for the most part, to follow his nose ;  
     While Harry kept "backing  
     And filling" and "tacking,"—  
 Two nautical terms which, I'll wager a guinea, are  
     Meant to imply  
     What you, Reader, and I  
 Would call going zig-zag, and not rectilinear.

But here, once for all, let me beg you'll excuse  
 All mistakes I may make in the words sailors use  
     'Mongst themselves, on a cruise,  
     Or ashore with the Jews,  
 Or in making their court to their Polls and their Sues,  
 Or addressing those slop-selling females afloat—women  
 Known in our navy as oddly-named boat-women.  
 The fact is, I can't say I'm vers'd in the school  
 So ably conducted by Marryat and Poole;  
 (See the last-mentioned gentleman's "Admiral's Daughter,"

The grand *vade mecum*

For all who to sea come,  
 And get the first time in their lives in blue water ;)  
 Of course in the use of sea terms you'll not wonder  
 If now and then I should fall into some blunder,  
 For which Captain Chamier or Mr. T. P. Cooke  
 Would call me a "Lubber" and "Son of a Sea-cook."

*To return to our muttons*—This mode of progression  
 At length upon Spanking Bill made some impression.

"Hillo, messmate, what cheer?"

How queer you *do* steer!"

Cried Bill, whose short legs kept him still in the rear.  
 "Why, what's in the wind, Bo?—what is it you fear?"  
 For he saw in a moment that something was frightening  
 His shipmate much more than the thunder and lightning.

—"Fear?" stammer'd out Waters, "why, HIM!—don't you see  
 What faces that Drummer-boy's making at me?"

How he dodges me so

Wherever I go?—

What is it he wants with me, Bill,—do you know?"

—"What, Drummer-boy, Harry?" cries Bill, in surprise,  
 (With a brief exclamation, that ended in "eyes,")

"What, Drummer-boy, Waters?—the coast is all clear,  
 We haven't got never no Drummer-boy here!"

—"Why, there!—don't you see

How he's following me?"

Now this way, now that way, and won't let me be?

Keep him off, Bill—look here—

Don't let him come near!

Only see how the blood-drops his features besmear!  
 What, the dead come to life again!—Bless me!—Oh, dear!"

Bill remarked in reply, "This is all very queer—  
 What, a Drummer-boy—bloody, too—eh!—well, I never—  
 I can't see no Drummer-boy here whatsumdever!"

"Not see him!—why, there;—look!—he's close by the post—  
 Hark!—hark!—how he drums at me now!—he's a Ghost!"

"A what?" return'd Bill,—at that moment a flash  
 More than commonly awful preceded a crash  
 Like what's call'd in Kentucky "an Almighty Smash."—  
 And down Harry Waters went plump on his knees,  
 While the sound, though prolong'd, died away by degrees;

In its last sinking echoes, however, were some  
Which, Bill could not help thinking, resembled a drum !  
“Hollo ! Waters !—I says,”

Quoth he in amaze,

“Why, I never see’d *nuffin* in all my born days  
Half so queer

As this here,

And I ’m not very clear

But that one of us two has good reason for fear—  
You to jaw about drummers, with nobody near us !—  
I must say as how that I thinks it ’s mysterus.”

“Oh, mercy !” roared Waters, “do keep him off, Bill,  
And, Andrew, forgive !—I ’ll confess all !—I will !

I ’ll make a clean breast,

And as for the rest,

You may do with me just what the lawyers think best ;  
But haunt me not thus !—let these visitings cease,  
And, your vengeance accomplish’d, Boy, leave me in peace !”  
Harry paused for a moment,—then, turning to Bill,  
Who stood with his mouth open, steady and still,  
Began “spinning” what nauticals term “a tough yarn,”  
Viz.: his tale of what Bill call’d “this precious *consarn*.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“It was in such an hour as this,  
On such a wild and wintery day,  
The forked lightning seem’d to hiss,  
As now, athwart our lonely way,  
When first these dubious paths I tried—  
*Yon livid form* was by my side !—

“Not livid then—the ruddy glow  
Of life, and youth, and health it bore !  
And bloodless was that gory brow,  
And cheerful was the smile it wore,  
And mildly then those eyes did shine—  
Those eyes which now are blasting mine !

“They beam’d with confidence and love  
Upon my face,—and Andrew Brand  
Had sooner fear’d yon frighten’d dove  
Than harm from Gervase Matcham’s hand !  
—I am no Harry Waters—men  
Did call me Gervase Matcham then.

“And Matcham, though a humble name,  
Was stainless as the feathery flake  
From Heaven, whose virgin whiteness came  
Upon the newly-frozen lake ;  
Commander, comrade, all began  
To praise the Soldier,—like the Man.

“Nay, muse not, William,—I have said  
I was a Soldier—staunch and true  
As any he above whose head  
Old England’s lion banner flew ;  
And, duty done, her claims apart,  
’Twas said I had a kindly heart.

“ And years roll’d on,—and with them came  
 Promotion—Corporal—Sergeant—all  
 In turn—I kept mine honest fame—  
 Our Colonel’s self,—whom men did call  
 The veriest Martinet—ev’n he,  
 Though cold to most, was kind to me!—

“ One morn—oh! may that morning stand  
 Accursed in the rolls of fate  
 Till latest time!—there came command  
 To carry forth a charge of weight  
 To a detachment far away,—  
 It was their regimental pay!—

“ And who so fit for such a task  
 As trusty Matcham, true and tried,  
 Who spurn’d the inebriating flask,  
 With honour for his constant guide?—  
 On Matcham fell their choice—and HE,—  
 “ Young Drum,”—should bear him company!

“ And grateful was that sound to hear,  
 For he was full of life and joy,  
 The mess-room pet—to each one dear  
 Was that kind, gay, light-hearted boy.  
 The veriest churl in all our band  
 Had aye a smile for Andrew Brand.—

“—Nay, glare not as I name thy name!  
 That threat’ning hand, that fearful brow  
 Relax—avert that glance of flame!  
 Thou seest I do thy bidding now.  
 Vex’d Spirit, rest!—’twill soon be o’er,—  
 Thy blood shall cry to Heav’n no more!

“ Enough—we journey’d on—the walk  
 Was long,—and dull and dark the day,—  
 And still young Andrew’s cheerful talk  
 And merry laugh beguiled the way;  
 Noon came—a sheltering bank was there,—  
 We paus’d our frugal meal to share.

“ Then ’twas, with cautious hand, I sought  
 To prove my charge secure,—and drew  
 The packet from my vest, and brought  
 The glittering mischief forth to view,  
 And Andrew cried,—No! ’twas not He!  
 It was THE TEMPTER spoke to me!

“ But it was Andrew’s laughing voice  
 That sounded in my tingling ear,  
 ‘ Now, Gervase Matcham, at thy choice,’  
 It seem’d to say, ‘ are gawds and gear,  
 And all that wealth can buy or bring,  
 Ease, wassail, worship—every thing!

- “ ‘ No tedious drill, no long parade,  
 No bugle call at early dawn ;  
 For guard-room bench, or barrack bed,  
 The downy couch, the sheets of lawn ;  
 And I thy Page, thy steps to tend,  
 Thy sworn companion, servant, friend !’
- “ He ceased—that is, I heard no more,  
 Though other words pass’d idly by,  
 And Andrew chatter’d as before,  
 And laugh’d—I mark’d him not—not I.  
 ‘ *Tis at thy choice !*’ that sound alone  
 Rang in mine ear—voice else was none.
- “ I could not eat,—the untasted flask  
 Mocked my parch’d lip,—I passed it by.  
 ‘ What ails thee, man ? ’ he seem’d to ask.  
 I *felt*, but could not *meet* his eye.—  
 ‘ *’Tis at thy choice !*’—it sounded yet,—  
 A sound I never may forget.
- “ ‘ Haste ! haste ! the day draws on,’ I cried,  
 ‘ And, Andrew, thou hast far to go !’—  
 ‘ *Hast far to go !*’ the Fiend replied  
 Within me,—’twas *not* Andrew—no !  
 ’Twas Andrew’s voice no more—’twas He  
 Whose then I was, and aye must be !
- “ On, on we went ;—the dreary plain  
 Was all around us—we were *Here* !  
 Then came the storm,—the lightning, rain,—  
 No earthly living thing was near,  
 Save one wild Raven on the wing,  
 —If that, indeed, were earthly thing !
- “ I heard its hoarse and screaming voice  
 High hovering o’er my frenzied head,  
 ‘ *Tis, Gervase Matcham, at thy choice !*  
 But he—the Boy !’ methought it said.  
 —Nay, Andrew, check that vengeful frown,  
 I lov’d thee when I struck thee down !
- \* \* \* \* \*
- “ ’Twas done !—the deed that damns me—done  
 I know not how—I never knew ;—  
 And *Here* I stood—but not alone,—  
 The prostrate Boy my madness slew,  
 Was by my side—limb, feature, name,  
 ’Twas He !!—another—yet the same.
- \* \* \* \* \*
- “ Away ! away ! in frantic haste  
 Throughout that live-long night I flew—  
 Away ! away ! across the waste,—  
 I know not how—I never knew,—  
 My mind was one wild blank—and I  
 Had but one thought,—one hope—to fly.



“ And, still the lightning ploughed the ground,  
 The thunder roared—and there would come  
 Amidst its loudest bursts a sound  
 Familiar once—it was—a drum !  
 Then came the morn,—and light,—and then  
 Streets, houses, spires—the hum of men.

“ And Ocean roll’d before me—fain  
 Would I have whelm’d me in its tide,  
 At once beneath the billowy main  
 My shame, my guilt, my crime to hide ;  
 But HE was there !—HE cross’d my track,—  
 I dared not pass—HE waved me back !

“ And then rude hands detained me—sure  
 Justice had grasp’d her victim—no !  
 Though powerless, hopeless, bound, secure,  
 A captive thrall, it was not so ;  
 They cry ‘ The Frenchman’s on the wave !’  
 The press was hot—and I a slave.

“ They dragg’d me o’er the vessel’s side ;  
 The world of waters roll’d below ;  
 The gallant ship, in all her pride  
 Of dreadful beauty, sought her foe ;  
 Thou saw’st me, William, in the strife—  
 Alack ! I bore a charmed life ;

“ In vain the bullets round me fly,  
 In vain mine eager breast I bare ;  
 Death shuns the wretch who longs to die,  
 And every sword falls edgeless there !  
 Still HE is near, and seems to cry,  
 ‘ Not *here*, nor *thus*, may Matcham die !’—

“ Thou saw’st me, on that fearful day,  
 When, fruitless all attempts to save,  
 Our pinnace foundering in the bay,  
 The boat’s-crew met a watery grave,—  
 All, all save ONE—the ravenous sea  
 That swallows all—rejected ME !

“ And now, when fifteen suns have each  
 Fulfilled in turn its circling year,  
 Thrown back again on England’s beach,  
 Our bark paid off—HE drives me *Here* !  
 I could not die in flood or fight—  
 HE drives me *HERE* ! !”—

“ And sarve you right !

“ What ! bilk your Commander !—desart—and then rob !  
 And go scuttling a poor little Drummer-boy’s nob !  
 Why, my precious eyes ! what a bloodthirsty swab !  
 There’s old Davy Jones,  
 Who cracks Sailors’ bones

For his jaw-work, would never, I'm sure, s'elp me, Bob,  
Have come for to go for to do sich a job!  
Hark ye, Waters, — or Matcham, — whichever 's your purser-  
name,

—T'other, your own, is, I'm sartain, the worser name,—  
Twelve years have we lived on like brother and brother !  
Now—your course lays one way, and mine lays another !”

“No, William, it may not be so ;  
 Blood calls for blood !—’tis Heaven’s decree !  
 And thou with me this night must go,  
 And give me to the gallows-tree !  
 Ha !—see—he smiles—he points the way !  
 On, William, on !—no more delay !”

Now Bill,—so the story, as told to me, goes,  
And who, as his last speech sufficiently shows,  
Was a “regular trump,”—did not like to “turn Nose;”  
But then came a thunder-clap louder than any  
Of those that preceded, though they were so many;  
And hark!—as its rumblings subside in a hum,  
What sound mingles too?—By the hokey—A DRUM!!

\* \* \* \* \*

I remember I once heard my Grandfather say,  
That some sixty years since he was going that way,  
    When they show'd him the spot  
    Where the gibbet—was not—  
On which Matcham's corse had been hung up to rot ;  
It had fall'n down—but how long before, he 'd forgot ;  
And they told him, I think, at the Bear in Devizes,  
Some town where the Sessions are held, or the 'Sizes,  
    That Matcham confess'd  
    And made a clean breast  
To the May'r ; but that, after he 'd had a night's rest,  
And the storm had subsided, he "pooh-pooh'd" his friend,  
Swearing all was a lie from beginning to end ;  
    Said "he 'd only been drunk—  
    That his spirits had sunk  
At the thunder—the storm put him into a funk,—  
That, in fact, he had nothing at all on his conscience,  
And found out, in short, he 'd been talking great nonsense."  
    But one Mr. Jones  
    Comes forth and depones  
That fifteen years ago he had heard certain groans  
On his way to Stone Henge, (to examine the stones  
Described in a work of the late Sir John Soanes,)     That he 'd followed the moans,  
    And, led by their tones,  
Found a Raven a-picking a Drummer-boy's bones !  
    Then the Colonel wrote word  
    From the King's forty-third,  
That the story was certainly true which they 'd heard,  
For, that one of their drummers, and one Sergeant Matcham

Had "brushed with the dibs," and they never could catch 'em.  
 So Justice was sure, though a long time she 'd lagg'd,  
 And the Sergeant, in spite of his "Gammon," got "scragg'd."

And people averr'd

That an ugly black bird,

The same Raven, 'twas hinted, of whom we have heard,

Though the story, I own, appears rather absurd,

Was seen (Gervase Matcham not being interr'd),

To roost all that night on the murderer's gibbet ;

An odd thing, if so, and it may be a fib—it,

However, 's a thing Nature's laws don't prohibit.

Next morning they add, that "black gentleman" flies out,

Having picked Matcham's nose off, and gobbled his eyes out.

#### MORAL.

#### *Avis au Voyageur.*

##### *Imprimis.*

If you contemplate walking on Salisbury Plain,  
 Consult Mr. Murphy, or Moore, and refrain  
 From selecting a day when it's likely to rain !

2°.

When you 're trav'ling, don't "flash"

Your notes or your cash

Before other people—it's foolish and rash !

3°.

At dinner be cautious, and note well your party ;  
 There's little to dread where the appetite's hearty,—  
 But mind and look well to your purse and your throttle  
 When you see a man shirking, and passing his bottle !

4°.

If you chance to be needy,

Your coat and hat seedy,

In war-time especially, never go out

When you've reason to think there's a press-gang about !

5°.

Don't chatter, nor tell people all that you think,  
 Nor blab secrets, especially when you're in drink,  
 But, keep your own counsel in all that you do,  
 Or a Counsel may, some day or other, keep you !

6°.

Discard superstition ! and don't take a post,  
 If you happen to see one at night, for a Ghost !

Last of all, if by choice or convenience you're led

To cut a man's throat, or demolish his head,

Don't do 't in a thunder-storm—wait for the summer,

And be sure, above all things, the MAN'S NOT A DRUMMER !!

T. I.



## THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

A LEGEND OF ITALY.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.]

\* \* \* Of the Merchant of Venice there are two 4to. editions in 1600, one by Heyes and the other by Roberts. The Duke of Devonshire and Lord Francis Egerton have copies of the edition by Heyes, and *they vary importantly*.

\* \* \* It must be acknowledged that *this* is a very easy and happy emendation, which does not admit of a moment's doubt or dispute.

\* \* \* Readers in general are not all aware of the *nonsense* they have in many cases been accustomed to receive as the genuine text of Shakspeare!

*Reasons for a new edition of Shakspeare's Works, by J. Payne Collier.*

I BELIEVE there are few  
But have heard of a Jew,  
Named Shylock, of Venice, as errant a "Screw"  
In money transactions, as ever you knew;  
An exorbitant miser, who never yet lent  
A ducat at less than three hundred per cent.,  
Insomuch that the veriest spendthrift in Venice,  
Who 'd take no more care of his pounds than his pennies,  
When press'd for a loan, at the very first sight  
Of his terms, would back out, and take refuge in *Flight*.

It is not my purpose to pause and inquire  
If he might not, in managing thus to retire,  
Jump out of the frying-pan into the fire;  
Suffice it, that folks would have nothing to do,  
Who could possibly help it, with Shylock the Jew.

But, however discreetly one cuts and contrives,  
We've been most of us taught, in the course of our lives,  
That "Needs must when the Elderly Gentleman drives."

In proof of this rule,

A thoughtless young fool,  
Bassanio, a Lord of the Tom-noddy school,  
Who, by showing at Operas, Balls, Plays, and Court,  
A "swelling" (Payne Collier would read "swilling") "port,"  
And inviting his friends to dine, breakfast, and sup,  
Had shrunk his "weak means," and was "stump'd" and "hard  
up,"

Took occasion to send  
To his very good friend

Antonio, a merchant whose wealth had no end,  
And who 'd often before had the kindness to lend  
Him large sums, on his note, which he 'd managed to spend.

"Antonio," said he,

"Now listen to me:

I've just hit on a scheme which I think you'll agree,

All matters considered, is no bad design,  
And which, if it succeeds, will suit your book and mine.

“In the first place, you know all the money I’ve got,  
Time and often, from you has been long gone to pot,  
And in making those loans you have made a bad shot;  
Now do as the boys do when, shooting at sparrows  
And tom-tits, they chance to lose one of their arrows,  
—Shoot another the same way—I’ll watch well its track,  
And, turtle to tripe, I’ll bring both of them back!—

So list to my plan,

And do what you can

To attend to and second it, that’s a good man!

“There’s a Lady, young, handsome beyond all compare, at  
A place they call Belmont, whom, when I was there, at  
The suppers and parties my friend Lord Mountferrat  
Was giving last season, we all used to stare at.  
Then, as to her wealth, her Solicitor told mine,  
Besides vast estates, a pearl-fishery, and gold mine,

Her iron strong-box

Seems bursting its locks,

It’s stuffd so with shares in “Grand Junctions” and “Docks,”  
Not to speak of the money she’s got in the Stocks,

French, Dutch, and Brazilian,

Columbian, and Chilian,

In English Exchequer-bills full half a million,  
Not “kites,” manufactured to cheat and inveigle,  
But the right sort of ‘flimsy,’ all sign’d by Monteaagle.  
Then I know not how much in Canal-shares and Railways,  
And more speculations I need not detail, ways  
Of vesting which, if not so safe as some think ’em,  
Contribute a deal to improving one’s income;

In short, she’s a Mint!—

—Now I say, deuce is in ’t

If, with all my experience, I can’t take a hint,  
And her ‘eye’s speechless messages,’ plainer than print  
At the time that I told you of, know from a squint.

In short, my dear Tony,

My trusty old crony,

Do stump up three thousand once more as a loan—I  
Am sure of my game—though, of course, there are brutes  
Of all sorts and sizes preferring their suits  
To her, you may call the Italian Miss Coutts,  
Yet Portia—she’s named from that daughter of Cato’s—  
Is not to be snapp’d up like little potatoes,

And I have not a doubt

I shall rout every lout

Ere you’ll whisper Jack Robinson—cut them all out—

Surmount every barrier,

Carry her, marry her!

—Then hey! my old Tony, when once fairly noosed,  
For her Three-and-a-half per Cents—New and Reduced!”

With a wink of his eye  
 His friend made reply  
 In his jocular manner, sly, caustic, and dry,  
 "Still the same boy, Bassanio—never say 'die'!  
 —Well—I hardly know how I shall do't, but I'll try,—  
 Don't suppose my affairs are at all in a hash,  
 But the fact is, at present I'm quite out of cash;  
 The bulk of my property, merged in rich cargoes, is  
 Tossing about, as you know, in my Argosies,  
 Tending, of course, my resources to cripple,—I.  
 've one bound to England,—another to Tripoli—  
 Cyprus—Masulipatam—and Bombay;—  
     A sixth, by the way,  
     I consigned t' other day  
 To Sir Gregor M'Gregor, Cacique of Poyais,  
 A country where silver's as common as clay.  
     Meantime, till they tack,  
     And come, some of them, back,  
 What with Custom-house duties, and bills falling due,  
 My account with Jones, Lloyd, and Co., looks rather blue;  
 While, as for the 'ready,' I'm like a Church-mouse,—  
 I really don't think there's five pounds in the house.  
     But, no matter for that,  
     Let me just get my hat,  
 And my new silk umbrella that stands on the mat,  
 And we'll go forth at once to the market—we two,—  
 And try what my credit in Venice can do;  
 I stand well on 'Change, and, when all's said and done, I  
 Don't doubt I shall get it for love or for money."

They were going to go,  
 When, lo! down below,  
 In the street, they heard somebody crying, "Old Clo'!"  
 —"By the Pope, there's the man for our purpose!—I knew  
 We should not have to search long. Salanio, run you,  
 And, Salario,—quick!—haste! ere he get out of view,  
 And call in that scoundrel, old Shylock the Jew!"

With a pack,  
 Like a sack  
 Of old clothes at his back,  
 And three hats on his head, Shylock came in a crack,  
 Saying, "Rest you fair, Signior Antonio! vat, pray,  
 Might your vorship be pleased for to vant in my vay?"

—"Why, Shylock, although,  
 As you very well know,  
 I am what they call 'warm,'—pay my way as I go,  
 And, as to myself, neither borrow nor lend,  
 I can break a rule, to oblige an old friend;  
 And that's the case now—Lord Bassanio would raise  
 Some three thousand ducats—well,—knowing your ways,

And that nought's to be got from you, say what one will,  
Unless you've a couple of names to the bill,

Why, for once, I'll put mine to it,

Yes, seal and sign to it—

Now, then, old Sinner, let's hear what you'll say  
As to 'doing' a bill at three months from to-day?  
Three thousand gold ducats, mind—all in good bags  
Of hard money—no sealing-wax, slippers, or rags?"—

"—Vell, ma tear," says the Jew,

I'll see vat I can do!

But Mishter Antonio, hark you, 'tish funny

You say to me, Shylock, ma tear, ve'd have money!

Ven you very vell knows

How you shpit on ma clothes,

And use naughty vords—call me Dog—and avouch

Dat I put too much int'resh't by half in ma pouch,

And while I, like de resht of ma tribe, shrug and crouch,

You find fault mit ma pargains, and say I'm a Smouch.

"—Vell!—no matters, ma tear,—

Von vord in your ear!

I'd be friends mit you bote—and to make dat appear,

Vy, I'll find you de monies as soon as you vill,

Only von littel joke musht be put in de pill;

Ma tear, you musht say,

If on such and such day

Such sum, or such sums, you shall fail to repay,

I shall cut vere I like, as de pargain is proke,

A fair pound of your flesh—chest by vay of a joke."

So novel a clause

Caused Bassanio to pause;

But Antonio, like most of those sage "Johnny Raws"

Who care not three straws

About Lawyers or Laws,

And think cheaply of "Old father Antic," because

They have never experienced a gripe from his claws,

"Pooh pooh'd" the whole thing. — "Let the Smouch have his way—

Why, what care I, pray,

For his penalty?—Nay,

It's a forfeit he'd never expect me to pay;

And, come what come may,

I hardly need say,

My ships will be back a full month ere the day."

So, anxious to see his friend off on his journey,

And thinking the whole but a paltry concern, he

Affixed with all speed

His name to a deed,

Duly stamp'd and drawn up by a sharp Jew attorney.

Thus again furnish'd forth, Lord Bassanio, instead

Of squandering the cash, after giving one spread,

With fiddling and masques, at the Saracen's Head,





*The Household of Henry*



In the morning made play,  
 And, without more delay,  
 Started off in the steam-boat for Belmont next day.  
 But scarcely had he  
 From the harbour got free,  
 And left the Lagunes for the broad open sea,  
 Ere the 'Change and Rialto both rung with the news  
 That he 'd carried off more than mere cash from the Jew's.

Though Shylock was old,  
 And, if rolling in gold,  
 Was as ugly a dog as you 'd wish to behold,  
 For few in his tribe 'mongst their Levis and Moseses  
 Sported so Jewish an eye, beard, and nose as his,  
 Still, whate'er the opinions of Horace, and some be,  
 Your *aquilæ* generate sometimes *Columbæ*.\*  
 Like Jephthah, as Hamlet says, he 'd "one fair daughter,"  
 And every gallant, who caught sight of her, thought her  
 A jewel—a gem of the very first water ;

A great many sought her,  
 Till one at last caught her,  
 And upsetting all that the Rabbis had taught her,  
 To feelings so truly reciprocal brought her,  
 That the very same night  
 Bassanio thought right  
 To give all his old friends that farewell "invite,"  
 While old Shylock was gone there to feed out of spite,  
 On "wings made by a tailor" the damsel took flight.

By these "wings" I 'd express  
 A grey duffle dress,  
 With brass badge and muffin cap, made as by rule  
 For an upper class boy in the National School.  
 Jessy ransack'd the house, popped her breeks on, and when so  
 Disguised, bolted off with her beau—one Lorenzo,  
 An "Unthrif," who lost not a moment in whisking

Her into the boat,  
 And was fairly afloat  
 Ere her Pa had got rid of the smell of the griskin.

Next day, while old Shylock was making a racket,  
 And threatening how well he 'd dust every man's jacket  
 Who 'd helped her in getting aboard of the packet,  
 Bassanio at Belmont was capering and prancing,  
 And bowing, and scraping, and singing, and dancing,  
 Making eyes at Miss Portia, and doing his best  
 To perform the polite, and to cut out the rest ;  
 And, if left to herself, he, no doubt, had succeeded,  
 For none of them waltz'd so genteelly as he did ;

But an obstacle lay,  
 Of some weight, in his way,  
 The defunct Mr. P. who was now turned to clay,

\* Nec imbellem feroces  
 Progenerant aquilæ columbam.—HOR.

Had been an odd man, and though all for the best he meant,  
 Left but a queer sort of "Last will and testament," —  
     Bequeathing her hand,  
     With her houses and land,  
 &c., from motives one don't understand,  
 As she rev'renced his memory, and valued his blessing,  
 To him who should turn out the best hand at guessing!

    Like a good girl, she did  
     Just what she was bid,  
 In one of three caskets her picture she hid,  
 And clapped a conundrum a-top of each lid.

A couple of Princes, a black and a white one,  
 Tried first, but they both failed in choosing the right one.  
 Another from Naples, who shoed his own horses;  
 A French Lord, whose graces might vie with Count D'Orsay's;  
 A young English Baron; a Scotch Peer, his neighbour;  
 A dull drunken Saxon, all mustache and sabre;  
 All followed, and all had their pains for their labour.  
 Bassanio came last—happy man be his dole!  
 Put his conjuring cap on,—considered the whole,—  
     The gold put aside as  
     Mere "hard food for Midas,"  
     The silver bade trudge  
     As a "pale common drudge;"  
 Then choosing the little lead box in the middle,  
 Came plump on the picture, and found out the riddle.

Now you're not such a Goose as to think, I dare say,  
 Gentle Reader, that all this was done in a day,  
     Any more than the dome  
     Of St. Peter's at Rome  
 Was built in the same space of time; and, in fact,  
     Whilst Bassanio was doing  
     His billing and cooing,  
 Three months had gone by ere he reach'd the fifth act;  
 Meanwhile, that unfortunate bill became due,  
 Which his Lordship had almost forgot, to the Jew,  
     And Antonio grew  
     In a deuce of a stew,  
 For he could not cash up, spite of all he could do;  
 (The bitter old Israelite would not renew,)  
 What with contrary winds, storms, and wrecks, and embargoes,  
     his  
 Funds were all stopped, or gone down in his argosies,  
 None of the set having come into port,  
 And Shylock's attorney was moving the Court,  
 For the forfeit supposed to be set down in sport.

The serious news  
 Of this step of the Jew's,

And his fix'd resolution all terms to refuse,  
 Gave the newly-made Bridegroom a fit of "the Blues,"  
 Especially, too, as it came from the pen  
 Of his poor friend himself on the wedding-day,—then,  
 When the Parson had scarce shut his book up, and when  
 The Clerk was yet uttering the final Amen.

"Dear Friend," it continued, "all's up with me—I  
 Have nothing on earth now to do but to die!  
 And, as death clears all scores, you're no longer my debtor;  
     I should take it as kind  
     Could you come—never mind—  
 If your love don't persuade you, why don't let this letter!"

I hardly need say this was scarcely read o'er  
     Ere a post-chaise and four  
     Was brought round to the door,  
 And Bassanio, though, doubtless, he thought it a bore,  
 Gave his Lady one kiss, and then started at score.  
     But scarce in his flight  
     Had he got out of sight,  
 When Portia, addressing a groom, said, "My lad, you a  
 Journey must take on the instant to Padua,  
 Find out there Bellario, a Doctor of Laws,  
 Who, like Follett, is never left out of a cause,  
     And give him this note,  
     Which I've hastily wrote,  
 Take the papers he'll give you—then push for the ferry  
 Below, where I'll meet you—you'll do't in a wherry,  
 If you can't find a boat on the Brenta with sails to it—  
 —Stay!—bring his gown too, and wig with three tails to it."

Giovanni (that's Jack)  
 Brought out his hack,  
 Made a bow to his mistress, then jump'd on its back,  
 Put his hand to his hat, and was off in a crack.  
 The Signora soon follow'd, herself, taking as her  
 Own escort Nerissa her maid, and Balthazar.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

"The Court is prepared, the Lawyers are met,  
 The Judges all ranged, a terrible show!"  
 As Captain Macheath says, and when one's in debt,  
 The sight's as unpleasant a one as I know,  
 Yet still not so bad after all, I suppose,  
 As if, when one cannot discharge what one owes,  
 They could bid people cut off one's toes or one's nose,  
     Yet here, a worse fate,  
     Stands Antonio, of late

A Merchant, might vie e'en with Princes in state,  
 With his waistcoat unbutton'd, prepared for the knife,  
 Which, in taking a pound of flesh, must take his life;  
 On the other side Shylock, his bag on the floor,  
 And three shocking bad hats on his head as before,

Imperturbable stands,  
 As he waits their commands,  
 With his scales and his great *snicker-snee* in his hands;  
 Between them, equipt in a wig, gown, and bands,  
 With a very smooth face a young dandified Lawyer,  
 Whose air, ne'ertheless, speaks him quite a top-sawyer,  
 Though his hopes are but feeble,  
 Does his *possible*  
 To make the hard Hebrew to mercy incline,  
 And, in lieu of his three thousand ducats take nine,  
 Which Bassanio, for reasons we well may divine,  
 Shows in so many bags all drawn up in a line.  
 But vain are all efforts to soften him—still  
 He points to the bond  
 He so often has conn'd,  
 And says in plain terms he'll be shot if he will.  
 So the dandified Lawyer, with talking grown hoarse,  
 Says, "I can say no more—let the law take its course."

Just fancy the gleam of the eye of the Jew,  
 As he sharpen'd his knife on the sole of his shoe  
 From the toe to the heel,  
 And grasping the steel,  
 With a business-like air was beginning to feel  
 Whereabouts he should cut, as a butcher would veal,  
 When the dandified Judge puts a spoke in his wheel.  
 "Stay, Shylock," says he,  
 "Here's one thing—you see  
 This bond of yours gives you here no jot of blood!  
 —The words are 'A pound of flesh,'—that's clear as mud—  
 Slice away, then, old fellow—but mind!—if you spill  
 One drop of his claret that's not in your bill,  
 I'll hang you like Haman!—By Jingo I will!"

When apprized of this flaw,  
 You never yet saw  
 Such an awfully mark'd elongation of jaw  
 As in Shylock, who cried, "Plesh ma heart! ish dat law?"—  
 —Off went his three hats,  
 And he look'd as the cats  
 Do, whenever a mouse has escaped from their claw.  
 "—Ish't the law?—why the thing won't admit of a query—  
 There's no doubt of the fact,  
 Only look at the act;

*Acto quinto, cap: tertio, Dogi Falieri—*

Nay, if, rather than cut, you'd relinquish the debt,  
 The Law, Master Shy, has a hold on you yet.  
 See Foscari's statutes at large—'If a stranger  
 A citizen's life shall, with malice, endanger,  
 The whole of his property, little or great,  
 Shall go, on conviction, one half to the State,  
 And one to the person pursued by his hate;

And, not to create  
 Any farther debate,  
 The Doge, if he pleases, may cut off his pate.  
 So down on your marrowbones, Jew, and ask mercy!  
 Defendant and Plaintiff are now *wisy wersy*."

What need to declare  
 How pleased they all were  
 At so joyful an end to so sad an affair?  
 Or Bassanio's delight at the turn things had taken,  
 His friend having saved, to the letter, his bacon?  
 How Shylock got shaved, and turn'd Christian, though late,  
 To save a life-int'rest in half his estate?  
 How the dandified Lawyer, who'd managed the thing,  
 Would not take any fee for his pains but a ring,  
 Which Mrs. Bassanio had giv'n to her spouse,  
 With injunctions to keep it, on leaving the house?  
 How when he, and the spark  
 Who appeared as his clerk,  
 Had thrown off their wigs, and their gowns, and their jetty coats,  
 There stood Nerissa and Portia in petticoats?  
 How they pouted and flouted, and acted the cruel,  
 Because Lord Bassanio had not kept his jewel?  
 How they scolded, and broke out,  
 Till, having their joke out,  
 They kissed, and were friends, and all blessing and blessed,  
 Drove home by the light  
 Of a moonshiny night,  
 Like the one in which Troilus, the brave Trojan knight,  
 Sat astride on a wall, and sigh'd after his Cressid?

All this, if 't were meet,  
 I'd go on to repeat,  
 But a story spun out so's by no means a treat,  
 So, I'll merely relate what, in spite of the pains  
 I have taken to rummage among his remains,  
 No edition of Shakspeare, I've met with, contains;  
 But, if the account which I've heard be the true one,  
 We shall have it, no doubt, before long, in a new one.

In an MS., then, sold  
 For its full weight in gold,  
 And knock'd down to my friend, Lord Tomnoddy, I'm told  
 It's recorded that Jessy, coquettish and vain,  
 Gave her husband, Lorenzo, a good deal of pain;  
 Being mildly rebuked, she levanted again,  
 Ran away with a Scotchman, and, crossing the main,  
 Became known by the name of the "Flower of Dumblane."

That Antonio, whose piety caused, as we've seen,  
 Him to spit upon every old Jew's gaberdine,  
 And whose goodness to paint  
 All colours were faint,

Acquired the well-merited prefix of "Saint,"  
 And the Doge, his admirer, of honour the fount,  
 Having given him a patent, and made him a Count,  
 He went over to England, got nat'ralis'd there,  
 And espous'd a rich heiress in Hanover Square.

That Shylock came with him, no longer a Jew,  
 But converted, I think may be possibly true,  
 But that Walpole, as these self-same papers aver,  
 By changing the *y* in his name into *er*,  
 Should allow him a fictitious surname to dish up,  
 And in Seventeen-twenty-eight make him a Bishop,  
 I cannot believe—but shall still think them two men  
 Till some sage proves the fact "with his usual *acumen*."

---

MORAL.

From this tale of the Bard  
 It's uncommonly hard  
 If an Editor can't draw a moral.—'Tis clear,  
 Then,—In ev'ry young wife-seeking Bachelor's ear  
 A maxim, 'bove all other stories, this one drums,  
 "PITCH GREEK TO OLD HARRY, AND STICK TO CONUN-  
 DRUMS!!"

To new-married Ladies this lesson it teaches,  
 "You're 'no that far wrong' in assuming the breeches!"

Monied men upon 'Change, and rich Merchants it schools  
 To look well to assets—nor play with edge-tools!

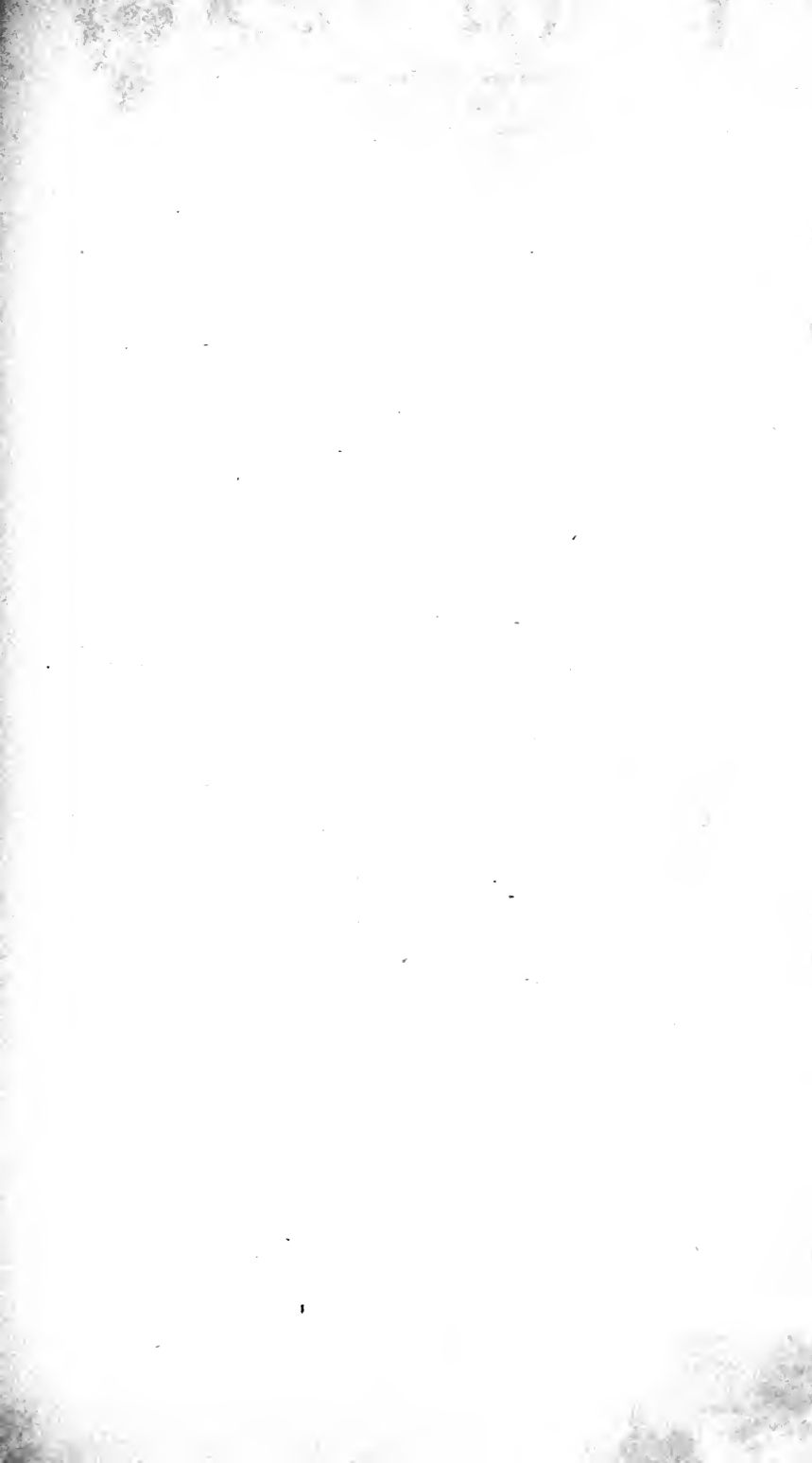
Last of all, this remarkable History shows men,  
 What caution they need when they deal with old-clothes-men!

So bid John and Mary  
 To mind and be wary,  
 And never let one of them come down the are'!

T. I.

Tappington, April 1.







*The Lay of St. Cutbert*

## THE LAY OF ST. CUTHBERT;

OR,

## THE DEVIL'S DINNER-PARTY.

## A LEGEND OF THE NORTH COUNTRÉE.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.]

Nobilis quidam cui nomen *Monsr. Lescrop Chivaler* cum invitasset convivas et hora convivii jam instante et apparatu facto, spe frustratus esset, excusantibus se convivis cur non compararent, prorupit iratus in hæc verba: "*Veniant igitur omnes demones, si nullus hominum mecum esse potest!*"

Quod cum fieret, et Dominus, et famuli, et ancillæ, a domo properantes, forte obliti, infantem in cunis jacentem secum non auferunt. Dæmones incipiunt comessari et vociferari, prospicereque per fenestras formis ursorum, luporum, felium, et monstrare pocula vino repleta. *Ah*, inquit pater, *ubi infans meus?* Vix cum hæc dixisset unus ex Dæmonibus ulnis suis infantem ad fenestram gestat, &c.

*Chronicon de Bolton.*

T's in Bolton Hall, and the Clock strikes One,  
And the roast meat 's brown, and the boil'd meat 's  
done,  
And the barbecu'd sucking-pig's crisp'd to a turn,  
And the pancakes are fried, and beginning to burn;  
The fat stubble-geese  
Swims in gravy and juice,  
With the mustard and apple-sauce ready for use;  
Fish, flesh, and fowl, and all of the best,  
Want nothing but eating—they're all ready drest.  
But where is the Host, and where is the Guest?

Pantler and serving-man, henchman and page,  
Stand sniffing the duck-stuffing (onion and sage),  
And the scullions and cooks,  
With fidgetty looks,  
Are grumbling, and mutt'ring, and scowling as black  
As cooks always do when the dinner's put back;  
For though the board's deckt, and the napery, fair  
As the unsunn'd snow-flake, is spread out with care,  
And the dais is furnish'd with stool and with chair,  
And plate of *orfèvrerie* costly and rare,  
Apostle-spoons, salt-cellar, all are there,  
And Mess John in his place,  
With his rubicund face,  
And his hands ready folded, prepared to say Grace.  
Yet where is the Host?—and his convives—where?

The Scroope sits lonely in Bolton Hall,  
And he watches the dial that hangs by the wall,  
He watches the large hand, he watches the small,  
And he fidgets, and looks  
As cross as the cooks,

And he utters a word which we'll soften to "Zooks!"  
And he cries, "What on earth has become of them all?"—

What can delay

De Vaux and De Saye?

What makes Sir Gilbert de Umfraville stay?

What's gone with Poyntz, and Sir Reginald Braye?

Why are Ralph Ufford and Marny away?

And De Nokes, and De Stiles, and Lord Marmaduke Grey?

And De Roe?

And De Doe?

Poynings and Vavasour—where be they?

Fitz-Walter, Fitz-Osbert, Fitz-Hugh, and Fitz-John,

And the Mandevilles, *père et filz* (father and son)?

Their cards all said "Dinner precisely at One!"

There's nothing I hate, in

The world, like waiting!

It's a monstrous great bore, when a Gentleman feels

A good appetite, thus to be kept from his meals!"

It's in Bolton Hall, and the clock strikes Two!

And the scullions and cooks are themselves in "a stew,"

And the kitchen-maids stand, and don't know what to do,

For the rich plum-puddings are bursting their bags,

And the mutton and turnips are boiling to rags,

And the fish is all spoil'd,

And the butter's all oil'd,

And the soup's all got cold in the silver tureen,

And there's nothing, in short, that is fit to be seen!

While Sir Guy Le Scroope continues to fume,

And to fret by himself in the tapestried room,

And still fidgets, and looks

More cross than the cooks,

And repeats that bad word, which we've soften'd to "Zooks!"

Two o'clock's come, and Two o'clock's gone,

And the large and the small hands move steadily on,

Still nobody's there,

No De Roos, or De Clare,

To taste of the Scroope's most delicate fare,

Or to quaff off a health unto Bolton's Heir,

That nice little boy who sits there in his chair,

Some four years old, and a few months to spare,

With his laughing blue eyes, and his long curly hair,

Now sucking his thumb, and now munching his pear.

Again, Sir Guy the silence broke,

"It's hard upon Three!—it's just on the stroke!

Come, serve up the dinner!—A joke is a joke!"—

Little he deems that Stephen de Hoaques,\*

\* For a full account of this facetious "*Chivaler*," see the late (oh! that we should have to say "late"! ) Theodore Hook's "*History of the illustrious Commoners of Great Britain*," as quoted in the *Memoirs of John Bragg, Esq.* page

Who "his fun," as the Yankees say, everywhere "pokes,"  
 And is always a great deal too fond of his jokes,  
 Has written a circular note to De Nokes,  
 And De Stiles, and De Roe, and the rest of the folks,  
     One and all,  
     Great and small,

Who were asked to the Hall,  
 To dine there, and sup, and wind up with a ball,  
 And had told all the party a great bouncing lie he  
 Cook'd up, that "the *fête* was postponed *sine die*,  
 The dear little curly-wig'd heir of Le Scroope  
 Being taken alarmingly ill with the croup!"

When the clock struck Three,  
 And the Page on his knee  
 Said, "An't please you, Sir Guy Le Scroope, *On a servi!*"  
 And the Knight found the banquet-hall empty and clear,  
     With nobody near  
     To partake of his cheer,  
 He stamp'd, and he storm'd—then his language!—Oh dear!  
 'Twas awful to see, and 'twas awful to hear!  
 And he cried to the button-deck'd Page at his knee,  
 Who had told him so civilly "*On a servi,*"  
 "Ten thousand fiends seize them, wherever they be!  
 —The Devil take *them!* and the Devil take *thee!*  
 And the DEVIL MAY EAT UP THE DINNER FOR ME!!"

In a terrible fume  
 He bounced out of the room,  
 He bounced out of the house—and page, footman, and groom  
 Bounced after their master; for scarce had they heard  
 Of this left-handed Grace the last finishing word,  
 Ere the horn, at the gate of the Barbican tower,  
 Was blown with a loud twenty-trumpeter power,  
     And in rush'd a troop  
     Of strange guests!—such a group  
 As had ne'er before darkened the doors of the Scroope!

This looks like De Saye—yet—it is not De Saye—  
 And this is—no, 'tis not—Sir Reginald Braye—  
 This has somewhat the favour of Marmaduke Grey—  
 But stay!—*Where on earth did he get those long nails?*  
 Why, they're *claws!*—then, Good Gracious!—they've all of  
     them *tails!*  
 That can't be De Vaux—why, his nose is a bill,  
 Or, I would say, a beak!—and he can't keep it still!—  
 Is that Poynings?—Oh Gemini!—look at his feet!!

344 of the 75th volume of the Standard Novels. In the third volume of Sir Harris Nicolas's elaborate account of the Scroope and Grosvenor controversy, commonly called the "Scroope Roll," a Stephen de Hoques, Ecuyer, is described as giving his testimony on the Grosvenor side.—Vide page 247.

Why, they 're absolute *hoofs*!—is it gout or his corns  
 That have crumpled them up so?—by Jingo, he 's *horns*!  
 Run! run!—There 's Fitz-Walter, Fitz-Hugh, and Fitz-John,  
 And the Mandevilles, *pere et filz*, (father and son,)  
 And Fitz-Osbert, and Ufford—*they've all got them on*!

Then their great saucer eyes—

It 's the Father of lies

And his Imps—run! run! run!—they 're all fiends in disguise,  
 Who 've partly assumed, with more sombre complexions,  
 The forms of Sir Guy Le Scroope's friends and connexions,  
 And He—at the top there—that grim-looking elf—  
 Run! run!—that 's the "muckle-horned Cloutie" himself!

And now what a din

Without and within!—

For the court-yard is full of them.—How they begin  
 To mop, and to mowe, and make faces, and grin!

Cock their tails up together,

Like cows in hot weather,

And butt at each other, all eating and drinking,  
 The viands and wine disappearing like winking.

And then such a lot

As together had got!

Master Cabbage, the steward, who 'd made a machine  
 To calculate with, and count noses,—I ween  
 The cleverest thing of the kind ever seen,—

Declared, when he 'd made,

By the said machine's aid,

Up, what 's now called, the "tottle" of those he survey'd,  
 There were just—how he prov'd it I cannot divine,—

*Nine thousand, nine hundred, and ninety, and nine,*

Exclusive of Him,

Who, giant in limb,

And black as the crow they denominate *Jim*,

With a tail like a bull, and a head like a bear,

Stands forth at the window,—and what holds he there,

Which he hugs with such care,

And pokes out in the air,

And grasps as its limbs from each other he'd tear?

Oh! grief, and despair!

I vow and declare

It 's Le Scroope's poor, dear, sweet, little, curly-wig'd Heir!  
 Whom the nurse had forgot, and left there in his chair,  
 Alternately sucking his thumb and his pear!

What words can express

The dismay and distress

Of Sir Guy, when he found what a terrible mess  
 His cursing and banning had now got him into?  
 That words, which to use are a shame and a sin too,  
 Had thus on their speaker recoiled, and his malison  
 Placed in the hands of the Devil's own "pal" his son!—

He sobbed, and he sigh'd,  
 And he scream'd, and he cried,  
 And behaved like a man that is mad, or in liquor,—he  
 Tore his peaked beard, and he dashed off his "Vicary,"\*  
 Stamped on the jasey  
 As though he were crazy,  
 And staggering about just as if he were "hazy,"  
 Exclaimed, "Fifty pounds!" (a large sum in those times,) "To the person, whoever he may be, that climbs  
 To that window above there, *en ogive*, and painted,  
 And brings down my curly-wi'——" here Sir Guy fainted!

With many a moan,  
 And many a groan,  
 What with tweaks of the nose, and some *eau de Cologne*,  
 He revived,—Reason once more remounted her throne,  
 Or rather the instinct of Nature,—'t were treason  
 To Her, in the Scroope's case, perhaps, to say Reason,—  
 But what saw he then?—Oh! my goodness! a sight  
 Enough to have banished his Reason outright!—  
 In that broad banquet-hall  
 The fiends, one and all,  
 Regardless of shriek, and of squeak, and of squall,  
 From one to another were tossing that small,  
 Pretty, curly-wig'd boy, as if playing at ball:  
 Yet none of his friends or his vassals might dare  
 To fly to the rescue, or rush up the stair,  
 And bring down in safety his curly-wig'd Heir!

Well a day! Well a day!  
 All he can say  
 Is but just so much trouble and time thrown away;  
 Not a man can be tempted to join the *melée*,  
 E'en those words cabalistic, "I promise to pay  
 Fifty pounds on demand," have, for once, lost their sway,  
 And there the Knight stands,  
 Wringing his hands  
 In his agony—when, on a sudden, one ray

\* A peruke so named from its inventor. Robert de Ros and Eudo Fitz-Vicari were celebrated *peruquiers*, who flourished in the eleventh century. The latter is noticed in the Battle-Abbey roll, and is said to have curled William the Conqueror's hair when dressing for the battle of Hastings. Dugdale makes no mention of him, but Camden says, that Humfrey, one of his descendants, was summoned to Parliament, 26 Jan., 25 Edw. I. (1297). It is doubtful, however, whether that writ can be deemed a regular writ of summons to Parliament, for reasons amply detailed in the "Synopsis of the British Peerage."—(Art. Fitz-John.) A writ, however, was subsequently addressed to him as "*Humfry Fitz-Vicari, Chiv.*" 8 Jan. 6 Edw. II. (1313,) and his descendants appear to have been regularly summoned as late as 5 and 6 of Philip and Mary, 1557-8. Soon after which Peter Fitz-Vicari dying, s. p. m. this Barony went into abeyance between his two daughters, Joan, married to Henry de Truefit, of Fullbottom, and Alice, wife of Roger Wigram, of Caxon Hall, in Wigton, co. Cumb. Esq., among whose representatives it is presumed to be still in abeyance.

Of Hope darts through his midriff !—His Saint !—Oh, it 's funny,  
 And almost absurd,  
 That it never occur'd !—

“ Aye ! the Scroope's Patron Saint !—he 's the man for my money !  
 Saint—who is it ?—really I 'm sadly to blame,—  
 On my word I 'm afraid,—I confess it with shame,—  
 That I 've almost forgot the good Gentleman's name,—  
 Cut—let me see—Cutbeard ?—no !—CUTHBERT !—egad  
 St. Cuthbert of Bolton !—I 'm right—he 's the lad !  
 Oh ! holy St. Cuthbert, if forbears of mine—  
 Of myself I say little,—have knelt at your shrine,  
 And have lash'd their bare backs, and—no matter—with twine.

Oh ! list to the vow

Which I make to you now,

Only snatch my poor little boy out of the row  
 Which that Imp 's kicking up with his fiendish bow-wow,  
 And his head like a bear, and his tail like a cow !  
 Bring him back here in safety !—perform but this task,  
 And I 'll give !—Oh !—I 'll give you whatever you ask !—

There is not a shrine

In the County shall shine

With a brilliancy half so resplendent as thine,  
 Or have so many candles, or look half so fine !—  
 Haste, holy St. Cuthbert, then,—hasten in pity !”—

—Conceive his surprise

When a strange voice replies,

“ It 's a bargain !—but, mind, sir, *THE BEST SPERMACE TI !*”  
 Say, whose is that voice ?—whose that form by his side,  
 That old, old grey man, with his beard long and wide,  
 In his coarse Palmer's weeds,  
 And his cockle and beads ?—

And, how did he come ?—did he walk ?—did he ride ?—  
 Oh ! none could determine,—oh ! none could decide,—  
 The fact is, I don't believe any one tried,  
 For, while ev'ry one stared, with a dignified stride,

And without a word more,

He march'd on before,

Up a flight of stone steps, and so through the front door,  
 To the banqueting-hall, that was on the first floor,  
 While the fiendish assembly were making a rare  
 Little shuttlecock there of the curly-wig'd Heir.—  
 I wish, gentle Reader, that you could have seen  
 The pause that ensued when he stepp'd in between,  
 With his resolute air, and his dignified mien,  
 And said, in a tone most decided, though mild,  
 “ Come !—I 'll trouble you just to hand over that child !”

The Demoniac crowd

In an instant seem'd cowed,

Not one of the crew volunteer'd a reply,  
 All shrunk from the glance of that keen-flashing eye,  
 Save one horrid Humgruffin, who seem'd by his talk,  
 And the airs he assumed, to be Cock of the walk,



He quailed not before it, but saucily met it,  
And saucily said, "Don't you wish you may get it?"

My goodness!—the look that the old Palmer gave!  
And his frown!—'twas quite dreadful to witness—"Why, slave!

You rascal!" quoth he,

"This language to me!!

At once, Mr. Nicholas! down on your knee,  
And hand me that curly-wig'd boy!—I command it—  
Come!—none of your nonsense!—you know I won't stand it."

Old Nicholas trembled,—he shook in his shoes,  
And seem'd half inclined, but afraid, to refuse.

"Well, Cuthbert," said he,

"If so it must be,

For you've had your own way from the first time I knew ye;  
Take your curly-wig'd brat, and much good may he do ye!  
But I'll have in exchange—"—here his eye flash'd with rage—  
"That chap with the buttons—he *gave me* the Page!"

"Come, come," the Saint answer'd, "you very well know  
That young man's no more his than your own to bestow—  
Touch one button of his if you dare, Nick—no! no!  
Cut your stick, sir—come, mizzle!—be off with you!—go!"—

The Devil grew hot—

"If I do I'll be shot!

An you come to that, Cuthbert, I'll tell you what's what;  
He has *asked* us to dine here, and go we will not!

Why, you Skinfint,—at least

You may leave us the feast!

Here we've come all that way from our brimstone abode,  
Ten million good leagues, Sir, as ever you strode,  
And the deuce of a luncheon we've had on the road—  
—'Go!'—'Mizzle!' indeed—Mr. Saint, who are you,  
I should like to know?—'Go!'—I'll be hang'd if I do!  
He invited us all—we've a right here—it's known  
That a Baron may do what he likes with his own—  
Here, Asmodeus—a slice of that beef!—now the mustard!—  
—What have *you* got?—oh, apple-pie—try it with custard!"

The Saint made a pause

As uncertain, because

He knew Nick is pretty well "up" in the laws,  
And they *might* be on *his* side—and then, he'd such claws!  
On the whole, it was better, he thought, to retire  
With the curly-wig'd boy he'd pick'd out of the fire,  
And give up the victuals—to retrace his path,  
And to compromise—(spite of the Member for Bath).

So to Old Nick's appeal,

As he turn'd on his heel,

He replied, "Well, I'll leave you the mutton and veal,  
And the soup *a la Reine*, and the sauce *Bechamel*.

As The Scroope *did* invite you to dinner, I feel  
 I can't well turn you out—'twould be hardly genteel—  
 But be moderate, pray,—and remember thus much,  
 Since you 're treated as Gentlemen, show yourselves such,  
     And don't make it late,  
     But mind and go straight  
 Home to bed when you 've finish'd—and don't steal the plate!  
 Nor wrench off the knocker—or bell from the gate.  
 Walk away, like respectable Devils, in peace,  
 And don't 'lark' with the watch, or annoy the police!"

    Having thus said his say,  
     That Palmer grey  
 Took up little Le Scroope, and walked coolly away,  
 While the Demons all set up a "Hip! hip! hurray!"  
 Then fell, tooth and claw, on the victuals, as they  
 Had been guests at Guildhall upon Lord Mayor's day,  
 All scrambling and scuffling for what was before 'em,  
 No care for precedence or common decorum.  
     Few ate more hearty  
     Than Madam Astarte,  
 And Hecate,—considered the Belles of the party:  
 Between them was seated Leviathan, eager  
 To "do the polite," and take wine with Belphegor;  
 Here was *Morbleu*, (a French devil,) supping soup-meagre,  
 And there, munching leeks, Davy Jones of Tredegar,  
 (A Welsh one,) who 'd left the domains of Ap Morgan,  
 To "follow the sea,"—and next him Demogorgon,—  
 Then Pan with his pipes, and Fauns grinding the organ  
 To Mammon and Belial, and half a score danciers,  
 Who 'd joined with Medusa to get up "the Lancers;"  
 —Here's Lucifer lying blind drunk with Scotch ale,  
 While Bēēlzebub's tying huge knots in his tail.  
 There's Setebos, storming because Mephistopheles  
     Gave him the lie,  
     Said he 'd "blacken his eye,"  
 And dash'd in his face a whole cup of hot coffee-lees;—  
     Ramping, and roaring,  
     Hiccoughing, snoring,—  
 Never was seen such a riot before in  
 A gentleman's house, or such profligate revelling  
 At any *soirée* where they don't let the Devil in.

    Hark!—as sure as fate  
     The clock's striking Eight!  
 (An hour which our ancestors called "getting late,")  
 When Nick, who by this time was rather elate,  
 Rose up, and addressed them.

    "'Tis full time," he said,  
 "For all elderly Devils to be in their bed;  
 For my own part I mean to be jogging, because  
 I don't find myself now quite so young as I was;

But, Gentlemen, ere I depart from my post,  
 I must call on you all for one bumper—the toast  
 Which I have to propose is,—OUR EXCELLENT HOST !  
 —Many thanks for his kind hospitality—may

*We* also be able

To see at *our* table

Himself, and enjoy, in a family way,  
 His good company *down stairs* at no distant day !

You'd

I'm sure, think me rude

If I did not include

In the toast my young friend there, the curly-wig'd Heir.—

He's in very good hands, for you're all well aware

That St. Cuthbert has taken him under his care ;

Though I must not say ' bless,'—

—Why, you'll easily guess,—

May our Curly-wig'd Friend's shadow never be less ”—

Nick took off his heel-taps—bow'd—smiled—with an air

Most graciously grim,—and vacated the chair.—

Of course the *élite*

Rose at once on their feet,

And followed their leader, and beat a retreat ;

When a sky-larking Imp took the President's seat,

And, requesting that each would replenish his cup,

Said, “ Where we have dined, my boys, there let us sup ! ”—

—It was three in the morning before they broke up !!!

\*

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\*

I scarcely need say

Sir Guy didn't delay

To fulfil his vow made to St. Cuthbert, or pay

For the candles he'd promised, or make light as day

The shrine he assured him he'd render so gay.

In fact, when the votaries came there to pray,

All said there was nought to compare with it—nay,

For fear that the Abbey

Might think he was shabby,

Four Brethren thenceforward, two cleric, two lay,

He ordained should take charge of a new-founded chantry,

With six marcs apiece, and some claims on the pantry ;

In short, the whole County

Declared, through his bounty,

The Abbey of Bolton exhibited fresh scenes

From any displayed since Sir William de Meschines,\*

And Cecily Roumeli came to this nation

With William the Norman, and laid its foundation.

For the rest, it is said,

And I know I have read

In some Chronicle—where, has gone out of my head,—

\* *Vide Dugdale's Monasticon, Art. Prioratus de Bolton, in agro Eboracensi.*

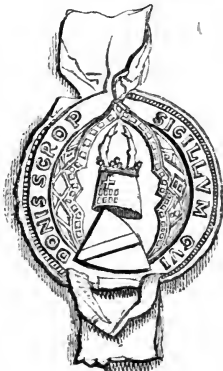
That, what with these candles, and other expenses,  
 Which no man would go to if quite in his senses,  
     He reduced, and brought low  
     His property so,  
 That, at last, he 'd not much of it left to bestow;  
 And that, many years after that terrible feast,  
 Sir Guy in the Abbey was living a Priest;  
 And there, in One thousand and—something,—deceased.  
     (It's supposed by this trick  
     He bamboozled Old Nick,  
 And slipped through his fingers remarkably "slick,")  
 While, as to young Curly-wig,—dear little Soul,  
 Would you know more of him, you must look at "The Roll,"  
     Which records the dispute,  
     And the subsequent suit,  
 Commenced in "Thirteen sev'nty-five,"—which took root  
 In Le Grosvenor's assuming the arms Le Scroope swore  
 That none but *his* ancestors, ever before,  
 In foray, joust, battle, or tournament wore,  
 To wit, "*On a Prussian-blue Field, a Bend Or;*"—  
 While the Grosvenor averred that *his* ancestors bore  
 The same,—and Scroope lied like a—somebody tore  
 Off the simile,—so I can tell you no more,  
 Till some A double S shall the fragment restore.

## MORAL.

- This Legend sound maxims exemplifies—e. g.—
- 1mo.      Should anything tease you,  
             Annoy, or displease you,  
 Remember what Lilly says, "*Animum rege!*" \*  
 And as for that shocking bad habit of swearing,—  
 In all good society voted past bearing,—  
 Eschew it!—and leave it to dustmen, and mobs,  
 Nor commit yourself much beyond "Zooks!" or "Odsbobs!"
- 2do. When asked out to dine by a Person of Quality,  
 Mind, and observe the most strict punctuality!—  
         For should you come late,  
         And make dinner wait,  
 And the victuals get cold, you'll incur, sure as fate,  
 The Master's displeasure, the Mistress's hate!  
 And—though both may, perhaps, be too well-bred to swear,—  
 They'll heartily *wish* you—I need not say *Where*.
- 3tio. Look well to your Maid-servants!—say you expect them  
 To see to the children, and not to neglect them!—  
 And if you're a widower, just throw a cursory  
 Glance in, at times, when you go near the Nursery!—  
 —Perhaps it's as well to keep children from plums,  
 And from pears in the season,—and sucking their thumbs!

\* *Animum rege! qui nisi paret, imperat.*—LILLY'S *Grammar*.

- 4to. To sum up the whole with a "Saw" of much use,  
Be *just*, and be *generous*,—don't be *profuse*!—  
Pay the debts that you owe,—keep your word to your friends,  
But—DON'T SET YOUR CANDLES ALIGHT AT BOTH ENDS!!—  
For of this be assured, if you "go it" too fast,  
    You'll be "dish'd" like Sir Guy,  
    And like him, perhaps, die  
A poor, old, half starv'd, Country Parson at last!



Tappington Everard,  
May 24, 1842.

T. I.





## NETLEY ABBEY.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

---

Periêrunt etiam Ruinæ.  
The very Ruins now are tiny.

---

I saw thee, Netley, as the sun  
Across the western wave  
Was sinking slow,  
And a golden glow  
To thy roofless towers he gave;  
And the ivy sheen,  
With its mantle of green,  
That wrapt thy walls around,  
Shone lovelily bright  
In that glorious light,  
And I felt 'twas holy ground.

Then I thought of the ancient time—  
The days of thy Monks of old,—  
When to Matin, and Vesper, and Compline chime,  
The loud Hosanna roll'd,  
And, thy courts and “long-drawn aisles” among,  
Swell'd the full tide of sacred song,

And then a Vision pass'd  
Across my mental eye;\*  
And silver shrines, and shaven crowns,  
And delicate Ladies in bombazeen gowns,  
And long white veils, went by,  
Stiff, and staid, and solemn, and sad,—  
—But one, methought, wink'd at the Gardener-lad!

Then came the Abbot, with mitre and ring,  
And pastoral staff, and all that sort of thing,  
And a Monk with a book, and a Monk with a bell,  
And “dear little souls,”  
In clean linen stoles,  
Swinging their censers, and making a smell.—  
And see where the Choir-master walks in the rear,  
With front severe,  
And brow austere,  
Now and then pinching a little boy's ear  
When he chaunts the responses too late, or too soon,  
Or his *Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La*'s not quite in tune.  
It was, in sooth, a comely sight,  
And I welcom'd the vision with pure delight.

\* In my mind's eye, Horatio!—HAMLET.



But then "a change came o'er"  
 My spirit—a change of fear—  
 That gorgeous scene I beheld no more,  
 But deep beneath the basement floor  
 A Dungeon dark and drear!  
 And there was an ugly hole in the wall—  
 For an oven too big,—for a cellar too small!  
 And mortar and bricks  
 All ready to fix,  
 And I said, "Here's a Nun has been playing some tricks!—  
 That horrible hole!—it seems to say,  
 'I'm a Grave that gapes for a living prey!'"  
 And my heart grew sick, and my brow grew sad—  
 And I thought of that wink at the Gardener-lad.  
 Alas! and alack!—'tis sad to think  
 That Maiden's eye, which was made to wink,  
 Should here be compelled to grow blear, and blink,  
 Or be closed for aye  
 In this kind of way,  
 Shut out for ever from wholesome day,  
 And wall'd up in a hole with never a chink,  
 No light, no air, no victuals, no drink!  
 And that Maiden's lip,  
 Which was made to sip,  
 Should here grow wither'd and dry as a chip!  
 That wandering glance and furtive kiss,  
 Exceedingly naughty, and wrong, I wis,  
 Should yet be considered so much amiss  
 As to call for a sentence severe as this!  
 And I said to myself, as I heard with a sigh  
 The poor lone victim's stifled cry,\*  
 "Well! I can't understand  
 How any man's hand  
 Could wall up that hole in a Christian land!—  
 Why, a Mussulman Turk  
 Would recoil from the work,  
 And though, when his Ladies run after the fellows, he  
 Stands not on trifles if maddened by jealousy,  
 Its objects, I'm sure, would declare, could they speak,  
 In their Georgian, Circassian, or Turkish, or Greek,  
 'When all's said and done, far better it was for us,  
 Tied back to back,  
 And sewed up in a sack,  
 To be pitch'd neck-and-heels from a boat in the Bosphorus!'  
 Oh! a Saint 'twould vex  
 To think that the sex  
 Should be treated no better than Combe's double X.

\* About the middle of the last century a human skeleton was discovered in a recess in the wall among the ruins of Netley. On examination, the bones were pronounced to be those of a female. *Teste* James Harrison, a youthful but intelligent cab-driver of Southampton, who "well remembers to have heard his grandmother say that 'Somebody told her so.'"

Sure some one might run to the Abbess and tell her  
A much better method of stocking her cellar."

If ever on polluted walls  
Heav'n's red right arm in vengeance falls,—  
If e'er its justice wraps in flame  
The black abodes of sin and shame,  
That justice, in its own good time,  
Shall visit for so foul a crime,  
Ope desolation's floodgate wide,  
And blast thee, Netley, in thy pride !

Lo where it comes !—the tempest lours,  
It bursts on thy devoted tow'rs ;  
Ruthless Tudor's bloated form  
Rides on the blast, and guides the storm ;  
I hear the sacrilegious cry,  
" Down with the nests, and the rooks will fly ! "

Down ! down they come—a fearful fall—  
Arch, and pillar, and roof-tree, and all,  
Storied pane, and sculptur'd stone,  
There they lie on the greensward strown—  
Mouldering walls remain alone !

Shaven crown,  
Bombazeen gown,  
Mitre, and Crozier, and all are flown !

And yet, fair Netley, as I gaze  
Upon that grey and mouldering wall,  
The glories of thy palmy days  
Its very stones recal !—  
They " come like shadows, so depart "—  
I see thee as thou wert—and art—

Sublime in ruin !—grand in woe !  
Lone refuge of the owl and bat ;  
No voice awakes thine echoes now !  
No sound—Good Gracious !—what was that ?  
—Was it the moan,  
The parting groan  
Of her who died forlorn and alone,  
Embedded in mortar, and bricks, and stone ?—  
Full and clear  
On my listening ear  
It comes—again—near, and more near—  
Why, 'zooks ! it's the popping of Ginger Beer !  
—I rush to the door—  
I tread the floor,  
By Abbots and Abbesses trodden before,  
In the good old chivalric days of yore,  
And what see I there ?—  
In a rush-bottomed chair  
A hag, surrounded by crockery-ware,

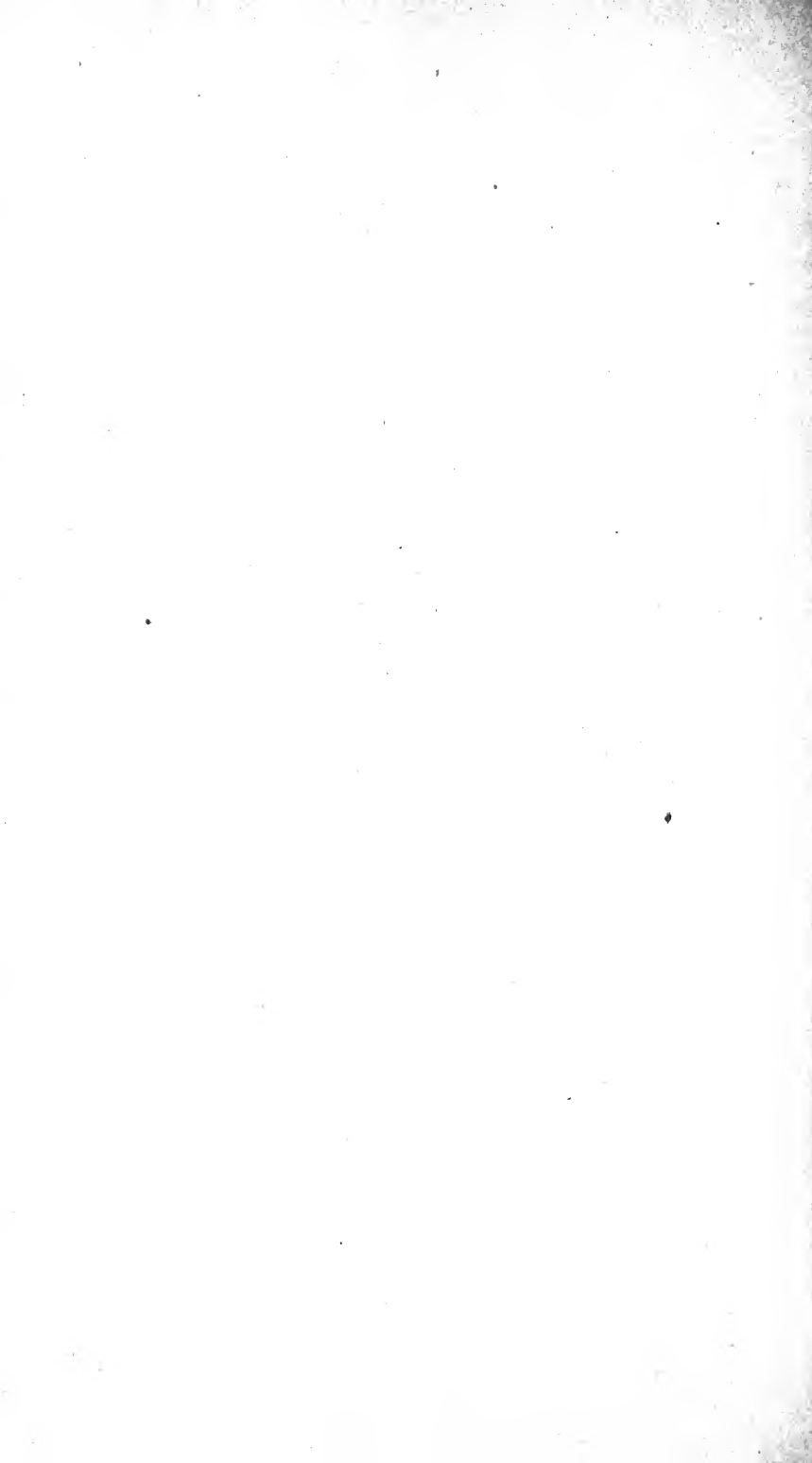
Vending, in cups, to the credulous throng  
 A nasty decoction miscall'd Souchong,"—  
 And a squeaking fiddle and "wry-necked fife"  
 Are screeching away, for the life!—for the life!—  
 Danced to by "All the World and his Wife."  
 Tag, Rag, and Bobtail, are capering there,  
 Worse scene, I ween, than Bartlemy Fair!—  
 Two or three Chimney-sweeps, two or three Clowns,  
 Playing at "pitch and toss," sport their "Browns,"  
 Two or three damsels, frank and free,  
 Are ogling, and smiling, and sipping Bohea.  
 Parties below, and parties above,  
 Some making tea, and some making love.  
 Then the "toot—toot—toot"  
 Of that vile demi-flute,—  
 The detestable din  
 Of that cracked violin,  
 And the odours of "Stout," and tobacco, and gin!  
 "—Dear me!" I exclaim'd, "what a place to be in!"  
 And I said to the person who drove my "shay,"  
 (A very intelligent man, by the way,)  
 "This, all things considered, is rather too gay!  
 It don't suit my humour,—so take me away!  
 Dancing! and drinking!—cigar and song!  
 If not profanation, it's 'coming it strong,'  
 And I really consider it all very wrong.—  
 —Pray, to whom does this property now belong?"—  
 —He paused, and said,  
 Scratching his head,  
 "Why I really *do* think he's a little to blame,  
 But I can't say I knows the Gentleman's name!"

"Well—well!" quoth I,  
 As I heaved a sigh,  
 And an unbidden tear-drop stood in my eye,  
 "My vastly good man, as I scarcely doubt  
 That some day or other you'll find him out,  
 Should he come in your way,  
 Or ride in your 'shay,'  
 (As perhaps he may,)  
 Be so good as to say  
 That a Visitor, whom you drove over one day  
 Was exceedingly angry, and very much scandalized,  
 Finding these beautiful ruins so Vandalized,  
 And thus of their owner to speak began,  
 As he ordered you home in haste,  
 "NO DOUBT HE'S A VERY RESPECTABLE MAN,  
 BUT—I can't say much for his taste."\*

T. I.

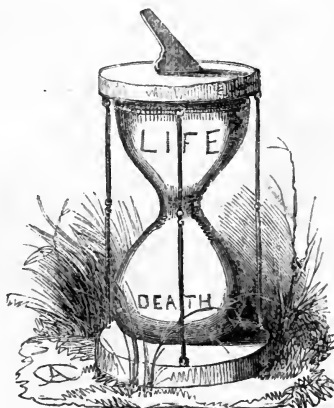
Tappington Everard,  
 July 25.

\* Adieu, Monsieur Gil Blas; je vous souhaite toutes sortes de prospérités, avec un peu plus de goût!—*Gil Blas*.



## MINUTE THE LAST.

HOWEVER indifferently some of our readers may regard this philosophical essay (considering it probably of only temporary interest), if they peruse it in a proper spirit, the good effects thereof will exhibit themselves—in time, and we have faith, hope, and charity enough to believe (with a sprinkling of confidence to boot) that those who seek will find everything they want—in Time!



This is Time's shadow ; where is his substance ?

## THE NORFOLK TRAGEDY.

AN OLD SONG TO A NEW TUNE.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

Air—"Drops of Brandy."

WHEN we were all little and good,—  
 A long time ago I'm afraid, Ma'am,—  
 We were told of the Babes in the Wood  
 By their false, cruel Uncle betray'd, Ma'am ;  
 Their Pa was a Squire, or a Knight ;  
 In Norfolk I think his estate lay—  
 That is, if I recollect right,  
 For I've not read the history lately.\*

*Rum ti, &c.*

\* See Bloomfield's History of the County of Norfolk, in which all the particulars of this lamentable history are (or ought to be) fully detailed, together with the names of the parties, and an elaborate pedigree of the family.

Their Pa and their Ma being seiz'd  
 With a tiresome complaint, which in some seasons  
 People are apt to be seiz'd  
 With, who're not on their guard against plum-seasons,  
 Their medical man shook his head  
 As he could not get well to the root of it;  
 And the Babes stood on each side the bed,  
 While their Uncle, he stood at the foot of it.

"Oh, Brother!" their Ma whisper'd faint  
 And low, for breath seeming to labour, "Who'd  
 Think that this horrid complaint,  
 That's been going about in the neighbourhood,  
 Thus should attack me,—nay, more,  
 My poor husband besides,—and so fall on him!  
 Bringing us so near Death's door  
 That we can't avoid making a call on him!"

"Now think, 'tis your Sister invokes  
 Your aid, and the last word she says is,  
 Be kind to those dear little folks  
 When our toes are turned up to the daisies!  
 By the servants don't let them be snubb'd,—  
 Let Jane have her fruit and her custard,  
 And mind Johnny's chilblains are rubb'd  
 Well with Whitehead's best Essence of Mustard!"

"You know they'll be pretty well off in  
 Respect to what's called "worldly gear,"  
 For John, when his Pa's in his coffin,  
 Comes in to three hundred a-year,  
 And Jane's to have five hundred pound  
 On her marriage paid down, ev'ry penny,  
 So you'll own a worse match might be found  
 Any day in the week than our Jenny!"—

Here the Uncle pretended to cry,  
 And, like an old thorough-paced rogue, he  
 Put his handkerchief up to his eye,  
 And devoted himself to Old Bogey  
 If he did not make matters all right,  
 And said, should he covet their riches,  
 He "wished that old Gentleman might  
 Fly away with him, body and breeches!"

No sooner, however, were they  
 Put to bed with a spade by the sexton,  
 Than he carried the darlings away  
 Out of that parish into the next one,  
 Giving out he should take them to town,  
 And select the best school in the nation,  
 That John might not grow up a clown,  
 But receive a genteel education.

"Greek and Latin old twaddle I call!"  
 Says he, "While his mind's ductile and plastic,  
 I'll place him at Dotheboys Hall,  
 Where he'll learn all that's new and gymnastic.  
 While Jane, as, when girls have the dumps,  
 Fortune-hunters, by score, to entrap 'em rise,  
 Shall go to those worthy old frumps,  
 The two Misses Tickler of Clapham Rise!"

Having thought on the How and the When  
 To get rid of his nephew and niece,  
 He now sent for two ill-looking men,  
 And he gave them five guineas a-piece.—  
 Says he, "Each of you take up a child  
 On the crupper, and when you have trotted  
 Some miles through that wood lone and wild,  
 Take a knife out, and cut its carotid!"—

"Done" and "done" is pronounced on each side,  
 While the poor little dears are delighted  
 To think they a-cock-horse shall ride,  
 And are not in the least degree frightened;  
 They say their "Ta! Ta!" as they start,  
 And they prattle so nice on their journey,  
 That the rogues themselves wish to their heart  
 They could finish the job by attorney.

Nay, one was so taken aback  
 By seeing such spirit and life in them,  
 That he fairly exclaim'd, "I say, Jack,  
 I'm blowed if I *can* put a knife in them!"  
 "Pooh!" says his pal, "you great dunce!  
 You've pouched the good gentleman's money,  
 So out with your whinger at once,  
 And scrag Jane, while I spifigate Johnny!"

He refus'd, and harsh language ensued,  
 Which ended at length in a duel,  
 When he that was mildest in mood  
 Gave the truculent rascal his gruel;  
 The Babes quake with hunger and fear,  
 While the ruffian his dead comrade, Jack, buries;  
 Then he cries, "Loves, amuse yourselves here  
 With the hips, and the haws, and the blackberries!"

"I'll be back in a couple of shakes;  
 So don't, dears, be quivering and quaking:  
 I'm going to get you some cakes,  
 And a nice butter'd roll—that's a-baking!"  
 He rode off with a tear in his eye,  
 Which soon ran down his rough cheek and wet it,  
 As he said to himself with a sigh,  
 "Pretty souls!—don't they wish they may get it!!"

From that moment the Babes ne'er caught sight  
Of the wretch who thus wrought their undoing,  
But passed all that day and that night  
In wandering about and "boo-hoo"-ing.  
The night proved cold, dreary, and dark,  
So that, worn out with sighings and sobbings,  
Next morn they were found stiff and stark,  
And stone-dead, by two little Cock-Robins.

These two little birds it sore grieves  
To see what so cruel a dodge I call,  
They cover the bodies with leaves,  
An interment quite ornithological;  
It might more expensive have been,  
But I doubt, though I've not been to see 'em,  
If among those in all Kensal Green  
You could find a more neat Mausoleum.

Now, whatever your rogues may suppose,  
Conscience always makes restless their pillows  
And Justice, though blind, has a nose,  
That sniffs out all conceal'd peccadilloes.  
The wicked old Uncle, they say,  
In spite of his riot and revel,  
Was hippish and qualmish all day,  
And dreamt all night long of the d—l.

He grew gouty, dyspeptic, and sour,  
And his brow, once so smooth and so placid,  
Fresh wrinkles acquired every hour,  
And whatever he swallow'd turn'd acid.  
The neighbours thought all was not right,  
Scarcely one with him ventured to parley,  
And Captain Swing came in the night,  
And burnt all his beans and his barley.

There was hardly a day but some fox  
Ran away with his geese and his ganders,  
His wheat had the mildew, his flocks  
Took the rot, and his horses the glanders;  
His daughters drank rum in their tea,  
His son, who had gone for a sailor,  
Went down in a steamer at sea,  
And his wife ran away with a tailor.

It was clear he lay under a curse,  
None would hold with him any communion;  
Every day matters grew worse and worse,  
Till they ended at length in The Union;  
When his man being caught in some fact,  
(The particular crime I've forgotten,)  
When he came to be hanged for the act,  
Split, and told the whole story to Cotton.



Understanding the matter was blown,  
 His employer became apprehensive  
 Of what, when 'twas more fully known,  
 Might ensue—he grew thoughtful and pensive ;  
 He purchased some sugar-of-lead,  
 Took it home, popp'd it into his porridge,  
 Ate it up, and then took to his bed,  
 And so died in the workhouse at Norwich.

## MORAL.

Ponder well now, dear Parents, each word  
 That I've wrote, and when Sirius rages  
 In the dog-days, don't be so absurd  
 As to blow yourselves out with Green-gages !  
 Of stone-fruits in general be shy,  
 And reflect it's a fact beyond question  
 That Grapes, when they're spelt with an *i*,  
 Promote anything else but digestion.—

When you set about making your will,  
 Which is commonly done when a body's ill,  
 Mind and word it with caution and skill,  
 And avoid, if you can, any codicil !  
 When once you've appointed an heir  
 To the fortune you've made, or obtain'd, ere  
 You leave a reversion, beware  
 Whom you place in contingent remainder!

Executors, Guardians, and all  
 Who have children to mind, don't ill treat them,  
 Nor think that, because they are small  
 And weak, you may beat them and cheat them !  
 Remember that "ill-gotten goods  
 Never thrive !" their possession's but cursory ;  
 So never turn out in the woods  
 Little folks you should keep in the nursery.

Be sure he who does such base things  
 Will ne'er stifle Conscience's clamour ;  
 His "riches will make themselves wings,"  
 And his property come to the hammer !  
 Then He, and not those he bereaves,  
 Will have most cause for sighings and sobbings  
 When he finds *himself* smother'd with leaves,  
 (Of fat catalogues) heaped up by Robins !

T. I.

Tappington Everard,  
 Sept. 23.



## THE GOLDEN LEGEND.—No. VII.

## THE LAY OF ST. MEDARD.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.]

“Heus tu ! inquit Diabolus, hei mihi ! fessis insuper humeris reponenda est sarcina ; fer opem quæso !”

“Le Diable a des vices ; c’est là ce qui le perd. Il est gourmand. Il eut dans cette minute-là l’idée de joindre l’âme de Medard aux autres âmes qu’il allait emporter.—Se rejeter en arrière, saisir de sa main droite son poignard, et en percer l’outre avec une violence et une rapidité formidable, c’est ce que fit Medard.—Le Diable poussa un grand cri. Les âmes délivrées s’enfuirent par l’issue que le poignard venait de leur ouvrir, laissant dans l’outre leurs noirceurs, leurs crimes, et leurs méchancetés,” &c. &c.

In good King Dagobert’s palmy days,  
When Saints were many, and sins were few,  
Old Nick, ’tis said,  
Was sore bested  
One evening, and could not tell what to do.

He had been east, and he had been west,  
And far had he journey’d o’er land and sea ;  
For women and men  
Were warier then,  
And he could not catch one where he ’d now catch three.

He had been north, and he had been south,  
From Zembla’s shores unto far Peru,  
Ere he fill’d the sack  
Which he bore on his back—  
Saints were so many, and sins so few !

The way was long, and the day was hot ;  
His wings were weary ; his hoofs were sore ;  
And scarce could he trail  
His nerveless tail,  
As it furrow’d the sand on the Red Sea shore !

The day had been hot, and the way was long ;  
Hoof-sore, and weary, and faint, was he ;  
He lower’d his sack,  
And the heat of his back,  
As he leaned on a palm-trunk, blasted the tree.

He sat himself down in the palm-tree’s shade,  
And he gazed, and he grinn’d, in pure delight,  
As he peep’d inside  
The buffalo’s hide  
He had sewn for a sack, and had cramm’d so tight ;

For, though he'd "gone over a good deal of ground,"  
 And game had been scarce, he might well report  
 That, still, he had got  
 A decentish lot,  
 And had had, on the whole, not a bad day's sport.

He had pick'd up in France a *Maître de Danse*,  
 A *Maîtresse en titre*, two smart *Grisettes*,  
 A Courtier at play,  
 And an English *Roué*  
 Who had bolted from home without paying his debts.

He had caught in Great Britain a Scrivener's clerk,  
 A Quaker, a Baker, a Doctor of Laws,  
 And a Jockey of York—  
 But Paddy from Cork  
 "Desaved the ould divil," and slipp'd through his claws !

In Moscow, a Boyar knouting his wife—  
 A Corsair's crew, in the Isles of Greece—  
 And, under the dome  
 Of St. Peter's, at Rome,  
 He had snapp'd up a nice little Cardinal's Niece.

He had bagg'd an Inquisitor fresh from Spain—  
 A mendicant Friar—of Monks a score ;  
 A grave Don, or two,  
 And a Portuguese Jew,  
 Whom he nabb'd while clipping a new moidore.

And he said to himself, as he lick'd his lips,  
 "Those nice little dears ! what a delicate roast !  
 Then, that fine fat Friar,  
 At a very quick fire,  
 Dress'd like a woodcock, and serv'd on toast !"

At the sight of tit-bits so toothsome and choice  
 Never did mouth water more than Nick's ;  
 But, alas ! and alack !  
 He had stuff'd his sack  
 So full, that he found himself quite "in a fix :"

For, all he could do, or all he could say,  
 When, a little recruited, he rose to go,  
 Alas ! and alack !  
 He could not get the sack  
 Up again on his shoulders "whether or no !"

Old Nick look'd east, old Nick look'd west,  
 With many a stretch, and with many a strain,  
 He bent till his back  
 Was ready to crack,  
 And he pull'd, and he tugg'd, but he tugg'd in vain.

Old Nick look'd north, old Nick look'd south ;  
 Weary was Nicholas, weak, and faint,  
 And he was aware  
 Of an old man there,  
 In Palmer's weeds, who look'd much like a Saint.

Nick eyed the Saint,—then he eyed the sack—  
 The greedy old glutton !—and thought, with a grin,  
 “Dear heart alive !  
 If I could but contrive  
 To pop that elderly gentleman in !

“For, were I to choose among all the *ragoûts*  
 The *cuisine* can exhibit—flesh, fowl, or fish,—  
 To myself I can paint,  
 That a barbecued Saint  
 Would be for my palate the best side-dish !”

Now St. Medard dwelt on the banks of the Nile,  
 In a Pyramis fast by the lone Red Sea.  
 (We call it “Semiramis,”  
 Why not say Pyramis ?—  
 Why should we change the S into a D ?)

St. Medard, he was a holy man,  
 A holy man I ween was he,  
 And even by day,  
 When he went to pray,  
 He would light up a candle, that all might see !

He *salaam'd* to the east,—he *salaam'd* to the west ;—  
 Of the gravest cut, and the holiest brown  
 Were his Palmer's weeds,  
 And he finger'd his beads  
 With the right side up, and the wrong side down.

\* \* \* \* \*

(*Hiatus in MSS. valde deflendus.*)

St. Medard dwelt on the banks of the Nile ;  
 He had been living there years four score,  
 And now, “taking the air,  
 And saying a pray'r,”  
 He was walking at eve on the Red Sea shore.

Little he deem'd—that holy man !  
 Of Old Nick's wiles, and his fraudulent tricks,  
 When he was aware  
 Of a Stranger there,  
 Who seem'd to have got himself into a fix.

Deeply that Stranger groan'd and sigh'd,  
 That wayfaring Stranger, grisly and grey :  
 “I can't raise my sack  
 On my poor old back,  
 Oh ! lend me a lift, kind Gentleman, pray !

“ For I have been east, and I have been west,  
 Footsore, weary, and faint am I,  
 And, unless I get home  
 Ere the curfew bome,  
 Here in this desert I well may die ! ”

“ Now Heav’n thee save ! ”—Nick winced at the words,  
 As ever he winces at words divine—  
 “ Now Heav’n thee save !  
 What strength I have,—  
 It’s little, I wis,—shall be freely thine ! ”

“ For foul befall that Christian man  
 Who shall fail, in a fix,—woe worth the while !—  
 His hand to lend  
 To foe, or to friend,  
 Or to help a lame dog over a stile ! ”—

St. Medard hath boon’d himself for the task:  
 To hoist up the sack he doth well begin ;  
 But the fardel feels  
 Like a bag full of eels,  
 For the folks are all curling, and kicking within.

St. Medard paused—he began to “ smoke ”—  
 For a Saint, if he isn’t exactly a cat,  
 Has a very good nose,  
 As this world goes,  
 And not worse than his neighbour’s for “ smelling a rat.”

The Saint look’d up, and the Saint look’d down ;  
 He “ smelt the rat,” and he “ smoked ” the trick ;  
 When he came to view  
 His comical shoe,  
 He saw in a moment his friend was Nick.

He whipp’d out his oyster-knife, broad and keen—  
 A Brummagem blade which he always bore,  
 To aid him to eat,  
 By way of a treat,  
 The “ natives ” he found on the Red Sea shore ;—

He whipp’d out his Brummagem blade so keen,  
 And he made three slits in the Buffalo’s hide,  
 And all its contents,  
 Through the rents, and the vents,  
 Came tumbling out, and away they all hied.

Away went the Quaker,—away went the Baker,  
 Away went the Friar—that fine fat Ghost,  
 Whose marrow Old Nick  
 Had intended to pick,  
 Dress’d like a woodcock, and served on toast !

Away went the nice little Cardinal's Niece,  
 And the pretty *Grisettes*, and the Dons from Spain,  
 And the Corsair's Crew,  
 And the coin-clipping Jew,  
 And they scamper'd, like lamplighters, over the plain !

Old Nick is a black-looking fellow at best,  
 Ay, e'en when he's pleased ; but never before  
 Had he look'd so black  
 As on seeing his sack  
 Thus cut into slits on the Red Sea shore.

You may fancy his rage, and his deep despair,  
 When he saw himself thus befool'd by one  
 Whom, in anger wild,  
 He profanely styled  
 "A stupid, old, snuff-coloured son of a Gun !"

Then his supper—so nice—that had cost him such pains,  
 Such a hard day's work—now "all on the go !"  
 —'Twas beyond a joke,  
 And enough to provoke  
 The mildest, and best-temper'd, fiend below !

Nick snatch'd up one of those great big stones,  
 Found in such numbers on Egypt's plains,  
 And he hurl'd it straight  
 At the Saint's bald pate,  
 To knock out "the gruel he call'd his brains."

Straight at his pate he hurl'd the weight,  
 The crushing weight of that great, big stone ;—  
 But Saint Medard  
 Was remarkably hard,  
 And solid, about the parietal bone.

And, though the whole weight of that great, big stone  
 Came straight on his pate, with a great, big thump,  
 It fail'd to graze  
 The skin, or to raise  
 On the tough epidermis a lump, or bump !

As the hail bounds off from the pent-house slope,—  
 As the cannon recoils when it sends its shot,—  
 As the finger and thumb  
 Of an old woman come  
 From the kettle she handles, and finds too hot ;

Or, as you may see in the Fleet, or the Bench,—  
 Many folks do in the course of their lives,—  
 The well-struck ball  
 Rebound from the wall,  
 When the Gentlemen jail-birds are playing at fives :

All these, and a thousand fine similes more,  
 Such as all have heard of, or seen, or read  
     Recorded in print,  
     May give you a hint  
 How the stone bounced off from St. Medard's head.

And it curl'd, and it twirl'd, and it whirl'd in air,  
 As this great, big stone at a tangent flew!—  
     Just missing his crown,  
     It at last came down  
 Plump upon Nick's orthopedical shoe.

Oh! what a yell and a screech were there!  
 How did he hop, skip, bellow, and roar!  
     " Oh dear! oh dear!"  
     You might hear him here,  
 Though we're such a way off from the Red Sea shore!

It smash'd his shin, and it smash'd his hoof,  
 Notwithstanding his stout orthopedical shoe;  
     And this is the way  
     That, from that same day,  
 Old Nick became what the French call *Boiteux*!

Quakers, and Bakers, *Grisettes*, and Friars,  
 And Cardinal's Nieces, where ever ye be,  
     St. Medard bless!  
     You can scarcely do less  
 If you of your *corps* possess any *esprit*.

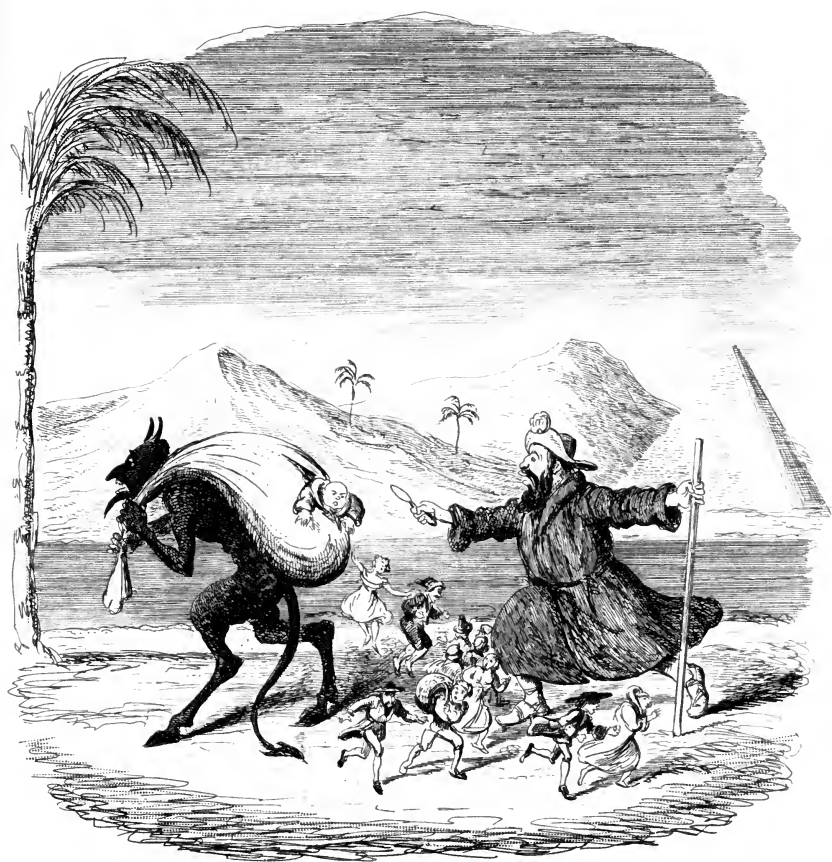
And, mind and take care, yourselves, and beware  
 How you get in Nick's buffalo bag—if you do,  
     I very much doubt  
     If you'll ever get out,  
 Now sins are so many, and Saints so few!

#### MORAL.

Gentle Reader, attend  
 To the voice of a friend;  
 And, if ever you go to Herne Bay, or Southend,  
 Or any gay Wat'ring-place outside the Nore,  
 Don't walk out at eve on the lone sea-shore;  
 Unless you're too Saintly to care about Nick,  
 And are sure that your head is sufficiently thick!

Learn not to be greedy!—and, when you've enough,  
 Don't be anxious your bags any tighter to stuff;  
 Recollect that good fortune too far you may push,  
 And "A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH!"  
 Then turn not each thought to increasing your store,  
 Nor look always like "Oliver asking for more!"





*Legend of St. Medard.*



*Gourmandise* is a vice—a sad failing, at least ;—  
So remember “ Enough is as good as a feast ! ”  
And don’t set your heart on “ stew’d,” “ fried,” “ boil’d,” or  
“ roast,”  
Nor on delicate “ woodcocks served up upon toast ! ”

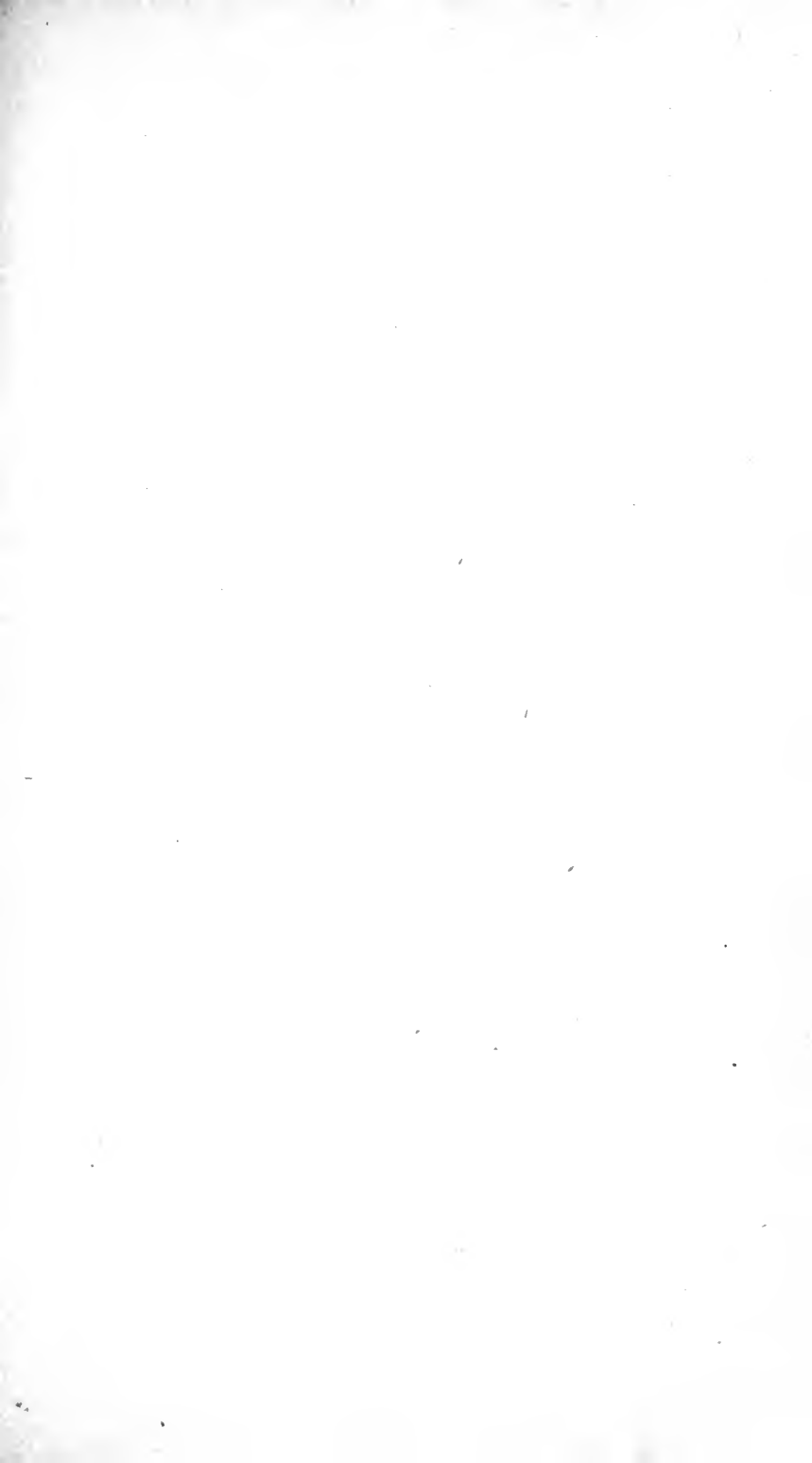
Don’t give people nick-names !—don’t, even in fun,  
Call any one “ snuff-coloured son of a gun ! ”  
Nor fancy, because a man *nous* seems to lack,  
That whenever you please you can “ give him the sack ! ”

Last of all, as you ’d thrive, and still sleep in whole bones,  
IF YOU ’VE ANY GLASS WINDOWS, NEVER THROW STONES !!  
T. I.

Tappington Everard,  
Dec. 20, 1842

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## THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY.

A DOMESTIC LEGEND OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.]



“Hail wedded love ! mysterious tie ! ”

*Thomson—or Somebody.*

he LADY JANE was tall and slim,  
 The Lady Jane was fair,  
 And Sir Thomas, her Lord, was stout of limb,  
 But his cough was short, and his eyes were dim,  
 And he wore green “specs,” with a tortoiseshell rim,  
 And his hat was remarkably broad in the brim,  
 And she was uncommonly fond of him,  
 And they were a loving pair !—  
 —And the name, and the fame  
 Of the Knight, and his Dame,  
 Were ev’rywhere hail’d with the loudest acclaim ;  
 And wherever they went, or wherever they came,  
 Far and wide,  
 The people cried  
 Huzza ! for the Lord of this noble domain,—  
 Huzza ! Huzza ! Huzza !—once again !—  
 Encore !—Encore !—  
 One cheer more !—  
 —All sorts of pleasure, and no sort of pain  
 To Sir Thomas the Good, and the Fair Lady Jane !!

Now Sir Thomas the Good,  
 Be it well understood,  
 Was a man of a very contemplative mood—  
 He would pore by the hour  
 O’er a weed, or a flower,  
 Or the slugs that come crawling out after a shower ;  
 Black-beetles, and Bumble-bees,—Blue-bottle flies,  
 And Moths were of no small account in his eyes ;  
 An “Industrious Flea ” he ’d by no means despise,  
 While an “Old Daddy-long-legs,” whose “long legs ” and thighs  
 Pass’d the common in shape, or in colour, or size,  
 He was wont to consider an absolute prize.  
 Nay, a hornet or wasp he could scarce “keep his paws off”—he  
 Gave up, in short,  
 Both business and sport,  
 And abandon’d himself, *tout entier*, to Philosophy.



*The People of the Park*





Now, as Lady Jane was tall and slim,  
 And Lady Jane was fair,  
 And a good many years the junior of him,—  
 And as he,  
 All agree,  
 Look'd less like her *Mari*,  
 As he walk'd by her side, than her *Père*,\*  
 There are some might be found entertaining a notion  
 That such an entire, and exclusive devotion  
 To that part of science folks style Entomology,  
 Was a positive shame,  
 And, to such a fair Dame,  
 Really demanded some sort of apology ;  
 —No doubt, it *would vex*  
 One half of the sex  
 To see their own husband, in horrid green “specs,”  
 Instead of enjoying a sociable chat,  
 Still poking his nose into this and to that,  
 At a gnat, or a bat, or a cat, or a rat,  
 Or great ugly things,  
 All legs and wings,  
 With nasty long tails arm'd with nasty long stings ;  
 And they'd join such a log of a spouse to condemn,  
 —One eternally thinking,  
 And blinking, and winking  
 At grubs,—when he ought to be winking at them.—  
 But no!—oh no !  
 'Twas by no means so  
 With the Lady Jane Ingoldsby—she, far discreeter,  
 And, having a temper more even, and sweeter,  
 Would never object to  
 Her spouse, in respect to  
 His poking and peeping  
 After “ things creeping ;”  
 Much less be still keeping lamenting, and weeping,  
 Or scolding, at what she perceived him so deep in.

*Tout au contraire,*  
 No lady so fair

Was e'er known to wear more contented an air ;  
 And,—let who would call,—every day she was there,  
 Propounding receipts for some delicate fare,  
 Some toothsome conserve, of quince, apple, or pear,  
 Or distilling strong waters,—or potting a hare,—  
 Or counting her spoons, and her crockery-ware ;—  
 Or else, her tambour-frame before her, with care  
 Embroidering a stool, or a back for a chair,  
 With needle-work roses, most cunning and rare,  
 Enough to make less-gifted visiters stare,

✂ \* My friend, Mr. Hood,  
 In his comical mood,

Would have probably styled the good Knight and his Lady  
 Him—“ Stern-old and Hop-kins,” and her “ Tête and Braidyn.”

And declare, where'er  
 They had been, that "they ne'er  
 In their lives had seen aught that at all could compare  
 With dear Lady Jane's housewifery—that they would swear."

Nay more ; don't suppose  
 With such doings as those  
 This account of her merits must come to a close ;  
 No ;—examine her conduct more closely, you 'll find  
 She by no means neglected improving her mind ;  
 For there, all the while, with air quite bewitching,  
 She sat herring-boning, tambouring, or stitching,  
 Or having an eye to affairs of the kitchen,  
     Close by her side,  
     Sat her kinsman, M'Bride,  
 Her cousin, fourteen-times-removed,—as you 'll see  
 If you look at the Ingoldsby family tree,  
 In " Burke's Commoners," vol. xx, page 53.  
     All the papers I 've read agree,  
     Too, with the pedigree,  
 Where, among the collateral branches, appears  
 " Captain Dugald Mac Bride, Royal Scots Fusileers ;"  
 And I doubt if you 'd find in the whole of his clan  
 A more highly-intelligent, worthy young man ;—  
     And there he 'd be sitting,  
     While she was a-knitting,  
 Or hemming, or stitching, or darning and fitting,  
 Or putting a "gore," or a "gusset," or "bit" in,  
 Reading aloud, with a very grave look,  
 Some very "wise saw" from some very good book,—  
     Some such pious divine as  
     St. Thomas Aquinas :  
     Or, equally charming,  
     The works of Bellarmine ;  
     Or else he unravels  
     The "voyages and travels"  
 Of Hackluytz—(how sadly these Dutch names *do* sully verse !)—  
 Purchas's, Hawksworth's, or Lemuel Gulliver's,—  
 Not to name others, 'mongst whom there are few so  
 Admired as John Bunyan, and Robinson Crusoe.—  
     No matter who came,  
     It was always the same,  
 The Captain was reading aloud to the Dame,  
 Till, from having gone through half the books on the shelf,  
 They were almost as wise as Sir Thomas himself.

Well,—it happened one day,  
 —I really can't say  
 The particular month ;—but I *think* 'twas in May,—  
 'Twas, I *know*, in the Spring-time,—when "Nature looks gay,"  
 As the Poet observes,—and on tree-top and spray  
 The dear little dickey-birds carol away ;

When the grass is so green, and the sun is so bright,  
 And all things are teeming with life and with light,—  
 That the whole of the house was thrown into affright,  
 For no soul could conceive what was gone with the Knight !

It seems he had taken  
 A light breakfast—bacon,  
 An egg—with a little broiled haddock—at most  
 A round and a half of some hot butter'd-toast,  
 With a slice of cold sirloin from yesterday's roast.  
 And then—let me see !—  
 He had two—perhaps three  
 Cups (with sugar and cream) of strong Gunpowder tea,  
 With a spoonful in each of some choice *eau de vie*,  
 —Which with nine out of ten would perhaps disagree.—

—In fact, I and my son  
 Mix "black" with our "Hyson,"  
 Neither having the nerves of a bull, or a bison,  
 And both hating brandy like what some call "pison."

No matter for that—  
 He had call'd for his hat,  
 With the brim that I've said was so broad and so flat,  
 And his "specs" with the tortoiseshell rim, and his cane  
 With the crutch-handled top, which he used to sustain  
 His steps in his walks, and to poke in the shrubs  
 And the grass, when unearthing his worms and his grubs—  
 Thus arm'd, he set out on a ramble—alack !  
 He *set out*, poor dear Soul !—but he never came back !

"First dinner-bell" rang  
 Out its euphonous clang  
 At five—folks kept early hours then—and the "Last"  
 Ding-dong'd, as it ever was wont, at half-past,  
 While Betsey, and Sally,  
 And Thompson, the *Valet*,  
 And every one else was beginning to bless himself,  
 Wondering the Knight had not come in to dress himself.—  
 —Quoth Betsey, "Dear me ! why, the fish will be cold !"—  
 Quoth Sally, "Good gracious ! how 'Missis' *will* scold !"—

Thompson, the *Valet*  
 Look'd gravely at Sally,  
 As who should say "Truth must not always be told !"  
 Then, expressing a fear lest the Knight might take cold  
 Thus exposed to the dews,  
 Lambs'-wool stockings, and shoes,  
 Of each a fresh pair,  
 He put down to air,  
 And hung a clean shirt to the fire on a chair.—

Still the Master was absent—the Cook came and said, "he  
 Much fear'd, as the dinner had been so long ready,  
 The roast and the boil'd  
 Would be all of it spoil'd,

And the puddings, her Ladyship thought such a treat,  
He was morally sure, would be scarce fit to eat !”

This closed the debate—

“ ’Twould be folly to wait,”

Said the Lady, “ Dish up !—Let the meal be served straight ;  
And let two or three slices be put on a plate,  
And kept hot for Sir Thomas.—He’s lost, sure as fate !  
And, a hundred to one, won’t be home till it’s late ! ”—  
—Captain Dugald MacBride then proceeded to face  
The Lady at table,—stood up, and said grace,—  
Then set himself down in Sir Thomas’s place.

Wearily, wearily, all that night,

That live-long night, did the hours go by ;

And the Lady Jane,

In grief and in pain,

She sat herself down to cry !—

And Captain M’Bride,

Who sat by her side,

Though I really can’t say that he actually cried,

At least had a tear in his eye !—

As much as can well be expected, perhaps,  
From very “ young fellows ” for very “ old chaps ;”

And if he had said

What he’d got in his head,

’Twould have been “ Poor old Buffer ! he’s certainly dead ! ”—

The morning dawn’d,—and the next,—and the next,

And all in the mansion were still perplex’d ;

No watch-dog “ bay’d a welcome home,” as

A watch-dog should, to the “ Good Sir Thomas ;”

No knocker fell

His approach to tell,

Not so much as a runaway ring at the bell—

The Hall was silent as Hermit’s cell.

Yet the sun shone bright upon tower and tree,

And the meads smiled green as green may be,

And the dear little dickey-birds caroll’d with glee,

And the lambs in the park skipp’d merry and free—

—Without, all was joy and harmony !

“ And thus ’twill be,—nor long the day,—

Ere we, like him, shall pass away !

Yon Sun, that now *our* bosoms warms,

Shall shine,—but shine on other forms ;—

Yon Grove, whose choir so sweetly cheers

Us now, shall sound on other ears,—

The joyous Lamb, as now, shall play,

But other eyes its sports survey,—

The Stream we loved shall roll as fair,

The flowery sweets, the trim Parterre

Shall scent, as now, the ambient air,—

The Tree, whose bending branches bear

The One loved name—shall yet be there ;—  
But where the hand that carved it ?—Where ?"—

These were hinted to me as

The very ideas

Which pass'd through the mind of the fair Lady Jane,  
Her thoughts having taken a sombre-ish train,  
As she walk'd on the esplanade, to and again,

With Captain M'Bride,

Of course, at her side,

Who could not look quite so forlorn,—though he tried.  
—An "idea," in fact, had got into *his* head,  
That if "poor dear Sir Thomas" should really be dead,  
It might be no bad "spec." to be there in his stead,  
And, by simply contriving, in due time, to wed

A Lady who was young and fair,

A Lady slim and tall,

To set himself down in comfort there

The Lord of Tapton\* Hall.—

Thinks he, "We have sent

Half over Kent,

And nobody knows how much money 's been spent,  
Yet no one's been found to say which way he went !—

The groom, who 's been over

To Folkstone and Dover,

Can't get any tidings at all of the rover !

—Here 's a fortnight and more has gone by, and we 've tried  
Every plan we could hit on—the whole country-side,  
Upon all its dead walls, with placards we 've supplied,—  
And we 've sent out the Crier, and had him well cried—

' MISSING !!

Stolen, or stray'd,

Lost, or mislaid,

A GENTLEMAN ;—middle-aged, sober, and staid ;—

Stoops slightly ;—and when he left home was array'd

In a sad-coloured suit, somewhat dingy and fray'd ;—

Had spectacles on with a tortoiseshell rim,

And a hat rather low-crown'd, and broad in the brim.—

Whoe'er

Shall bear,

Or shall send him, with care,

(Right side uppermost) home ;—or shall give notice where  
The said middle-aged GENTLEMAN is ;—or shall state  
Any fact, that may tend to throw light on his fate,

To the man at the turnpike called TAPPINGTON GATE,

Shall receive a REWARD of FIVE POUNDS for his trouble.—

(N.B.—If defunct the REWARD will be double !!)

"Had he been above ground

He *must* have been found.

\* The familiar abbreviation for Tappington Everard still in use among the tenantry.—*Vide Prefatory Introduction to the Ingoldsby Legends.*

No ;—doubtless he 's shot,—or he 's hang'd,—or he 's drown'd !—  
 Then his Widow—aye ! ay !—  
 But, what will folks say ?—  
 To address her at once—at so early a day !  
 Well—what then ?—who cares ?—let 'em say what they may—  
 A fig for their nonsense and chatter !—suffice it, her  
 Charms will excuse one for casting sheep's eyes at her !”

When a man has decided  
 As Captain M'Bride did,  
 And once fully made up his mind on the matter, he  
 Can't be too prompt in unmasking his battery.  
 He began on the instant, and vow'd that “her eyes  
 Far exceeded in brilliance the stars in the skies,—  
 That her lips were like roses—her cheeks were like lilies—  
 Her breath had the odour of daffy-down-dillies !”—  
 With a thousand more compliments equally true,  
 And expressed in similitudes equally new !

—Then his left arm he placed  
 Round her jimp, taper waist—  
 —Ere she 'd fix'd to repulse, or return, his embrace,  
 Up came running a man, at a deuce of a pace,  
 With that very peculiar expression of face  
 Which always betokens dismay or disaster,  
 Crying out—'twas the Gardener,—“ Oh, Ma'am ! we've found  
 Master ! !”—  
 —“ Where ? where ?” scream'd the lady ; and Echo scream'd—  
 “ Where ?”—

—The man couldn't say “ There !”  
 He had no breath to spare,  
 But, gasping for air, he could only respond  
 By pointing—he pointed, alas !—TO THE POND !!  
 —'Twas e'en so !—poor dear Knight !—with his “ specs” and his hat  
 He'd gone poking his nose into this and to that ;  
 When, close to the side  
 Of the bank, he espied  
 An “ uncommon fine ” Tadpole, remarkably fat !  
 He stooped ;—and he thought her  
 His own ;—he had caught her !  
 Got hold of her tail,—and to land almost brought her,  
 When—he plump'd head and heels into fifteen feet water !

The Lady Jane was tall and slim,  
 The Lady Jane was fair—  
 Alas, for Sir Thomas !—she grieved for him,  
 As she saw two serving-men, sturdy of limb,  
 His body between them bear.  
 She sobb'd, and she sigh'd ; she lamented, and cried,  
 For of sorrow brimful was her cup ;  
 She swoon'd, and I think she 'd have fall'n down and died,  
 If Captain MacBride  
 Had not been by her side,  
 With the Gardener ; they both their assistance supplied,

And managed to hold her up.—  
 But, when she “ comes to,”  
 Oh ! ’tis shocking to view  
 The sight which the corpse reveals !  
 Sir Thomas’s body,  
 It look’d so odd—he  
 Was half eaten up by the eels !  
 His waistcoat and hose, and the rest of his clothes  
 Were all gnaw’d through and through ;  
 And out of each shoe  
 An eel they drew ;  
 And from each of his pockets they pull’d out two !  
 And the Gardener himself had secreted a few,  
 As well we may suppose ;  
 For, when he came running to give the alarm,  
 He had six in the basket that hung on his arm.

Good Father John\*  
 Was summon’d anon ;  
 Holy water was sprinkled,  
 And little bells tinkled,  
 And tapers were lighted,  
 And incense ignited,  
 And masses were sung, and masses were said,  
 All day, for the quiet repose of the dead,  
 And all night no one thought about going to bed.

But Lady Jane was tall and slim,  
 And Lady Jane was fair,—  
 And, ere morning came, that winsome dame  
 Had made up her mind—or, what’s much the same,  
 Had *thought about*—once more “ changing her name,”  
 And she said, with a pensive air,  
 To Thompson, the valet, while taking away,  
 When supper was over, the cloth and the tray,—  
 “ Eels a many  
 I’ve ate ; but any  
 So good ne’er tasted before !—  
 They’re a fish, too, of which I’m remarkably fond.—  
 Go—pop Sir Thomas again in the Pond—  
 “ Poor dear !”—HE’LL CATCH US SOME MORE ! !

## MORAL.

All middle-aged Gentlemen let me advise,  
 If you’re married, and have not got very good eyes,  
 Don’t go poking about after blue-bottle flies !—

\* For some account of Father John Ingoldsby, to whose papers I am so much beholden, see *Ingoldsby Legends, First Series*, p. 216 (2nd Edit.). This was the last ecclesiastical act of his long and valuable life.

If you've spectacles, don't have a tortoiseshell rim,  
And don't go near the water,—unless you can swim!

Married Ladies, especially such as are fair,  
Tall, and slim, I would next recommend to beware  
How, on losing *one* spouse, they give way to despair;  
But let them reflect, "There are fish, and no doubt on't—  
As good *in* the river as ever came *out* on't!"

Should they light on a spouse who is given to roaming  
In solitude—*raison de plus*, in the "gloaming,"—  
Let them have a fix'd time for said spouse to come home in!  
And if, when "last dinner-bell"'s rung, he is late,  
To insure better manners in future—Don't wait!—

If of husband or children they chance to be fond,  
Have a stout iron-wire fence put all round the pond!

One more piece of advice, and I close my appeals—  
That is—if you chance to be partial to eels,  
Then—*Crede experto*—trust one who has tried—  
Have them spitch-cock'd,—or stew'd—they're too oily when fried!

T. I.

Tappington Everard,  
Feb. 23, 1843.



S. E. VIEW OF TAPPINGTON EVERARD,  
FROM THE FOLKSTONE ROAD.





## JERRY JARVIS'S WIG.

A LEGEND OF THE WEALD OF KENT.

BY THOMAS INGOLDSBY, ESQ.

[WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.]

"The wig 's the thing ! the wig ! the wig."—*Old Song*.

"JOE," said old Jarvis, looking out of his window,—it was his ground-floor back,—“Joe, you seem to be very hot, Joe,—and you have got no wig!”

“Yes, sir,” quoth Joseph, pausing, and resting upon his spade, “it’s as hot a day as ever I *see* ; but the celery must be got in, or there ’ll be no autumn crop, and—”

“Well, but Joe, the sun’s so hot, and it shines so on your bald head, it makes one wink to look at it. You ’ll have a *coup de soleil*, Joe.”

“A *what*, sir?”

“No matter ; it’s very hot working ; and if you ’ll step in doors, I’ll give you—”

“Thank ye, your honour, a drop of beer will be very acceptable.” Joe’s countenance brightened amazingly.

“Joe, I’ll give you—my old wig!”

The countenance of Joseph fell, his grey eye had glistened as a blest vision of double X flitted athwart his fancy ; its glance faded again into the old, filmy, gooseberry-coloured hue, as he growled in a minor key, “A wig, sir!”

“Yes, Joe, a wig! The man who does not study the comfort of his dependants is an unfeeling scoundrel. You shall have my old, worn-out wig.”

“I hope, sir, you ’ll give me a drop o’ beer to drink your honour’s health in,—it *is* very hot, and—”

“Come in, Joe, and Mrs. Witherspoon shall give it you.”

“Heaven bless your honour!” said honest Joe, striking his spade perpendicularly into the earth, and walking with more than usual alacrity towards the close-cut quickset hedge which separated Mr. Jarvis’s garden from the high-road.

From the quickset hedge aforesaid he now raised, with all due delicacy, a well-worn and somewhat dilapidated jacket, of a stuff by drapers most pseudonymously termed “everlasting.” Alack! alack! what is there to which *tempus edax rerum* will accord that epithet?—In its high and palmy days it had been all of a piece ; but as its master’s eye now fell upon it, the expression of his countenance seemed to say with Octavian,

“Those days are gone, Floranthe!”

It was now, from frequent patching, a coat not unlike that of the patriarch, one of many colours.

Joseph Washford inserted his wrists into the corresponding orifices of the tattered garment, and with a steadiness of circumgyration, to be acquired only by long and sufficient practice, swung it horizontally over his ears, and settled himself into it.

"Confound your old jacket!" cried a voice from the other side the hedge, "keep it down, you rascal! don't you see my horse is frightened at it?"

"Sensible beast!" apostrophized Joseph, "I've been frighten'd at it myself every day for the last two years!"

The gardener cast a rueful glance at its sleeve, and pursued his way to the door of the back-kitchen.

"Joe," said Mrs. Witherspoon, a fat, comely dame, of about five-and-forty, "Joe, your master is but too good to you; he is always kind and considerate. Joe, he has desired me to give you his old wig."

"And the beer, Ma'am Witherspoon?" said Washford, taking the proffered caxon, and looking at it with an expression somewhat short of rapture;—"and the beer, ma'am?"

"The beer, you guzzling wretch!—what beer? Master said nothing about no beer. You ungrateful fellow, has not he given you a wig?"

"Why, yes, Madam Witherspoon; but then, you see, his honour said it was very hot, and I'm very dry, and—"

"Go to the pump, sot!" said Mrs. Witherspoon, as she slammed the back-door in the face of the petitioner.

Mrs. Witherspoon was "of the Lady Huntingdon persuasion," and Honorary Assistant Secretary to the Appledore branch of the "Ladies' Grand Junction Water-working Temperance Society."

Joe remained for a few moments lost in mental abstraction; he looked at the door, he looked at the wig; his first thought was to throw it into the pig-stye, — his corruption rose, but he resisted the impulse; he got the better of Satan; the half-formed imprecation died before it reached his lips. He looked disdainfully at the wig; it had once been a comely jasey enough, of the colour of over-baked gingerbread, one of the description commonly known during the latter half of the last century by the name of a "brown George." The species, it is to be feared, is now extinct, but a few, a very few of the same description might, till very lately, be occasionally seen,—*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*,—the glorious relics of a bygone day, crowning the *cerebellum* of some venerated and venerable provost, or judge of assize; but Mr. Jarvis's wig had one peculiarity; unlike most of its fellows, it had a tail!—"cribbed and confined," indeed, by a shabby piece of faded shalloon.

Washford looked at it again; he shook his bald head; the wig had certainly seen its best days; still it had about it somewhat of an air of faded gentility,—it was "like ancient Rome, majestic in decay"—and as the small ale was not to be forthcoming, why—after all, an old wig was better than nothing!

Mr. Jeremiah Jarvis, of Appledore, in the Weald of Kent, was a gentleman by act of parliament; one of that class of gentlemen who, disdaining the *bourgeois*-sounding name of "attorney-at-law," are, by a legal fiction, denominated solicitors. I say by a legal fiction, for surely the general tenor of the intimation received by such as enjoy the advantage of their correspondence, has little in common with the idea usually attached to the term "solicitation." "If you don't pay my bill, and costs, I'll send you to jail," is a very energetic *entreaty*. There are, it is true, etymologists who derive their style and title from

the Latin infinitive "*solicitare*," to "make anxious,"—in all probability they are right.

If this be the true etymology of his title, as it was the main end of his calling, then was Jeremiah Jervis, a worthy exemplar of the *genus* to which he belonged. Few persons in his time had created greater solicitude among his Majesty's lieges within the "Weald." He was rich, of course. The best house in a country-town is always the lawyer's, and it generally boasts a green door, stone steps, and a brass knocker. In neither of these appendages to opulence was Jeremiah deficient; but then, he was so *very* rich; his reputed wealth, indeed, passed all the common modes of accounting for its increase. True, he was so universal a favourite that every man whose will he made was sure to leave him a legacy; that he was a sort of general assignee to all the bankruptcies within twenty miles of Appledore; was clerk to half the "trusts;" and treasurer to most of the "rates," "funds," and "subscriptions," in that part of the country; that he was land-agent to Lord Mounthrino, and steward to the rich Miss Tabbytale of Smerrididdle Hall; that he had been guardian (?) to three young profligates, who all ran through their property, which, somehow or another, came at last into his hands, "at an equitable valuation." Still his possessions were so considerable as not to be altogether accounted for, in vulgar esteem, even by these and other honourable modes of accumulation; nor were there wanting those who conscientiously entertained a belief that a certain dark-coloured Gentleman, of indifferent character, known principally by his predilection for appearing in perpetual mourning, had been through life his great friend and counsellor, and had mainly assisted in the acquirement of his revenues. That "old Jerry Jarvis had sold himself to the devil" was, indeed, a dogma which it were heresy to doubt in Appledore;—on this head, at least, there were few schismatics in the parish.

When the worthy "Solicitor" next looked out of his ground-floor back, he smiled with much complacency at beholding Joe Washford again hard at work—in his wig—the little tail aforesaid oscillating like a pendulum in the breeze. If it be asked what could induce a gentleman, whose leading-principle seems to have been self-appropriation, to make so magnificent a present, the answer is, that Mr. Jarvis might, perhaps, have thought an occasional act of benevolence necessary or politic; he is not the only person, who, having stolen a quantity of leather, has given away a pair of shoes, *pour l'amour de Dieu*,—perhaps he had other motives.

Joe, meanwhile, worked away at the celery-bed; but truth obliges us to say, neither with the same degree of vigour or perseverance as had marked the earlier efforts of the morning. His pauses were more frequent; he rested longer on the handle of his spade; while ever and anon his eye would wander from the trench beneath him to an object not unworthy the contemplation of a natural philosopher. This was an apple-tree.

Fairer fruit never tempted Eve, or any of her daughters; the bending branches groaned beneath their luxuriant freight, and drooping to earth, seemed to ask the protecting aid of man either to support or to relieve them. The fine, rich glow of their sun-streaked clusters derived additional loveliness from the level beams of the

descending day-star. An anchorite's mouth had watered at the pippins.

On the precise graft of the espalier of Eden "Sanchoniathon, Manetho, and Berosus," are undecided; the best-informed Talmudists, however, have, if we are to believe Dr. Pinner's German Version, pronounced it a Ribstone pippin, and a Ribstone pippin-tree it was that now attracted the optics, and discomposed the inner man of the thirsty, patient, but perspiring gardener. The heat was still oppressive; no beer had moistened his lip, though its very name, uttered as it was in the ungracious tones of a Witherspoon, had left behind a longing as intense as fruitless. His thirst seemed supernatural, when at this moment his left ear experienced "a slight and tickling sensation," such as we are assured is occasionally produced by an infinitesimal dose in homœopathy; a still, small *voice*—it was as though a daddy long-legs were whispering in his *tympanum*—a small *voice* seemed to say, "Joe!—take an apple, Joe!"

Honest Joseph started at the suggestion; the rich crimson of his jolly nose deepened to a purple tint in the beams of the setting sun; his very forehead was incarnadined. He raised his hand to scratch his ear,—the little tortuous tail had worked its way into it,—he pulled it out by the bit of shalloon, and allayed the itching, then cast his eye wistfully towards the mansion where his master was sitting by the open window. Joe pursed up his parched lips into an arid whistle, and with a desperate energy struck his spade once more into the celery bed.

Alack! alack! what a piece of work is man!—how short his triumphs!—how frail his resolutions!

From this fine and very original moral reflection we turn reluctantly to record the sequel. The celery-bed, alluded to as the main scene of Mr. Washford's operations, was drawn in a rectilinear direction, nearly across the whole breadth of the parallelogram that comprised the "kitchen garden." Its northern extremity abutted to the hedge before mentioned, its southern one—woe is me that it should have been so!—was in fearful vicinity to the Ribstone pippin-tree. One branch, low bowed to earth, seemed ready to discharge its precious burthen into the very trench. As Joseph stooped to insert the last plant with his dibble, an apple of more than ordinary beauty bobbed against his knuckles.—"He's taking snuff, Joe," whispered the same small *voice*;—the tail had twisted itself into its old position. "He is sneezing!—now, Joe!—now!" And, ere the agitated horticulturist could recover from his surprise and alarm, the fruit was severed, and—in his hand!

"He! he! he!" shrilly laughed, or seemed to laugh, that accursed little pigtail.—Washford started at once to the perpendicular;—with an enfrenzied grasp he tore the jasey from his head, and, with that in one hand, and his ill-acquired spoil in the other, he rushed distractedly from the garden!

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All that night was the humble couch of the once happy gardener haunted with the most fearful visions. He was stealing apples,—he was robbing hen-roosts,—he was altering the chalks upon the milk-score,—he had purloined three *chemises* from a hedge,—and he awoke

in the very act of cutting the throat of one of Squire Hodges's sheep ! A clammy dew stood upon his temples,—the cold perspiration burst from every pore,—he sprang in terror from the bed.

"Why, Joe, what ails thee, man ?" cried the usually incurious Mrs. Washford ; "what be the matter with thee ? Thee hast done nothing but grunt and growl all t' night long, and now thee dost stare as if thee saw summut. What bees it, Joe ?"

A long-drawn sigh was her husband's only answer ; his eye fell upon the bed. "How the devil came *that* here ?" quoth Joseph, with a sudden recoil ; "who put that thing on my pillow ?"

"Why, I did, Joseph. Th' ould night-cap is in the wash, and thee didst toss and tumble so, and kick the clothes off, I thought thee mightest catch cowl'd, so I clapt t' wig atop o' thee head."

And there it lay,—the little sinister-looking tail impudently perked up, like an infernal gnomon on a Satanic dial-plate—Larceny and Ovidicide shone in every hair of it !

"The dawn was overcast, the morning lower'd,  
And heavily in clouds brought on the day,"

when Joseph Washford once more repaired to the scene of his daily labours ; a sort of unpleasant consciousness flushed his countenance, and gave him an uneasy feeling as he opened the garden-gate ; for Joe, generally speaking, was honest as the skin between his brows ;—his hand faltered as it pressed the latch. "Pooh, pooh ! 'twas but an apple, after all !" said Joseph. He pushed open the wicket, and found himself beneath the tempting tree.

But vain now were all its fascinations ; like fairy gold seen by the morning light, its charms had faded into very nothingness. Worlds, to say nothing of apples, which in shape resemble them, would not have bought him to stretch forth an unhallowed hand again. He went steadily to his work.

The day continued cloudy, huge drops of rain fell at intervals, stamping his bald pate with spots as big as halfpence ; but Joseph worked on. As the day advanced, showers fell thick and frequent ; the fresh-turned earth was in itself fragrant as a *bouquet*.—Joseph worked on—and when at last *Jupiter Pluvius* descended in all his majesty, soaking the ground into the consistency of a dingy pudding, he put on his parti-coloured jacket, and strode towards his humble home, rejoicing in his renewed integrity. "'Twas but an apple, after all ! Had it been an apple-pie, indeed !"—

"An apple-pie !" —the thought was a dangerous one—too dangerous to dwell on. But Joseph's better Genius was at this time lord of the ascendant ;—he dismissed it, and passed on.

On arriving at his cottage, an air of bustle and confusion prevailed within, much at variance with the peaceful serenity usually observable in its economy. Mrs. Washford was in high dudgeon ; her heels clattered on the red-tiled floor, and she whisked about the house like a parched pea upon a drum-head ; her voice, generally small and low,—"an excellent thing in woman,"—was pitched at least an octave above its ordinary level ; she was talking fast and furious. Something had evidently gone wrong. The mystery was soon explained. The "*cussed ould twoud* of a cat" had got into the dairy, and licked



*Drawn & Etched by George Cruikshank.*





off the cream from the only pan their single cow had filled that morning ! And there she now lay,—purring as in scorn,—Tib, heretofore the meekest of mousers, the honestest, the least “*scaddle*” of the feline race,—a cat that one would have sworn might have been trusted with untold fish,—yes,—there was no denying it,—proofs were too strong against her,—yet there she lay, hardened in her iniquity, coolly licking her whiskers, and reposing quietly upon—what?—Jerry Jarvis’s old wig ! !

The patience of a Stoic must have yielded ;—it had been too much for the temperament of the Man of Uz—Joseph Washford lifted his hand—that hand which had never yet been raised on Tibby, save to fondle and caress—it now descended on her devoted head in one tremendous “*dowse*.” Never was cat so astonished,—so enraged—all the tiger portion of her nature rose in her soul. Instead of galloping off, hissing and sputtering, with arched back, and tail erected, as any ordinary Grimalkin would unquestionably have done under similar circumstances, she paused a moment,—drew back on her haunches,—all her energies seemed concentrated for one prodigious spring ; a demoniac fire gleamed in her green and yellow eyeballs as, bounding upwards, she fixed her talons firmly in each of her assailant’s cheeks !—many and many a day after were sadly visible the marks of those envenomed claws—then, dashing over his shoulder with an unearthly mew, she leaped through the open casement, and—was seen no more.

“The Devil’s in the cat !” was the apostrophe of Mrs. Margaret Washford. Her husband said nothing, but thrust the old wig into his pocket, and went to bathe his scratches at the pump.

Day after day, night after night, ’twas all the same—Joe Washford’s life became a burthen to him ; his naturally upright and honest mind struggled hard against the frailty of human nature. He was ever restless and uneasy ; his frank, open, manly look, that blanched not from the gaze of the spectator, was no more ; a sly and sinister expression had usurped the place of it.

Mr. Jeremiah Jarvis had little of what the world calls “Taste,” still less of Science—Ackerman would have called him a “Snob,” and Buckland a “Nincompoop.” Of the Horticultural Society, its *fêtes*, its fruits, and its fiddlings, he knew nothing. Little recked he of flowers—save cauliflowers—in these, indeed, he was a *connoisseur*—to their cultivation and cookery the respective talents of Joe and Madame Witherspoon had long been dedicated ; but as for a *bouquet* !—Hardham’s 37 was “the only one fit for a gentleman’s nose.” And yet, after all, Jerry Jarvis had a good-looking tulip-bed. A female friend of his had married a Dutch merchant ; Jerry drew the settlements ; the lady paid him by a cheque on “Child’s,” the gentleman by a present of a “box of roots.” Jerry put the latter in his garden—he had rather they had been schalots.

Not so his neighbour, Jenkinson ; he *was* a man of “Taste” and of “Science ;” he was an F.R.C.E.B.S., which, as he told the vicar, implied “Fellow of the Royal Cathartico-Emetico-Botanical Society,” and his autograph in Sir John Frostyface’s album stood next to that of the Emperor of all the Russias. Neighbour Jenkinson fell in love with the pips and petals of “neighbour Jarvis’s” tulips. There were one or two among them of such brilliant, such surpassing beauty,—the

"cups" so well formed,—the colours so defined.—To be sure, Mr. Jenkinson had enough in his own garden; but then "Enough," says the philosopher, "always means a little more than a man has got."—Alas! alas! Jerry Jarvis was never known to *bestow*,—his neighbour dared not offer to *purchase* from so wealthy a man; and, worse than all, Joe, the gardener was incorruptible—ay, but the Wig?

Joseph Washford was working away again in the blaze of the mid-day sun; his head looked like a copper saucepan fresh from the brazier's.

"Why, where's your wig, Joseph?" said the voice of his master from the well-known window; "what have you done with your wig?" The question was embarrassing,—its tail had tickled his ear till it had made it sore; Joseph had put the wig in his pocket.

Mr. Jeremiah Jarvis was indignant; he liked not that his benefits should be ill appreciated by the recipient.—"Hark ye, Joseph Washford," said he, "either wear my wig, or let me have it again!"

There was no mistaking the meaning of his tones; they were resonant of indignation and disgust, of mingled grief and anger, the amalgamation of sentiment naturally produced by

"Friendship unreturn'd,  
And unrequited Love."

Washford's heart smote him; he felt all that was implied in his master's appeal. "It's here, your Honour," said he; "I had only taken it off because we have had a smartish shower; but the sky is brightening now." The wig was replaced, and the little tortuous pigtail wriggled itself into its accustomed position.

At this moment neighbour Jenkinson peeped over the hedge.

"Joe Washford!" said neighbour Jenkinson.

"Sir, to you," was the reply.

"How beautifully your tulips look after the rain!"

"Ah! sir, master sets no great store by them flowers!" returned the gardener.

"Indeed!—Then perhaps he would have no objection to part with a few?"

"Why, no!—I don't think master would like to *give* them,—or anything else,—away, sir;"—and Washford scratched his ear.

"Joe!!"—said Mr. Jenkinson—"Joe!!"

The Sublime, observes Longinus, is often embodied in a monosyllable—"Joe!!!"—Mr. Jenkinson said no more; but a half-crown shone from between his upraised fingers, and its "poor, poor dumb mouth" spoke for him.

How Joseph Washford's left ear *did* itch!—He looked to the ground-floor back—Mr. Jarvis had left the window!

Mr. Jenkinson's ground-plot boasted, at daybreak next morning, a splendid *Semper Augustus*,—"which was not so before,"—and Joseph Washford was led home, much about the same time, in a most extraordinary state of "civilation," from "The Three Jolly Potboys."

From that hour he was the Fiend's!!

\* \* \* \*

"*Facilis descensus Averni!*" says Virgil.—"It is only the first step

that is attended with any difficulty," says — somebody else, — when speaking of the decollated martyr, St. Dennis's walk with his head under his arm. "The First Step!" — Joseph Washford had taken that step! — he had taken two — three — four steps; — and now, from a hesitating, creeping, cat-like mode of progression, he had got into a firmer tread — an amble — a positive trot! — He took the family linen "to the wash:" — one of Madam Witherspoon's best Holland *chemises* was never seen after.

"Lost? — impossible! How *could* it be lost? — where *could* it be gone to? — who *could* have got it? It was her best — her *very* best! — she should know it among a hundred — among a thousand! — it was marked with a great W in the corner! — Lost? — impossible! — She would *see*!" — Alas! she never *did* see — the *chemise* — *abijt, erupit, evasit*! — it was

"Like the lost Pleiad, seen on earth no more!"

— but Joseph Washford's Sunday shirt *was* seen, finer and fairer than ever, the pride and *dulce decus* of the Meeting.

The Meeting? — ay, the Meeting. — Joe Washford never missed the Appledore Independent Meeting House, whether the service were in the morning or afternoon, — whether the Rev. Mr. Slyandry exhorted, or made way for the Rev. Mr. Tearbrain. — Let who would officiate, there was Joe. As I have said before, he never missed; — but other people missed — one missed an umbrella, — one a pair of clogs. Farmer Johnson missed his tobacco-box, — Farmer Jackson his greatcoat; — Miss Jackson missed her hymn-book, — a diamond edition, bound in maroon-coloured velvet, with gilt corners and clasps. Everything, in short, was missed — but Joe Washford; there *he* sat, grave, sedate, and motionless — all save that restless, troublesome, fidgetty little Pig-tail attached to his wig, which nothing *could* keep quiet, or prevent from tickling and interfering with Miss Thompson's curls, as she sat, back to back with Joe, in the adjoining pew. — After the third Sunday, Nancy Thompson eloped with the tall Recruiting sergeant of the Connaught Rangers.

The summer passed away, — autumn came and went, — and Christmas, jolly Christmas, that period of which we are accustomed to utter the mournful truism, it "comes but *once* a-year," was at hand. — It was a fine bracing morning; the sun was just beginning to throw a brighter tint upon the Quaker-coloured ravine of Orlestone-hill, when a medical gentleman, returning to the quiet little village of Ham Street, that lies at its foot, from a farm-house at Kingsnorth, rode briskly down the declivity.

After several hours of patient attention, Mr. Moneypenny had succeeded in introducing to the notice of seven little expectant brothers and sisters a "remarkably fine child," and was now hurrying home, in the sweet hope of a comfortable "snooze" for a couple of hours before the announcement of tea and muffins should arouse him to fresh exertion. The road at this particular spot had, even then, been cut deep below the surface of the soil, for the purpose of diminishing the abruptness of the descent, and, as either side of the superincumbent banks was clothed with a thick mantle of tangled copsewood, the passage, even by day, was sufficiently obscure, the level beams of

the rising or setting sun, as they happened to enfilade the gorge, alone illuminating its recesses. A long stream of rosy light was just beginning to make its way through the vista, and Mr. Moneypenny's nose had scarcely caught and reflected its kindred ray, when the sturdiest and most active cob that ever rejoiced in the appellation of a "Suffolk punch," brought herself up in mid career upon her haunches, and that with a suddenness which had almost induced her rider to describe that beautiful mathematical figure, the *parabola*, between her ears. Peggy—her name was Peggy—stood stock-still, snorting like a stranded grampus, and alike insensible to the gentle hints afforded her by hand and heel.

"Tch!—tch!—get along, Peggy!" half exclaimed, half whistled the equestrian.—If ever steed said in its heart, "I'll be shot if I do!" it was Peggy at that moment. She planted her forelegs deep in the sandy soil, raised her stump of a tail to an elevation approaching the horizontal, protruded her nose like a pointer at a covey, and with expanded nostril continued to snuffle most egregiously.

Mr. Geoffrey Gambado, the illustrious "Master of the Horse to the Doge of Venice," tells us, in his far-famed treatise on the Art Equestrian, that the most embarrassing position in which a rider can be placed is, when *he* wishes to go one way, and his horse is determined to go another.—There is, to be sure, a *tertium quid*, which, though it "splits the difference," scarcely obviates the inconvenience; this is when the parties compromise the matter by not going any way at all—to this compromise Peggy, and her (*soi-disant*) master were now reduced; they had fairly joined issue. "Budge!" quoth the doctor.—"Budge not!" quoth the fiend,—for nothing short of a fiend could, of a surety, inspire Peggy at such a time with such unwonted obstinacy.—Moneyppenny whipped and spurred—Peggy plunged, and reared, and kicked, and for several minutes to a superficial observer the termination of the contest might have appeared uncertain; but your profound thinker sees at a glance that, however the scales may appear to vibrate, when the question between the sexes is one of perseverance, it is quite a lost case for the masculine gender. Peggy beat the doctor "all to sticks," and when he was fairly tired of goading and thumping, maintained her position as firmly as ever.

It is of no great use, and not particularly agreeable, to sit still, on a cold frosty morning in January, upon the outside of a brute that will neither go forwards nor backwards—so Mr. Moneyppenny got off, and muttering curses *both* "loud" and "deep" between his chattering teeth, "progressed," as near as the utmost extremity of the extended bridle would allow him, to peep among the weeds and brushwood that flanked the road, in order to discover, if possible, what it was that so exclusively attracted the instinctive attention of his Bucephalus.

His curiosity was not long at fault; the sunbeam glanced partially upon some object ruddier even than itself—it was a scarlet waistcoat, the wearer of which, overcome perchance by Christmas computation, seemed to have selected for his "thrice driven bed of down" the thickest clump of the tallest and most-imposing nettles, thereon to doze away the narcotic effects of superabundant juniper.

This, at least, was Mr. Moneyppenny's belief, or he would scarcely

have uttered, at the highest pitch of his *contralto*, "What are you doing there, you drunken rascal? frightening my horse!"—We have already hinted, if not absolutely asserted, that Peggy was a mare; but this was no time for verbal criticism.—"Get up, I say,—get up, and go home, you scoundrel!"—But the "scoundrel" and "drunken rascal" answered not; he moved not, nor could the prolonged shouting of the appellant, aided by significant explosions from a double-thonged whip, succeed in eliciting a reply. No motion indicated that the recumbent figure, whose outline alone was visible, was a living and a breathing man!

The clear, shrill tones of a ploughboy's whistle sounded at this moment from the bottom of the hill, where the broad and green expanse of Romney Marsh stretches away from its foot for many a mile, and now gleamed through the mists of morning, dotted and enamelled with its thousand flocks. In a few minutes his tiny figure was seen "slouching" up the ascent, casting a most disproportionate and ogre-like shadow before him.

"Come here, Jack," quoth the doctor,—"*come here, boy, lay hold of this bridle, and mind that my horse does not run away.*"

Peggy threw up her head, and snorted disdain of the insinuation,—she had not the slightest intention of doing any such thing.

Mr. Moneypenny meanwhile, disencumbered of his restive nag, proceeded by manual application to arouse the sleeper. Alas! the Seven of Ephesus might sooner have been awakened from their century of somnolency. His was that "dreamless sleep that knows no waking;" his cares in this world were over. Vainly did Moneypenny practice his own constant precept, "To be well shaken!"—there lay before him the lifeless body of a **MURDERED MAN!**

The corpse lay stretched upon its back, partially concealed, as we have before said, by the nettles which had sprang up among the stumps of the half-grubbed underwood; the throat was fearfully lacerated, and the dark, deep, arterial dye of the coagulated blood shewed that the carotid had been severed. There was little to denote the existence of any struggle; but as the day brightened, the sandy soil of the road exhibited an impression as of a body that had fallen on its plastic surface, and had been dragged to its present position, while fresh horse-shoe prints seemed to intimate that either the assassin or his victim had been mounted. The pockets of the deceased were turned out, and empty; a hat and heavy-loaded whip lay at no great distance from the body.

"But what have we here?" quoth Doctor Moneypenny; "what is it that the poor fellow holds so tightly in his hand?"

That hand had manifestly clutched some article with all the spasmodic energy of a dying grasp—**IT WAS AN OLD WIG!!**

\* \* \* \* \*

Those who are fortunate enough to have seen a Cinque Port courthouse may possibly divine what that useful and most necessary edifice was some eighty years ago. Many of them seem to have undergone little alteration, and are in general of a composite order of architecture, a fanciful arrangement of brick and timber, with what Johnson would have styled "interstices, reticulated, and decussated between

intersections" of lath and plaster. Its less euphonous designation in the "Weald" is a "Noggin." One half the basement story is usually of the more solid material, the other, open to the street,—from which it is separated only by a row of dingy columns, supporting a portion of the superstructure,—is paved with tiles, and sometimes does duty as a market-place, while, in its centre, flanking the broad staircase that leads to the sessions-house above, stands an ominous-looking machine, of heavy perforated wood, clasped within whose stern embrace "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep" off occasionally the drowsiness produced by convivial excess in a most undignified position, an inconvenience much increased at times by some mischievous urchin, who, after abstracting the shoes of the helpless *detenu*, amuses himself by tickling the soles of his feet.

It was in such a place, or rather in the Court-room above, that in the year 1761 a hale, robust man, somewhat past the middle age,—with a very bald pate,—save where a continued tuft of coarse, wiry hair, stretching from above each ear, swelled out into a greyish-looking bush upon the occiput,—held up his hand before a grave and enlightened assemblage of Dymchurch jurymen. He stood arraigned for that offence most heinous in the sight of God and man, the deliberate and cold-blooded butchery of an unoffending, unprepared fellow-creature,—*homicidium quod nullo vidente, nullo auscultante, clam perpetratur*.

The victim was one Humphry Bourne, a reputable grazier of Ivychurch, worthy and well to do, though, perchance, a thought too apt to indulge on a market-day, when "a score of ewes" had brought in a reasonable profit. Some such cause had detained him longer than usual at an Ashford cattle-show; he had left the town late, and alone; early on the following morning his horse was found standing at his own stable-door, the saddle turned round beneath its belly, and much about the time that the corpse of its unfortunate master was discovered some four miles off, by our friend the pharmacopolist.

That poor Bourne had been robbed and murdered there could be no question.

Who, then, was the perpetrator of the atrocious deed?—The unwilling hand almost refuses to trace the name of—Joseph Washford.

Yet so it was. Mr. Jeremiah Jarvis was himself the coroner for that division of the county of Kent known by the name of "The Lath of Scraye." He had not sat two minutes on the body before he recognised his *quondam* property, and started at beholding in the grasp of the victim, as torn in the death-struggle from the murderer's head, his own OLD WIG,—his own perky little pigtail, tied up with a piece of shabby shalloon, now wriggling and quivering, as in salutation of its ancient master. The silver buckles of the murdered man were found in Joe Washford's shoes,—broad pieces were found in Joe Washford's pockets,—Joe Washford had himself been found, when the hue-and-cry was up, hid in a corn-rig at no great distance from the scene of slaughter, his pruning-knife red with the evidence of his crime—"the grey hairs yet stuck to the heft!"

For their humane administration of the laws, the lieges of this portion of the realm have long been celebrated. Here it was that merciful verdict was recorded in the case of the old lady accused of

larceny, "We find her Not Guilty, and hope she will never do so any more!" Here it was that the more experienced culprit, when called upon to plead with the customary, though somewhat superfluous, inquiry, as to "how he would be tried?" substituted for the usual reply "By God and my country," that of "By your worship and a Dymchurch Jury." Here it was—but enough!—not even a Dymchurch Jury could resist such evidence, even though the gallows (*i.e.* the expense of erecting one) stared them, as well as the criminal, in the face. The very pigtail alone!—ever at his ear!—a clearer case of *suadente Diabolo* never was made out. Had there been a doubt, its very conduct in the Court-house would have settled the question. The Rev. Joel Ingoldsby, umquihle chaplain to the Romney Bench, has left upon record that, when exhibited in evidence, together with the blood-stained knife, its twistings, its caperings, its gleeful evolutions quite "flabbergasted" the Jury, and threw all beholders into a consternation. It was remarked, too, by many in the Court, that the Forensic Wig of the Recorder himself was, on that trying occasion, palpably agitated, and that its three depending, learned-looking tails lost curl at once, and slunk beneath the obscurity of the powdered collar, just as the boldest dog recoils from a rabid animal of its own species, however small and insignificant.

Why prolong the painful scene? — Joe Washford was tried — Joe Washford was convicted—Joe Washford was hanged!!

The fearful black gibbet, on which his body clanked in its chains to the midnight winds, frowns no more upon Orlestone Hill; it has sunk beneath the encroaching hand of civilization; but there it might be seen late in the last century, an awful warning to all bald-pated gentlemen how they wear, or accept, the old wig of a Special Attorney,

*"Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes!"*

Such gifts, as we have seen, may lead to a "Morbid Delusion, the climax of which is Murder!"

The fate of the Wig itself is somewhat doubtful; nobody seems to have recollected, with any degree of precision, what became of it. Mr. Ingoldsby "had heard" that, when thrown into the fire by the Court-keeper, after whizzing, and fizzling, and performing all sorts of supernatural antics and contortions, it at length whirled up the chimney with a bang that was taken for the explosion of one of the Feversham powder-mills, twenty miles off; while others insinuate that in the "Great Storm" which took place on the night when Mr. Jeremiah Jarvis went to his "long home,"—wherever that may happen to be,—and the whole of "The Marsh" appeared as one broad sheet of flame, something that looked very like a Fiery Wig—perhaps a miniature Comet—it had unquestionably a tail—was seen careering in the blaze, and seeming to "ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm!"

T. I.

Tappington,  
April 24th, 1843.





“AS I LAYE A THYNKYNGE.”

THE LAST LINES OF THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

1.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,  
 Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the spraye ;  
     There came a noble Knyghte,  
     With his hauberke shynynge brighte,  
     And his gallant heart was lyghte,  
         Free, and gaye ;  
 As I lay a-thynkyng, he rode upon his waye.

2.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,  
 Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the tree ;  
     There seem'd a crimson'd plain,  
     Where a gallant Knyghte laye slayne,  
     And a steed with broken rein  
         Ran free,  
 As I laye a-thynkyng, most pityful to see.

3.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,  
 Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the boughe ;  
     A lovely Mayde came bye,  
     And a gentil youth was nyghe,  
     And he breathed manie a syghe  
         And a vowe,  
 As I laye a-thynkyng, her hearte was gladsome now.

4.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,  
 Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the thorne ;  
     No more a Youth was there,  
     But a Maiden rent her haire,  
     And cried in sadde despaire,  
         “ That I was borne ! ”  
 As I laye a-thynkyng, she perished forlorne.

## 5.

As I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,  
 Sweetly sang the Birde as she sat upon the briar ;  
     There came a lovely childe,  
     And his face was meek and mild,  
     Yet joyously he smiled  
         On his sire ;  
 As I laye a-thynkyng, a Cherub mote admire.

## 6.

But I laye a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng, a-thynkyng,  
 And sadly sang the Birde as it perch'd upon a bier ;  
     That joyous smile was gone,  
     And the face was white and wan  
     As the downe upon the swan  
         Doth appear,  
 As I laye a-thynkyng—oh ! bitter flow'd the tear !

## 7.

As I laye a-thynkyng, the golden sun was sinking,  
 O merrie sang that Birde as it glitter'd on her breast ;  
     With a thousand gorgeous dyes,  
     While soaring to the skies,  
     'Mid the stars she seem'd to rise,  
         As to her nest ;  
 As I laye a-thynkyng, her meaning was exprest :—  
     “ Follow, follow me away,  
     It boots not to delay,”—  
     'Twas so she seem'd to saye,  
         “ HERE IS REST !”

T. I.







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